The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

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500 Sateen Windsor Ties at 4c.

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All our Fancy Parasols at half price.

10 doz. Black Silk Gloves at 25c., reduced from 35c.

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54 CALHOUN ST.

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

A New Order Which Will Improve the Relations Between All Classes of Railway Employes.

NEW YORK, July 12.—A new organization of railroad conductors will probably be completed at a meeting in the Coleman house in this city to-morrow, which is destined in all probability, to improve greatly the relation, not only between railroad conductors and their employers, but between all classes of railroad employes and their companies, if the example of the members of the new association is largely followed, as seems likely.

The organization of the new association was brought about by what was done at the annual convention of the order of railroad conductors, held last month at Rochester. According to the story told by one of the eldest and most conservative conductors on the Morris & Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, which was fully corroborated by others, the rules of the old association contained a clause which absolutely prohibited the members from engaging in a strike. For about three years the western members have been trying to get that non-striking clause eliminated from the rules of the order and this year they succeeded in doing so by a vote of 210 to 66, thus making the association, it is asserted, a striking organization. As soon as that was accomplished the delegate from the Moses Taylor division, No. 168, which comprises the conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, withdrew from the association. The New York and New Haven conductors followed suit. Then the men, who secured the elimination of the anti-striking clause, saw that there would probably be a serious desertion from their ranks and they substituted for the non-striking clause a resolution on the subject, which, it is asserted, means neither one thing nor the other, but, in fact, permits the men to strike as individuals without compelling the minority to abide by the will of the majority on a question of striking.

Immediately after the Rochester convention a meeting of the members of Moses Taylor division of railroad conductors was called. Seventeen members out of about sixty-five attended (seven were a quorum) and resolved to give up their charter in the old organization, which was accordingly done. The resolution, therefore, was adopted by a vote of fourteen to two, one not voting. In the meantime steps had already been taken for the formation of a new national association. A meeting was held at the Coleman house in conjunction with a number of conductors of the New York and New Haven railroad, who also unanimously surrendered their charter in the old order, and the Independent Order of Railroad Conductors was fairly launched. Calvin S. Wheaton, of Elmira, N. Y., was elected president of the grand division of the new association, and E. D. Nash, vice-president. The other officers will be elected to-morrow, and a constitution and by-laws, etc., be adopted.

At present the new order consists of but two divisions: Moses Taylor No. 2, which comprises at present about fifty-five conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad (they took the same name as in the old association) and New Haven division No. 1, comprising 101 conductors on the consolidated Housatonic system. Some of the members of the old Order of Railroad Conductors, ridicule the idea of the new association succeeding and speak very bitterly against the men who have started it.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Is Not an Attorney for the Louisiana Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, July 12.—The report that Grover Cleveland has been employed to look after the law end of the lottery question has nothing more to back it than the fact that Mr. Cleveland is the private attorney for Mr. John A. Morris, in New York, in matters not affecting the lottery interests. How the lottery question may be got into the United States supreme court on an appeal from the supreme court of the state is problematical. One plan is to mandamus the secretary of state to compel him to promulgate the proposed constitutional amendments. An appeal would be to the supreme court of the state and thence to the supreme court of the United States with a promise of litigation in terminals. The next state election takes place in April, 1892, and the proposed amendments must be promulgated in every parish in the state for three months preceding the election. The election would hardly be suspended pending appeals to higher courts.

WORTHLESS YOUTH.

A Handsome Fellow, With Rich Parents, Sent Up for Vagrancy.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—Handsome Herman Luckhardt, the nineteen-year-old son of C. A. Luckhardt, proprietor of the Nevada metallurgical works, was yesterday convicted on a charge of vagrancy on a complaint filed by his wealthy father. Young Luckhardt has nearly broken his mother's heart by his vicious conduct. In addition to associating with hoodlums, thieves and opium fiends, he has stolen over $30,000 worth of jewelry and plate from the family. He refuses to work, and to keep himself in pocket money the youth steals everything he can lay his hands on in the house and sells it.

DR. LOAG'S FUNERAL.

The Hour Changed--General Sympathy Manifested.

The preparations for the solemn rites attending the obsequies of the late Dr. G. W. Loag, clerk of Allen county, are about completed. The body was placed in a plain though very rich and costly casket to-day by Funeral Director Peltier, so that friends of the deceased may look upon the face of the dead to-morrow. The hour of the funeral has been changed, and will take place at 2 o'clock from the residence, southeast corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, and 2:30 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church, Rector A. W. Seabrease officiating. The Knights Templar, under whose auspices the obsequies will be conducted, will have ritualistic services at the church and the grave at Lindenwood. The pall-bearers, all sir knights, are republished, as follows: R. C. Bell, F. F. Boltz, C. M. Dawson, Willis Hattersley, S. B. Sweet, C. A. Zollinger.

Harmony lodge, I. O. O. F., the Mystic Shrine and Order of Elks, all of which orders the deceased was a member, will be represented, and will pay floral tribute and pass resolutions.

There will be no relatives of the deceased from abroad present at the funeral. A brother, James Loag, is an invalid at Chester, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Theodore Bell, cannot come alone. Another sister in Maryland has not been reached by telegraph.

In addition to the insurance policy of $5,000, mentioned yesterday, the deceased carried another policy of $3,000. These, with other interests, makes the estate worth about $30,000.

It was expected that the Knights Templar lodge of Indianapolis would attend the funeral, but owing to the bad connections of trains this will be impossible.

TWENTY KILLED.

By the Explosion of a Steamer on the Chicago River.

CHICAGO, July 12.—About 7:45 last night a terrific explosion startled and horrified residents, denizens and passers-by in the vicinity of the river docks, between Randolph and Madison streets. It was a terrible roar, a crash, an echo and a column of smoke shot 200 feet into the air, succeeded a second later by a whirl-wind of flame, which illuminated bridges, buildings, water and sparks in a fearful glare of lurid red.

The following is a list of the killed and injured so far as obtainable at an early hour this morning: Dead, identified, Osborne Polk, laborer, No. 269 West Lake street; Alex Smith, colored, No. 77 West Adams street; Jno. Braxton, No. 152 South Halstead street, colored; J. Williams, stevedore; missing probably dead, C. S. Lesalulie, Buffalo; Edward Fitzgibbon, master; John Neill; L. Alex, stevedore; H. Alexander, John Lewis, William Porter, S. Smith, J. Cecil, H. Thomas, J. Cherry, J. Jones. Fatally injured: Henry Witherspoon, J. Geo. Haigh, David McNeil, Thomas Emmet, John Burke, Robert Holliday, Waller Chaffee, Wm. McDougall.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. and Mrs. "Jack" Read are at Rome City.

Frank Voirel, sr., and wife are visiting at Peru, Ind., to-day.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the third degree to-night.

Miss Nellie Smith, of Pierceton, Ind., is visiting Miss Lanie Van Vleet, of 66 West Jefferson street.

Misses Grace and Daisy, daughters of W. H. Davis, the box manufacturer, are visiting at Bellevue, Ohio.

The young son of J. B. Williams, the real estate agent, was lost this morning and the police were notified. The lad was afterwards found.

Aug. Gump, of Huntertown, was a caller at this office to-day and renewed his subscription for the WEEKLY SENTINEL for the thirty-sixth time.

The friends of Miss May Griffith will be pleased to hear of her safe arrival in Victoria, B. C., after a pleasant journey over the Canadian Pacific railway.

Mrs. A. Geismar and children, of East Berry street, and Mrs. Ida Richardson, cashier of the D. N. Foster furniture store, left for Clear Lake to-day to rusticate.

John Frederickson is having a hearing before Justice France this afternoon on the charge of malicious trespass, for breaking in a door of the house belonging to Fred Bicknese.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Newman, Geneva, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newman, this city, left to-day for six weeks' camping at Cedar Beach.

Mrs. J. W. Lane entertained her husband's Sunday school class yesterday afternoon at her home, 57 Garden street. Foot ball, croquet, a substantial luncheon, with ice cream and cake, contributed to the pleasures of the afternoon.

HOOSIER CANDIDATES.

Entries Already Made for the Honors Before the Coming Democratic State Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12.—It is believed that all of the candidates who will come before the democratic state convention, set for August 28, have made themselves known at central committee headquarters. The list includes Captain Hilligas, of Muncie; Colonel John Lee, of Crawfordsville, and James B. Clark, of Bloomington, for secretary of state; J. O. Henderson, of Kokomo; James C. Lavelle, of Washington, and George S. Green, of Posey, for auditor, and Thos. B. Byrne, of Vanderburg; P. H. McCormack, of Bartholomew; Albert Gall, of Marion; Henry C. Berghoff, of Fort Wayne, and James, R. Slack, of Huntington, for treasurer of state, Hon. Green Smith, of Jennings, and J. McCabe, of Warren, are candidates for attorney general, and Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion; George S. Pleasants, of Switzerland; Daniel McDonald, of Marshall, Andrew M. Sweeney, of Jasper-Dubois; Nelson G. Hunter, of Wabash, and James Applewhite, of Jackson, are competitors for clerk of the supreme court. James A. Marlow, of Sullivan; B. F. Whisler, of Wayne; Harvey D. Vories, of Franklin, and E. E. Griffith, of Clinton, are running for superintendent of public instruction.

The state central committee is still in doubt how many offices are to be filled at the general election this fall, but under the decision of the supreme court nominations will have to be made for chief of the bureau of statistics and chief of the bureau of geology and natural science. Will A. Peelle, jr., who has been defendant in the suits brought by republican contestants, is a candidate for the first named, and Prof. S. S. Gorby, who has also borne a large share of the litigation, will seek the latter.

STANLEY IS BETEER

And Was Wedded To-Day to Miss Tennant.

LONDON, July 12—Mr. Stanley's condition is so much improved this morning, that it is definitely settled that he will start for Westminster abbey at 1 o'clock this afternoon, there to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant. Mr. Stanley has requested the abbey officials to so arrange that the ceremony may be as brief as possible, and that he may be allowed to retain his seat during the solemnization.

LATER.

LONDON, July 12.—Henry M. Stanley and Dorothy Tennant were married at Westminster abbey at 2 o'clock. Mr. Stanley walked up the aisle leaning heavily on a cane, and looked unwell. The abbey was densely crowded.

Hon. David Pugh, member for Carmentheshire, Wales, in the house of commons, is dead.

There is no change in the position of affairs among the postmen, and they are quietly engaged in the orderly discharge of their duties. In all 345 men have been dismissed as a consequence of their connection with the recent demonstrations. These men, Postmaster General Raikes declines to reinstate.

KILLED BY OUTLAWS.

A Detective Murdered by the Hatfields in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., July 12.—When the lifeless body of Dave Stratton, one of the famous McCoy gang of outlaws, was found near the railroad track at Brownstown several weeks ago, the public generally supposed that he had been run over by a train and killed. Some persons, however, suspected the Hatfield crowd of murdering him. Among these were J. W. Napier, a detective, better known as "Kentucky Bill," who, armed with warrants for the arrest of certain of the Hatfields, started out a few weeks ago with the declaration that he would not return without them. Since that time his friends have anxiously but vainly awaited tidings of him. Not a word has been received from him, but yesterday word came that his body, with a bullet hole in his heart, had been found near the home of the Hatfields. It was impossible last night to verify the report.

A BIG FIRE.

Extensive Salt Works Destroyed in New York.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y., July 12.—A fire, which is supposed to have started in the cooper shop, occurred in the Royal salt block last night. The entire works cover about two acres. The fire rapidly worked its way to the refining rooms and packing house, the bulk packing house, the grainer room, one of the derricks and a number of cars on a switch, beside the building, as well as a large tank on the south side holding 50,000 barrels of brine. By hard work the boiler room was saved, thus averting a disastrous explosion. The loss is estimated at $60,000, nearly covered by insurance. The buildings will be rebuilt. A large number of men and girls are thrown out of employment.

Twelve Hours.

ASHLEY, Pa., July 12.—Notices were posted up in the shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey notifying the men that in future they must work twelve hours a day.

THE COLORED VOTE!

A Mass Meeting of Colored Voters Called for July 23--Some Strong Talk.

A call will be issued to the colored voters of Allen county to meet in mass convention on July 22 to consider the worth of the colored vote. A prominent local leader of this element said to a SENTINEL reporter to-day:

"We are getting tired of the treatment we are receiving at the hands of the republican party. Why, right here at home we have had seven petitions in for even a most humble position in the postoffice, but do you suppose one of them was considered? No, sir. A colored man could not even get the position of cleaning spitoons in our custom house.

"The colored population of Allen county, you can rest assured, will vote hereafter as they see fit at elections."

A SENTINEL reporter met Rev. W. H. Brown and he talked as vigorously as his colored friend. The fact of it is, the colored people are casting their votes for the republican party and they give them nothing in return.

DISCOVERED PLUNDER.

The Mail Robbery in the Northern Pacific Proves to Be Larger Than Reported.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., July 12.—On the night of June 7th last, a Northern Pacific train was boarded near New Salem, N. D., by two masked men, who terrorized the train men and got away with several pouches of registered mail matter. One of the robbers was afterward captured by a sheriff's posse. On his person was found a gold ring and gold watch taken from the mail sacks and only about one hundred dollars in money. He was taken to jail at Dickinson and kept there for a few days, and for greater security, removed by the inspector to Fargo. The men had evidently divided their swag before starting so that in case of separation each would have his share.

Inspector Watkins knows by this time the amount they secured. The published estimate of $5,000 or $6,000 as the amount is but the rudest guess. It is believed that the robbers got away with nearer $50,000. The registered pouches were discovered, on the trail, to have been burned, and near by the spot a gun was found, abandoned as too cumbersome. Believing that part of the money at least had been concealed by the captured robber, or rather, thrown away, during his short flight after discovery, Inspector Watkins left this city, taking one assistant with him, and on Sunday morning last reached the spot on the bank of the stream where they captured their man. Recent rains had caused a heavy growth of grass and the wind had been sweeping over the place since June 10, but after a days search, over a space of about four acres, the shrewdness of the inspector was rewarded by finding in torn bits and ragged pieces, a large amount of currency. One wad contained a big bill—$1,000. There were found numerous $10 and $20 bills more or less mutilated in the prairie grass, knee heigh. The whole bundle had been dropped in one place, and, in the robbers haste, not securely hid. Coyottes or gaphers had torn and separated the money and the wind had scattered it. The amount recovered, the inspector will not disclose, but it runs into the thousands. The other robber is at large yet, and is the leader. He is known as a marvellously clever craksman, with a romantic career. He is daring, self possessed, has figured in criminal annals of the west, but never convicted, and has killed his man. The fellow in jail is also a murderer. He refuses to make any statement.

YOUTHFUL BURGLARS.

The Evil-Doers of Housebreaking Traced to Mere Boys.

This morning four youths, Amos Daran, Frank Tancey, Thomas King and George Carter were brought up in police court on the charge of burglary. Several houses have been broken into lately, and the strange part of it is that the depredations had been committed in broad day light. The last robbery reported was at the house of Will P. Cooper, on West Washington street, the work being done while the family were away from home. The residence, 147 West Washington street, was entered and several articles stolen, some of which have been recovered. Among the stolen goods was a pair of opera glasses valued at twenty-two dollars, and which the miscreants sold for one dollar. The glasses have been restored to the owner. The boys were not given a hearing before the mayor, but their case was set for 2 o'clock this afternoon before a justice of the peace. An attempt was made by the officers to capture Bernard Downey last night, but that notorious fellow escaped. Several shots were fired after him in his flight. There seems to be little doubt but that these boys are guilty of the crime, and prison walls stare them in the face.

Downey was afterward captured and it was decided by Prosecutor Robinson to give the whole gang a preliminary hearing Monday. The capture of these lawless fellows, especially Downey, who has been in the penitentiary, reflects credit on Sheriff Viberg and his deputies, Wilkinson and Black.

SHORT SERMONS

Will be Preached by the Pastors To-Morrow--Go and Hear Them.

Song service city department Y. M. C. A., Sunday 4 p. m., city time.

There will be preaching at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening by Mr. James Trythall.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.

Baptism precedes Pastor Northrop's morning sermon. Sermon in the evening to wage workers. Come and welcome.

Berry street M. E. church—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school 2:15 p. m.; young peoples' meeting at 7 o'clock.

Services in Second Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m. Subject: "Ancestral Religion." Praise services at 8 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30. Pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper.

Quarterly meeting at the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 by Rev. M. C. Cooper, the pastor, and in the evening Rev. A. E. Mahin will preach. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Plymouth Congregational church. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services conducted by the new pastor, Rev. James Stuart Ainslie. A most hearty welcome to all.

Services at the Colored Baptist church, on Harrison street, at W. C. T. U.—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by John Green. Subject for night: "Confidence in God." All are invited to attend.

Missionary service at First U. B. church to-morrow morning at 10:30 a. m. In the evening at 8 o'clock a course of lectures on the life of Christ will be commenced. All kindly invited to attend. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

All are cordially invited to the services at the Church of God. All seats free. Sabbath school at 9:15 and preaching at 10:20 a. m., also at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Our services are short. Ernest H. Shanke, pastor.

Rev. J. M. Driver, of Simpson M. E. church, will address the meeting for men only at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms at 3:30 standard time. Railroad men and all others are invited to attend this service and hear the earnest words of this talented pastor.

Objects of angelic curiosity, text: "Which Things the Angels Desire to Look Into," will be the Rev. John Merritte Driver's subject in the morning. Children will be christened and baptized. In the evening the theme will be "Barbers and Razors, Whom Shaved and how." The pastor's Bible class meets in the lecture room at 9:30 a. m. A service of song precedes the evening sermon.

MANY DEATHS.

The Death List for This Week is a Long One.

The following deaths have been reported by the undertakers for the week ending July 12th:

Margaret Selle, 37 years, complication of diseases.

John C. Steinhaeuser, 3 weeks, cholera infantum.

George Rose, 2 months, cholera infantum.

Louise Trosen, 7 weeks, spasms.

Rev. E. Sitzman, 60 years, old age.

Eleonora Dobler, 8 months, 27 days, cholera infantum.

Philip Dubois, 33 years, dropsy.

Charlotte Mommer, 2 years, 6 months, brain fever.

Anna Brown, 31 years, erysipelas.

Francis Wagner, 8 months, brain fever.

Ethel Carey, 26 days, marasmus.

Maggie, a foundling, 1 month, marasmus.

George W. Loag, 51 years, heart failure.

Chas. Bolman, 7 years, accident.

Samuel M. Link, 5 months, cholera infantum.

Maggie L. Boltz, 18 years, typhoid fever.

Elwood A. Harrison, 25 years, railroad accident.

Susan Lehr, 83 years, old age.

Anna Harrison, 22 years, consumption.

Wm. R. Hersh, 27 days, spasms.

Nettie G. Shroyer, 5 months, inflammation of bowels.

Ross H. Leikauf, 4 months, cholera infantum.

General Fisk's Funeral.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The funeral services of General Clinton B. Fisk were held yesterday afternoon in the Madison avenue M. E. church. Bishop Andrews led the services. The church was filled with the deceased general's friends, relatives and co-workers. The burial party left at 6 o'clock for Coldwater, Mich., whore the remains will be interred in the family cemetery.

Lumber Destroyed.

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 12.—Fire destroyed 1,000,000 feet of lumber at the Ducey Lumber company's mill at North Muskegon, yesterday afternoon. Four small dwellings and the office were also burned. Loss, $20,000; partly insured.

Mrs. Mary Garvey, of 26 Douglas avenue, died this afternoon.

STUART SAYS!

The Wabash Road's Intentions are Good and Fort Wayne Will be a Leading Point of the Line.

Attorney W. V. Stuart, of Lafayette, the well-known attorney for the Wabash Railroad company, was in the city Thursday and Friday.

Last evening a SENTINEL reporter met him in the Wayne hotel lobby and was corteously received when he sought an interview.

"You've had an important errand here, I understand," said the reporter.

"Yes, and no; I came to Fort Wayne only to make an arrangement with the Fort Wayne Electric company so that they may proceed with their proposed building. The company has leased of the Wabash corporation suitable ground and they have done it at a nominal price and on satisfactory terms to both sides."

"What do you think of the dispute that has risen over the legal right to the property now claimed by your company?"

"I think that the Wabash company owns it and will assert its legal right. Of course the land belongs to the Wabash."

"But will you ever make use of so much land in Fort Wayne, if it legally belongs to the company?"

"The Wabash company," Mr. Stuart earnestly said, "has been of great benefit to Fort Wayne and nobody ought to deny that, from a reasonable standpoint. The Fort Wayne shops alone to-day employ about one hundred and fifty men, not a very large force certainly, but some day this city will be the main mechanical point of the great Wabash system. It has been employing on the average more men than any of the shops along the line."

"And so you really think that Fort Wayne is a desirable point in the estimation of the officers of the road?" was the final question asked by the reporter.

"I do; furthermore I say that this very ground over which there has arisen a dispute, will be considerably covered, at a not far distant day, with additional shops and sidings. An animus has been created against the right of title simply through the personal feeling, if not malice, of a few. The Wabash will do as well by Fort Wayne as it is fair and justifiable to do. Good bye," and the pleasant attorney turned briskly to catch an omnibus which stood in front of the hotel, to whirl him to his train.

PRIDE FOR SCOTLAND.

Causes Hon. J. B. White to Correct Our Compiler of Historical Events.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., July 11.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

Your compilations of notable events and happenings of "This Day in the Past" are very instructive, and a fund of information which is undoubtedly appreciated by your readers, but there is one error your compiler has thoughtlessly fallen into, as it is quite fashionable these later days—and quite English, you know,—that is of historically quoting England as a nation in his citation. This would be proper enough up to the year 1707, just as it would be of Scotland up to that period, but since that period Scotland and England both lost their identity as nations of the world, and were merged into and united forever under the title and name of Great Britain, so that when you write of "the English bombarding Alexandria in 1882" and "the English army being ordered from Malta to Egypt in 1889," it is a gross blunder, for there is no English navy nor English army—nor has there been since the union of Scotland and England in 1707. A writer could with as much propriety, and with just as much accuracy, write at this present day of the Scottish army, or the Scottish navy. There is neither. The whole thing is British and should be so written.

Respectfully Yours,
J. B. WHITE.

Resolutions of Respect.

FORT WAYNE LODGE, No. 155, B. P. O. E.
July 11, 1890.

WHEREAS, The Grand Exalted Ruler above, in His all-wise providence, has called by death from our membership our worthy brother, George W. Loag, who departed this life July 10, 1890, aged fifty-one years, after a very short illness.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Loag our lodge has lost an honored and respected member, and, while we bow in submission to the will of our all-wise Father above, we cannot but regret the absence of the well-known face of our late brother from our midst.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathies are tendered his bereaved wife and family in this, their hour of great sorrow.

Resolved, That the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in token of respect of our departed brother's memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of our deceased brother under the seal of this lodge, and that they be spread upon the records of this lodge in full, also that a copy be sent to the daily papers for publication.

G. S. HOWARD,
J. J. WILLIAMS,
A. MCPHERSON.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Wheat: July, 88¾; Aug. 88⅝; Sept., 89¾@89¾. Corn: August, 36¾@¾; Sept., 37¼. Oats: July, 29; Aug., 28; Sept., 28. Pork: July, $12.00; Aug. $11.25; Sept. $11.00. Lard: July, $5.80; Aug., $5 85@87½; Sept., $6.00. Ribs: July, $5.22½; Aug. $5.72½; Sept. $5.22½@25.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

WHILE the bathers were enjoying a bath at Avalon, N. J., a large school of porpoises made a dash up the coast behind the breakers. There was over a hundred of these slippery monsters, so hard to catch in a net, and they never bite at any known bait. A good-sized porpoise will devour a bushel of moss bunkers or a young drumfish at a single meal, and just now the surf is filled with small drumfish feeding at flood tide. The man-eating shark likes the same kind of diet, and many a bloody conflict ensues between these robbers of the great deep when they meet on common feeding ground. In front of the hotel there is considerable depth of water, and the porpoises came so near that many of them could have been reached with a fishing-rod. Suddenly, as the school of porpoises were tumbling over each other in play, a four-foot shark made a dash out of water, pursued by a ten foot porpoise. The porpoise succeeded in biting a piece out of the maneater, and made a vigorous plunge at the shark in mid-air, while the sea became red with blood. Both fish were in a duel to the death. Neither tried to escape. The shark was the swiftest in motion, but was an unequal antagonist. The porpoise would dive under him and strike him in the belly under water, to the great discomfort of the maneater, whose jaws were not big enough to make much impression on the tough hide of the slippery sea hog. Three times they met in mid-air and struck each other as two bull elks butt each other with their antlers. The porpoise slowly retired ten feet, and with the swiftness of lightning struck the shark in the middle and ripped him open. The maneater soon floated, dead, out on the sea, while the porpoise, badly hurt, followed his companions up Townsend Inlet.

PROBABLY the most curious ring in New York is worn by the wife of a wealthy New York lawyer, says the Jeweler's Weekly. She has three manly sons, but only one daughter, who made her debut in society this season and was much admired. This girl is the idol of her parents, and the ring worn by her mother is a testimony of their affection, though a very eccentric one. When the girl was ten years old her father presented to the mother at Christmas a ring in which were set two little semi-translucent white stones surrounded by diamonds, and for a long while he resisted his wife's entreaties to tell her what sort of stones they were, she never having seen anything at all resembling them. Finally he confessed to her, a little shamefacedly, that when their daughter had lost her pretty little milk teeth he had saved the front ones and carried them about in his pocketbook for a long time, until the idea occurred to him of utilizing them in that way. The wife laughed at him a good deal, but continued to wear the ring, and still wears it, though very few persons know the story of its setting.

A CHICAGO jeweler has inaugurated a novel scheme to attract attention to his wares. Several hundred diamonds, varying in size from the most minute stones to those of the size of a pea, are placed on a large sheet of white paper in a conspicuous part of the show window. Above them a large card is suspended, which notifies the passing pedestrian that the person making the nearest guess to the actual number of diamonds in the display will be entitled to ownership in any diamond he or she may select. The novelty of the guess attracts the attention of hundreds of people daily, and it looks so easy that nearly everyone who comes to a halt will endeavor to count them; but right here is where the "laugh comes in," as the diamonds glitter so brilliantly that by the time the counter has half completed his task the whole collection becomes a mass of glittering colors, thus making it an utter impossibility to complete the count.

THE judicial error of which the man named Borras, now liberated, was the victim in France, has brought to the front an old custom of the courts of Venice. There, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly-looking individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the centre of the court room, bows solemnly to the Judge, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the following not overstartling words: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully established, the Judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the palace of the doges. It is still burning there.

Two years ago three hundred whales were driven ashore on the estate of a Mr. Bruce at Sumburgh, in the north of Scotland, and they were killed and sold. Mr. Bruce at once demanded that a third of the value of the whales ($2,000) should be paid to him, in accordance with an ancient custom, by which the "laird" of this property was entitled to claim "thirds" of all salvage. The Sheriff opposed the claim on the ground that Mr. Bruce had taken no part in the capturing of the whales, and the Court of Sessions has upheld the Sheriff. The Judge intimated that although the landlord's demand was justified by precedent, it was based neither upon principle nor upon justice, and it was time for a new rule.

A POST-MORTEM on the body of William Hatcher, a merchant who died in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, of the rare affliction known as Addison disease, has been made. Hatcher caught a severe cold while bathing four years ago, and since then his skin turned black, until at the time of his death his face, neck and shoulders were as black as an African's skin, and the remainder of his body was only a little less so. Hatcher worked until three weeks before his death, and refused many offers of large salaries from dime museum managers. The examination revealed a degeneration of the superrennal capsule of the kidney.

AT Rome, Ga., while a horse was loose in the stable, one of his hind feet got caught in his mouth. It is supposed that the animal was rubbing the flies from his nose with his hind foot, when by accident the foot passed into the mouth. The hoof was shod with a heavy iron shoe, and the sharp corners of the shoe and hoof cut very painful wounds in the mouth. The animal fell to the ground and continued to struggle without relief. When he was discovered he was covered with foam and showed every sign of a fearful struggle. His master came and succeeded in extricating his foot.

THE other day a rich merchant's wedding took place at St. Petersburg, Russia. Before the ceremony the bride's uncle brought in an old worn out cushion. The young lady, thinking it a joke on the part of the eccentric old gentleman, threw it into a corner. Imagine her astonishment when she afterward discovered that the cushion was stuffed full of bank notes. The uncle belonged to the "old school," and was in the habit of stowing away his money in old stockings and cushions, and one of the latter was made to serve as a wedding present. It was found to contain about $11,000.

MRS. JOHN VALENTINE, of Youngstown, Ohio, has been defeated in her suit to recover $11,000 life insurance held by her husband, who died a year ago. The defense was that Valentine, who was a commercial traveler, had committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. To prove that he died from other causes, the wife had her husband's body exhumed and the head cut off and brought into court, where it rested on her counsel's desk. The head showed many signs of decomposition, and its production in court caused a marked stir.

RECENT investigations in Indian prisons have revealed a curious physiological condition induced by thieves for the purpose of secreting valuables. They allow a heavy lead bullet to slide down the throat, and keep it in position for half-an-hour at a time. In about a year a pouch is formed, into which anything small may be thrust, without interfering with speech or breath. At present there are in Calcutta jail twenty prisoners with these throat-pouches.

DEPUTY JAILER JOHN BURNS, formerly one of the wealthiest lumbermen near Ashland, Wis., dropped dead in a chair just as he opened the jail doors to take out a squad of prisoners. The prisoners, many of them held for serious offenses, thought Burns was retiring, and made no effort to escape. When the jailer entered half an hour later the dead deputy was still guarding the prisoners.

DURING a thunder-storm near Newark, Ohio, Frank Crouse, the son of a wealthy farmer, and a party of friends took shelter under a large tree. Lightning shattered the tree, struck Crouse on the head, killing him instantly. The clothing was torn from his body. Some silver coin in his pocket was melted together, while his watch in another pocket was uninjured.

CHARLES QUEEN, a Norfolk (Va.) man, bet that he could let a gallon of water drop on his hand from a distance of three feet drop by drop. After 500 drops had struck him he yelled "enough!" and paid the bet of $50. He said that each one fell like the blow of a sharp stick, and a blister as large as a quarter was raised on the back of his hand.

THE Sutter County (Cal.) Farmer says, that during a flood in Feather River, an orchard was submerged, and the manager declares that the young pear trees were eaten by the fish. Along the tules where the water covered the ground, the fish have eaten the grass in many places to such an extent as to make it unfit for pasture.

THIS is an Albany (Ga.) News story: "Mrs. Hobbs, resident there, was annoyed by English sparrows, and soaked hominy in strychnine with which to poison them. They ate it and relished it apparently. It did not kill them, but every one of them turned snow white."

M. PEDROUS, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate and all other colors, and that the color of some very handsome women's voice is like buttermilk.

Expressive Sayings.

The veteran preacher, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, sends me the following handful of "memorable expressions:" "None can be more so," says he, "than Washington's, so well quoted by Mr. Curtis: 'The event is in the hand of God.' That of John Quincy Adams, as he fell on the floor of the House of Representatives, 'This is the last of earth,' sublimely implied his religious faith. Webster's, 'I still live,' as he woke on his death-bed, was at once construed in an exalted sense. Grant's 'Let us have peace,' should, even further than he traveled, go round the world. President Anderson's, 'The man for me is the one that brings things to pass,' is the best praise for executive genius; and Dr. Wayland's, 'The coffee is in the vocative,' when that article was not on the table, circulated as a humorous scoring of every sort of inefficiency. In California, whoever succeeds well—in organizing a club, business firm or church—is called a 'rustler.' Is it from the stir and noise of leaves? In New England a competent agent 'fills the bill.' Is this from the briskness of our trade? East or West a risky enterprise is a 'boom.' Is it that all on board ship must look out when the long spar swings in the wind?"—[The Critic.

General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. General Grant seems to have found the elixir of youth. Although sixty-six she is agile as a woman of thirty, enjoys perfect health, and barring the weakness of her eyes, which were never strong, her faculties are as keen as they ever were. The gray in her hair is hardly noticeable, her face is plump and of good color, and her interest in the affairs of the world covers both continents. Any day in the week she may be seen going to her carriage from her house in East Sixty-sixth street. She has a tall, yellow-whiskered butler, with a back like a press-board, who opens the plate-glass vestibule doors, and, when she passes, hops down the stone stoop and stations himself at the coupe with the door in his hand. Mrs. Grant dresses in rich black abbey cloths or silk fabrics, every fold of which seems breathing forth the perfume of some oriental blossom. Her earrings are set with fiery solitaires, magnificent in color and size, and through the twisted silk mitts that cover her hand the glint of pearl and the flash of diamonds may be seen.—[New York World.

The Pestiferous Sparrows.

Alexander McComas writes thus to the Baltimore American: "I am not a farmer, though born on a farm. I think, if the farmers would look into this 'plenty of straw but little wheat,' they would not complain of nature or bad season, &c., but find the great fault to be the terrible nuisance, the English sparrows, which congregate in thousands on the wheat field at times, and pick out the grain of wheat when in the milky state. I think a thousand or so of these sparrows will ruin a field in a few hours, so far as a yield of grain is concerned. I have seen them in large flocks on the wheat fields in this vicinity. I remember some years ago the planters of the South had to employ a number of men and boys with guns to drive off the rice birds to prevent the destruction of their rice crop, and these sparrows are ten times more destructive than the rice bird."

VEGETABLE TRAPS.

MURDEROUS PLANTS THAT FEED ON INSECTS.

Attracting and Destroying Insects by Means of an Intoxicating Exudation—A Plant which Crushes Its Prey to Death.

The Government has been going quite extensively of late into the propagation of whiskey shops and lager beer saloons. Its laboratory employed for this purpose is the National Botanical Garden here; for the lager beer and whiskey shops referred to are purely of a vegetable nature. They are, in fact, nothing more or less than plants of a very extraordinary description, which devote their attention exclusively to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

You would be struck at once with the curious appearance of one of these vegetable whiskey shops if you saw it standing in a big flower pot, carrying on the end of each of its long green leaves a pitcher-shaped receptacle. If the plant is open for business you can look into the pitchers and find them to contain quite a quantity of watery looking liquor. This is the intoxicant which is offered to customers, each one being permitted to help himself to is much as he likes for the stipulated and invariable price. Maybe you will find the pitchers all shut up, for each pitcher has a cover that shuts down whenever any rain or dew is falling, to prevent the liquor from becoming diluted.

Now, the customers spoken of are insects of all sorts—such as bluebottle flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, red ants, and so on. There is not a bug of any sort, apparently, that has not a weakness for the liquor supplied by the vegetable whiskey shop. The insect walks out on one of the long leaves till he comes to the end of it, and finding here a quantity of delicious drink in the pitcher, he crawls in and swigs and swigs at it until he dies, as is supposed, of alcoholism. At all events he pays for his drink with his life and leaves his corpse in the pitcher to sustain by absorption the healthful existence of the plant. And it is just for this object—to entrap customers for food—that the plant prepares its liquor. What the said liquor is composed of, chemically speaking, attempts are now being made to find out by analysis. So far it is only known that it is a powerful and palatable intoxicant. How much the insects enjoy it you can perceive by looking into the pitchers, where you will often find in each receptacle hundreds of bugs of all descriptions. Another form of vegetable whiskey shop has long perpendicular trumpet-shaped receptacles for the liquor, with the wide end of the trumpets at the top, where the bugs are expected to crawl in. And when you tear open one of these trumpets—it may be a foot or more in length—after it has survived its usefulness and dried up, you will usually find it filled from one end to the other with flies and ants and such things.

It has recently been discovered—and herein lies the expected usefulness of the investigation now going on regarding these plants—that different vegetable whiskey shops have different classes of customers. One kind of these shops is frequented almost exclusively by cockroaches, for whose reception unusually large pitchers are provided—the plant carrying them looking as if it had suspended from the ends of its strong leaves a lot of small bath tubs. Another kind, with pitchers that resemble in appearance great big beans, is frequented only by red ants; and still another kind is patronized by slugs, and has the rims of its pitchers armed with teeth to delay guests who might wish to depart. So it would apear that these whiskey shops could be propagated for use in destroying such enemies of the household and the garden, and it is proposed to find out how far such a thing may be practicable. There is no difficulty, certainly, in rearing and maintaining the plants, which are not tropical exotics, but natives of this very region about Washington, and readily to be cultivated in any temperate climate.

Quite as interesting, in its way, as the whiskey shop, is the vegetable lager beer saloon referred to at the beginning of this article. In general appearance it resembles the whiskey shop strongly, but its pitchers are wider at the mouths and have no tops to them. Thus the liquor dispensed by the lager beer saloon is diluted more or less by the dews and rains, so that it is not very intoxicating. However, the drink is intended to attract the insect customers and not to poison them. Patrons, crawling into the pitcher, take a drink, and, without feeling it go to their heads very much, start to walk out again. But, unfortunately, the whole inside of the pitcher is lined with strong, hairy projections, all pointing downward toward the liquor and away from the brim. It was easy enough to walk downward, but when the victim attempts to go upward and out again the hairs obstruct his progress so effectually that he finally tumbles back into the drink and is miserably drowned. That is the way the vegetable lager beer saloon captures its customers—by drowning.

Another fascinating plant now being propagated at the botanical garden is the "butcher," which kills the insects and such things that it feeds upon by crushing them alive, afterward consuming them at its leisure. This is considered to be of all vegetables the one exhibiting an intelligence most nearly approaching that which animals possess. Its appearance is not impressive, save for its peculiarity. Growing along the ground, it has for leaves little green things shaped like open clam shells, the biggest of them half an inch long, with a row of little spikes around each edge. As you observe the plant most of the clam shells will be open, waiting for food, each of them a greedy mouth ready to devour anything that may crawl in. Here comes an ant. Perhaps he will walk into one of these pairs of yawning jaws. Yes, there he goes into the big one attracted by the sugary excretion on the inside of the miniature clam shell, which serves for a bait. The victim reaches the middle point between the jaws and comes in contact with six microscopic hairs that grow inside the clam shell leaf and serve the plant as feelers. Immediately the jaws close with a snap, the two rows of spikes folding over the shut edge of the clam shell so as to give the prey no chance of escape. If the insect were much bigger and stronger than an ant he would be quickly crushed to death. It may be some hours before the jaws will open again, the clam shell leaf being occupied meanwhile in digesting the food captured. All the leaves of the plant being engaged continually in waiting for prey, catching it and digesting it, it makes a very good living indeed where bugs are plentiful. In the greenhouses there are comparatively few insects, however, and the head gardener feeds his butcher plant from day to day with such delicacies as finely chopped or scraped beefsteak and earth worms cut up, which are devoured with relish. The butcher plant is found in North Carolina, and nowhere else in the world. Fears are entertained that it will pass out of existence before long, for there is very little of it existing in a wild state, and attempts to raise it from seed have not thus far been very successful. A curious thing about it is that it will have regular fits of dyspepsia if such indigestibles as salt pork or the heads of bluebottle flies are fed to it. The clam-shell leaves will turn black and die after consuming that sort of food. One evidence of the intelligence of the plant is afforded by the judgment it exhibits in its diet. If a piece of paper just the size of a fly is introduced between a pair of the little jaws they will close greedily upon it, but will immediately open again, the discovery having evidently been made that the capture was not edible.—[WashingtonStar.

South Africa's Bank Robber.

An interesting account is given by the Johannesburg Star, of South Africa, of the police chase after McKeon, the bank robber, whose achievements in the matter of perpetrating robberies, escaping from jail and eluding the police entitle him to rank with the notorious Jack Sheppard, and whose regard for his clever black horse reminds one of Dick Turpin. In the hurried start after McKeon when he escaped from the Pretoria Jail, says the newspaper in question, the mounted police forgot to take handcuffs with them. Further, McKeon had friends all along the route. He was born in Basutoland, and every Basuto is his fast friend, even to Mama. Consequently, when the police inquired along the road of Basutos if they had seen two men pass on horseback, they invariably said that they had not. McKeon's love for his famous black horse, now at the mounted police barracks, was extraordinary. The police had to have three remounts before they could run that horse down. Two of the mounted police sighted McKeon and Cooper far ahead of them. They spurred on after them, thinking that they would bring the fugitives to halt on the steep bank of the Rhenoster River.

What was their surprise, however, when they saw McKeon leap his horse down the twenty-foot bank into the river, swim across, and, when he saw Cooper's horse would not follow, come back, and, reaching out, pull Cooper's horse down by the bridle and drag him through! One of the policemen had a rifle and resolved to take a long shot. When McKeon saw the smoke of the gun rise he and his companion drew their horses apart and the bullet passed between them. Shortly after McKeon drew his horse up, leaped down, removed the saddle, and stood patting his horse on the head. The police approached, and he surrendered without a word, giving over his two revolvers with the remark that he was enriching the government with revolvers, for this was the sixth they had had from him. He said he gave himself up because he did not wish to kill his horse. Cooper handed over his revolver too, looking rather glum. McKeon said he knew he would receive twenty-five lashes, but he would only stay in jail eight months, when he would once more say good-bye to the authorities. He did not know why they had given him twenty-five years, for he had not murdered anyone or stolen a sheep or an ox. Robbing a bank of their surplus money was no crime. The police were entirely taken off their guard, and, consequently, at daybreak the next morning the birds had flown unobserved by them. McKeon has since been recaptured at Ladybrand.

A Missionary's Terrible Experience

Father Lawrence, a French missionary who has just gone to the mother house of the order of the Immaculate Conception in New York City, has had a remarkable twenty-three years' experience among the Maoris of New Zealand. Said he: The people there exhibit some of the worst forms of savagery. The killing of infant children was an ordinary occurrence. I have seen inhuman mothers take their little ones to the water's edge, plunge them in until they died from suffocation and then rend the tiny, lifeless bodies limb from limb. I myself have been subjected to shocking tortures. I have been strung for ten days by a cord attached to my hands, which were tied behind my back; my toe-nails were torn off, and see these deep grooves in my arms; they are the scars remaining where the flesh was cut from the wrist to the shoulder in strips nearly an inch thick.

"But my experience in China was even worse. I was one of a number of priests and nuns engaged in missionary work at Pekin. We were arrested, thrown into prison, and arrangements made for our execution. One day the nuns, thirty-four in number, were taken forth and thrown into huge coppers filled with boiling pitch. It was a horrible death, and made an impression upon my mind which time cannot eradicate. On the following day the other priests and myself were to meet the same fate. Our only solace was in prayer. Toward evening, on the eve of our threatened execution, a great commotion was heard outside the walls of our prison. The French soldiers had come and we were saved."

Father Lawrence will resume his work in New Zealand after a rest.—[Washington Star.

Making the Best of It.

A public singer applied to a theatrical manager for an engagement. He undertook to sing a couple of songs and execute a dance in character at the rate of ten francs per night. The manager looked at the man and seemed to recognize him.

"Did you not once appear with a company of strolling players at the Vernon Theatre?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"But you played most execrably."

"I could not help myself."

"How was that?"

"The manager did not pay the members of the troupe, so that, when I played my part well, I was applauded, though on the verge of starvation all the while. But if I played badly, the audience pelted me with apples, and thus, at any rate, I got something to eat!"—[Le Matin.

Artesian Wells in the Desert.

Respecting the plan of Colonel Landas for fertilizing the African desert by means of wells, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in the course of a consular tour in Tunis, has visited the ground where the first well was sunk, and reports most favorably as to the success of the project. A space of 735 acres has been cleared and sown with cereals and lucerne, a vegetable garden been made, and a nursery of young trees planted. Two other wells are being sunk, which, on completion, will irrigate 7,500 acres of land. The Bey of Tunis has conceded to the company 25,000 acres of land, which they can select themselves from districts which are at present of no value.

A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

It Spans a Cavern Forty-five Feet Wide in Arizona.

Among the great American wonders, says George F. Kunz in his "Gems and Precious Stones in North America," is the silicified forest known as Chalcedony Park, situated eight miles south of Corrizio, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Apache County, Arizona. The country formation is sandstone on volcanic ash, and the trees are exposed in gulches and basins, where the water has worn the sandstone away, or are buried beneath the sandstone, their ends protruding from between the formations.

The locality was noticed in 1853 by the Pacific Railroad Exploring Survey. The jasper and agate generally replaced the cell walls and fibres, and the transparent quartz filled the cells and interstices, especially where the structure was broken down by decay. These cell centres and cavities produced conditions favorable, not only for the deposition of silica as quartz, but also for the formation of the drusy crystalline cavities of quartz and amethyst, that so increase the beauty of the material.

There is every evidence to show that the trees grew beside some inland sea. After falling they became waterlogged, and, during decomposition, the cell structure of the wood was entirely replaced by the silica from the sandstone, in the walls surrounding this great inland sea. Major John W. Powell, who has visited all these regions, says:

"The wood consisted of logs water rolled before burial, and are now gradually weathering out of their matrix. The inclosing rock is sandstone and cretaceous shale, of the series known as Jura-trias and lying immediately above the Chinarump. Agatized wood containing much semi-opal has been formed in California (and possibly in Arizona) under volcanic deposits, but the wood in question is not associated with volcanic material; its matrix is sedimentary."

The red and yellow coloring matter is derived from the oxide of iron in the sandstone, which is red, and the black may be due to partial carbonization or to oxide of manganese. The bark in nearly every case has been decayed before silification, and even part of the other layers of the tree is often gone, but the difference between the oxidation on the surface and inside is, that the surface to the depth of half an inch is so altered and changed, that it has the appearance of bark, and is generally supposed to be such.

There is every indication that the deposit is of considerable depth. Over the entire area trees lie scattered in all conceivable positions and in fragments of all sizes, the broken sections sometimes resembling a pile of cart wheels. A tree 150 feet in length is often found split into as many sections of almost uniform length, presenting the appearance of having been sawn asunder for shingle blocks by some prehistoric forester, or broken into countless fragments, ranging from the size of a small pebble to that of a fair-sized boulder, also fractured into perfect-shaped cubes, as if cut by a lapidary.

These multiplied fractures are the result of alternate heat and cold, produced by atmospheric changes acting on the water in the fissures of the tree.

A phenomenon perhaps unparalleled and the most remarkable feature of the park, is a natural bridge, formed by a tree of agatized wood spanning a canon 45 feet in width. In addition to the span fully 50 feet of the tree rests on one side, making it visible for a length of over 100 feet. Both ends of the tree are embedded in the sandstone. It averages 3½ feet in diameter, 4 feet at the thickest part and 3 at the smallest. Where the bark does not adhere, the characteristic colors of jasper and agate are seen. Although the wood is beautiful to the naked eye, a microscope is needed to reveal its greatest charms. Not only does the glass enhance the brilliancy of its colors, but it renders visible the structure, which has been perfectly observed, even to the forms of minute cells, and is more beautiful now than before the transformation. Dr. F. H. Dudley examined microscopically some sections of this wood, and found that part of it, at least, belongs to the genus Araucaria, one species of which, Araucaria excelsa, the Norfolk Island pine of the South Pacific Ocean, according to the same authority, grows to a height of 100 to 200 feet. Other portions were found to resemble our red cedar, Juniperus Virginiana, when grown in the extreme south. The cell structure of some of the wood indicates growth in a mild, uniform climate, the animal rings being marked by only one, two, three or more slightly smaller hexagonal or rounded, not tabular cells, as is usually the case.

The name of "Chinarump" has been suggested for this material by Major John W. Powell, this being the Indian name for the substance.

These trees, according to one of the Indian myths, were believed to be the bolts of the arrows used by their god. It has been extensively used by them in making spear and arrow points.

Fishing with a Wheel.

The present catch of salmon, says a Portland (Ore.) letter, approximates to a thousand tons daily and is so great the factories find it impossible to handle it. Great quantities, therefore, spoil and are lost. Salmon are caught by the usual method of using nets; Indians spear them in large numbers, but the main source of supply is the fish-wheel. This most ingenious and effective contrivance is an immense wheel about thirty feet in diameter by eight feet in width, consisting of four great pockets of ordinary mesh fence wire. This wheel is placed in a favorable situation in swift running water. The force of the water carries it around with a steady, resistless motion, plunging the monster scoops into the stream. Any hapless fish that wanders into the radius of this wheel is quickly lifted from the water, dropped into a slippery trough constructed in the wheel near its axle and slides into a box, where its animate career ends. The efficiency of this invention is shown by the fact that one of these wheels has landed twelve tons in twenty-four hours.

General Grant's Sunday in Paris.

An incident told by Dr. Edward W. Hitchcock is suggestive to summer travelers. While he was minister of the American Chapel in Paris, General Grant was invited by the President of the Republic of France to occupy the grand stand at "Le Grand Prix," the great day of the races, which comes on Sunday. Such an invitation from the chief magistrate of a great nation is an honor which is almost a command. But General Grant, replying in a note to the President, said in substance: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my countrymen, or with the spirit of my religion, to spend Sunday in this way. I therefore beg that you will permit me to decline the honor." Instead of accepting, he attended public worship at the American Chapel.—[Boston Congregationalist.

GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

A Grandfather's Story.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.



WAY back in the twenties,
Sum seventy odd year ago,
'Fore railroads were invented,
An' everything went slow,
Stage coaches were the fashion;
An' we hed our good ox teams
To haul the stuff to market
That now is pulled by steam.

Among the crowd of teamsters
That gethered at the bar
Of the stanch old Halfway Tavern,
Kept by good old 'Zekiel Parr,
Was one, a sturdy feller,
Who often kem that way
On his way tew Noo York City
With loads of grain, and hay.

I kin see him now before me,
As he stood thet stormy night
Sippin' at his glass o' cider,
In the firelight, warm and bright.
His hair wus brown an' wavy,
His eyes an honest blue;
His smile wus like a woman's,
An' his natur' brave an' true.

"Well, boys," settin' down his empty glass,
"What's the news about the kentry?
Hes the weddin' kum to pass?
Fer you know I'm quite a stranger,
'Tis six months or more since we
Last gathered here together,
In this pleasant hostelry:"

Then poured out a flood of gossip,
Jest and story went the rounds
Till the smoky oaken rafters
Echoed back the merry sounds.
All at once a silent youngster,
Who'd bin sittin' like a post,
Cried out, "Say, you, mister!
Hev you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them,
While the wind howled long and wild,
An' the bravest man among them
Grew as timid as a child.
An' they drew together closer,
Round the backlog's cheerful blaze,
While Tom, the tall young teamster,
Stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror,
And cried, "What do you mean?
What tale is this yer tellin'?
Where may the ghost be seen?"
"Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!"
Cried Zeke, the worthy host:
"But pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it!
What has his ghostship done?
Who's playin' tricks upon you,
Jest to see you brave men run?"
"There's never a trick about it:"



"I'LL PASS LONE ROCK AT MIDNIGHT."

Zeke gravely shook his head,
"'Tis some poor, lone, lost sperit
Can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"And you needn't talk of courage,
Fer the bravest man around
Couldn't face thet tall white figger,
An' before it stand his ground!"
Then a peal of merry laughter
Rang throughout the oaken bar,
Which made his listeners shudder,
And offended landlord Parr.

"I'll tell you what, good Zekiel,
I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' the ghost's acquaintance seek!"
Then spake again the silent youngster,
"Oh, that will be great fun;
For, despite his boastful courage,
We shall see this brave man run!"

But Tom, the merry teamster,
With his spirit undismayed,
Vowed that be it man or devil,
They should see the specter laid.

* * * * * *

On the banks of Susquehanna,
Where the river makes a bend,
And the darksome forest branches
'Cross the water shadows send,
Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored,
A tall figure, clothed in white,
May be seen to stand and beckon,
In the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer,
With the sunlight breaking through
The tall pines clustered 'round it,
Shuttin' out the landward view;
But at night 'tis dark and gruesome,
Even the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place for ghostly revel,
Or to hatch some devil's plot.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight—
Diamond-decked the wintry skies—
The lonely road along the river
In the deepest shadow lies,
An' a stillness, deep an' solemn
As the hush of death is there.
The snow lies white, unrodden,
Save for foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken
By the slow and measured tread
Of four big, brown-eyed oxen,
Fastened to the teamster's sled.



"CAUSED HIS MANLY FLESH TO CREEP."

It is Tom, the brave young fellow,
Who has vowed the ghost to lay,
And as his patient oxen
Slowly plod the frozen way,

With wondering eyes he scans the summit
Of Lone Rock's snowy crest—
Yes, there stands the tall white figger,
Object of their eager quest.
He gazes but a moment on it,
Then leaps softly to the ground,
Scales the rock, and stands beside it,
Turns the figger slowly 'round,

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you,
And no more tricks you'll play
On the teamsters. O, the cowards!"
And he drew the sheet away.
But the sight that met his vision
Caused his manly flesh to creep—
Not a ghost, nor yet a trickster,
But a maiden, fast asleep!

For a minnit poor Tom trembled,
Half inclined to leave the field;
He, who feared no man nor devil—
All his courage seemed to yield
Before this white-robed girlish figger,
With her dark, disheveled hair;
With her midnight eyes wide open,
And her purty feet all bare.

Calling back his recreant courage,
Down the snowy rocks he sped,
Clasping close the lovely specter,
Placed her safely in the sled;
Wrapped her well in robes and blankets—
For the night was bitter cold—
Walked beside the patient oxen,
Like a stalwart knight of old,

Hopin' he might reach the tavern
Ere the sleepin' girl awoke.

But the motion must hev roused her,
For she soon sat up an' spoke.
"Where am I? O, where am I?"
An' she giv' a frightened scream.
"Who brings me here at midnight!
Or is it but a dreadful dream?"

When he reached old Halfway Tavern,
Callin' loudly to mine host,
"I've passed Lone Rock at midnight,
And I've surely caught the ghost!



"TO THE SOUND OF DANCING FEET."

So come forth, good landlord Zekiel,
Do be quick, and bring your wife,
Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention,
Would you save the critter's life?"

* * * * * *

Once again from top to bottom
Halfway Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke and all his helpers
Pass around the foamin' cup;
Fer a weddin' is in progress
An' there is no lack of cheer.
Tom's the groom—the ghost's beside him,
But he shows no sign of fear.

The inn is full of strangers,
Who hev come from miles around,
To see the fun and heer the story
How the purty bride was found.
The oaken rafters echo
To the sound of dancing feet;
Tom clasps close the lovely specter,
"Never yet was bride so sweet!"

Thus he whispers, "Annie, darling,
Just one year ago to-night
Since, upon the snowy summit
Of Lone Rock's dizzy height,
I lost my heart, but gained a treasure
Far more precious than my life—
Ah! you little thought, good Zekiel,
I should make your 'ghost' my wife!"

Now, Tom's children's children—
A goodly number he can boast—
Listen while their grandsire tells them
How he caught the purty ghost;
Grandma, listens, too, intently,
While the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlings,
'Twas the last time I walked in my sleep!"

HARVEY, Wis.

A Poetical Wife.

BY WILL HUBBARD KERNAN.

I was writing busily one morning when a young friend of mine came in and dropped into a chair, with a long, deep sigh.

"Tired, Ben?" I inquired, absently—adding, "There's the morning paper. I'll be at leisure presently."

"Oh, dash the morning paper! Dash the whole newspaper press!" I have euphemized his expletive a little.

"Why, what's the matter, Ben?"

"Matter! What isn't the matter? My wife says she's the coming Corinne of America."

I began to feel interested.

"You see, it is in this way. When your paper came out with her first effusion, she forthwith flew to the conclusion that she was inspired, and began pestering the editorial fraternity of the whole country with her rhythmical rococo."

"Oh, that's all proper."

"But she didn't stop there, darn it. One evening I went home, kissed her, asked if dinner was waiting, and she began:

"My love, the banquet soon will be
Spread with the best of food for thee;
And our new waiter from the sands
Of far-off transatlantic lands
Will help thee to a menu nice,
Including old Falernian wine."

"Must have been exasperating," I said in a condoling tone.

"Exasperating! Yes. You hit the needle pop in the optic. And she went on in the same strain until bedtime, winding up as follows:

"My dear, you know full well it shocks
Me through and through when in your socks
I see a hole; I have the yarn
This awful orifice to darn.

"After breakfast, as I was leaving the house, I heard a voice in the upstairs hall saying:

"Now, Jane, manipulate the broom
With dexterous hand in every room,
Until——

"I fled. When I went home at half-past twelve that night, my wife met me with a frown and hissed fiercely:

"Out of my sight, thou laggard! Out of my sight, I say,
Seek thee another lodgment till the dawning of the day;
Here is my healthy broomstick—there is the open door;
Run, oh, recreant husband! as thou never hast run before!

"That made me mad."

"Naturally."

"Yes; so I began:

"This is my castle, madam; here will I stay, I vow,
Till rolleth the radiant sunbeams over the mountain brow;
And, listen, my own companion; if I cannot stay with thee,
I'll stop with Jenny, the housemaid——

"She said:

"'Well, we—will—see!'"

"Did that remedy the defect?"

"Yes, till morning, when she began again."

"How?"

"You see, my trousers were out of order, and I begged her to put a little patch under my coat-tails. That fired her off and she whizzed:

"Oh, for the rare and radiant Junes
Ere ever I thought of thy pantaloons;
Ere ever I thought that thy love so sweet
Would deign to ask me to patch the seat
Of thy——"

Just then the door opened; a pink and white vision of beauty appeared upon the threshold and began:

"Benjamin, mother is coming to-day.
And——"

"If that is the case, there's the devil to pay."

moaned Benjamin, and vanished from my sight.

A Good Manager.

A bare-headed woman, with a faded and ragged dress, solicited alms the other evening of a gentleman who was crossing the City Hall Park. He came to a halt and asked:

"Is it for drink?"

"No, sir; it's for food."

"But I don't know how you live. I have to practice economy in order to have money in my pocket. You may be recklessly extravagant for all I know. How much money have you spent to-day?"

"Well, sir, I've made 7 cents run five of us on cold potatoes so far; and if I can get 3 more we'll top off with bread and water before we go to bed. Might leave out the bread, sir, if I can find a bit of tar somewhere to thicken up the water and deceive the children. Can you draw it any finer than that, sir?"

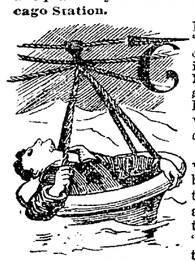
The man held out a dime as he passed by.—*New York Sun.*

BOSTON has a clergyman, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, who is only now recovering after a year and a half's suffering from the effects of vaccination.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE PLAN UPON WHICH IT IS ORGANIZED AND OPERATED.

Its Great Service to Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships—Description of the Machinery and Appliances Employed—The Life-Car, Boatswain's-Chair, and Breeches-Buoy—A Student Crew—Inadequate Pay for Gallant Men—The Chicago Station.



A LIFE-CAR.

HE perils of "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon great waters," have been proverbial since the days of Job.

In these days, when vessel building seems to have reached absolute perfection; when "iron is made to swim," in the form of mighty ships capable of carrying the entire tonnage of an ancient fleet; with hundreds of appliances for the prevention of disaster and for rescue in time of shipwreck, which were not even dreamed of a century ago; with all that human experience has taught and human ingenuity devised to lessen the perils of the sea, thousands of vessels are annually lost and multitudes of lives sacrificed to the relentless fury of the deep.

Though the bottoms of broad oceans are dotted with moldering heaps of Norway pine and English oak, once floating in the form of majestic ships, it is upon lonely reefs and desolate, rocky coasts that the greatest number of disasters occur.

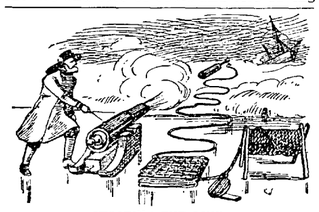
From time immemorial, at many points along the Atlantic coast, hardy fishermen from rocky headlands have watched the stormy sea for signs of a ship in distress. Their solicitude was not generally prompted by a desire to succor their imperiled fellow creatures, but rather to profit by securing valuable property from the impending wreck.

At present a more vigilant watch is kept, very largely by fishermen. Unlike their ancestors, the wreckers, these men are constantly keeping watch and ward to the end that they may effect the rescue of the crews and passengers of shipwrecked and distressed vessels, coming, through false reckoning or stress of weather, upon the coast.

These men are members of the United States Life Saving Service.

This service went into operation in 1871, and is an adjunct of the Treasury Department. The Superintendent, who is located in Washington, is S. I. Kimball.

The service extends to about 10,000 miles of sea and lake coast, and is divided into twelve districts, each under the control of a district superintendent, who must be between the ages of 25 and 55 years. He must be entirely familiar with the coast of his district, and with the use and care of boats and life-saving



SHOOTING THE LINE.

appliances. He acts as disbursing officer, paying off the crews quarterly. The salaries of the district superintendents vary from $1,000 to $1,800 per year.

There are 218 stations in commission—166 on the Atlantic coast, 7 on the Pacific, 44 on the great lakes, and 1 at the falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

Each of these (with the exception of ten on the coast of Florida called "houses of refuge") is manned by a keeper and crew of from six to eight surfmen. In the aggregate about 1,300 men are employed.

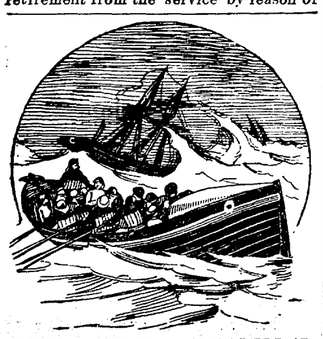
The Chicago or Lake Michigan district contains twenty-three stations. Those on the west shore are: At Michigan City, South Chicago, Chicago, Evanston, Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Two Rivers, and Sturgeon Bay. The Chicago station is a very important one, and will be the one specially described.

Keepers, to whom in common parlance the title of "Captain" is given, must be between the ages of 21 and 45, entirely able-bodied, good sailors, well skilled in all the duties of their positions, and experts in matters of salvage.

They are charged with the responsibility of selecting crews, of which they act as captains, and whom they lead on all occasions of rescue. They are intrusted with the custody and care of all Government property at the stations, keeping daily journals and making monthly reports to the department. Keepers are also inspectors of customs, and look after all dutiable goods on board distressed vessels. The law constitutes them the guardians of all wrecked property until relieved by the owners or their agents. The Secretary of the Treasury fixes their compensation at not more than $800 per annum. Only two are paid this amount, the others receiving only $700.

The surfmen are enlisted like soldiers, after a rigid examination, for a term of one year, and generally re-enlisted as long as they perform their duties properly. They repair to their posts on the ocean coasts about the 1st of September, where they remain until the 1st of May, or later, as the weather may determine. At the lake stations they go on duty in April and remain until the close of navigation, in November or December.

The pay of the surfmen is fixed by law at not more than fifty dollars per month, and all of them do not even receive this. They, of course, sleep at the station, but no extra allowance is made for them. They are obliged to procure, at their own expense, a handsome uniform, and pay for their board, which at Chicago costs them $15 per month. Besides, they are only paid for the time of actual service, from six to eight months, and in the lake districts are turned adrift in the beginning of winter, the very worst time to secure employment. They are allowed for injuries while disabled from accidents, but receive nothing in the way of a pension from the Government. The keepers receive $700 per year, but as they remain in charge of the station during the entire year are in reality but little better paid. Efforts to induce Congress to grant them pensions upon honorable retirement from the service by reason of



RESCUING A CREW BY MEANS OF A LIFE-BOAT.

age or disability, and to provide for the widows and orphans of such as have lost their lives in the discharge of their duty have been made, but unsuccessfully thus far. The life-saving crews are men of good character, and being engaged in hazardous and humane work, ought to be better paid and properly pensioned.



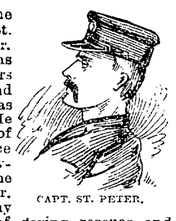
SCENE AT THE CRIB.

The name of the late Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from New York, is kept especially green in the memory of all members of the service. He did more for them in Congress than any man now living, a circumstance which they seem in no danger of forgetting.

The duty of the surfmen consists of daily practice and drill, caring for the station and all boats and other property, and keeping watch from an elevated lookout. On the Atlantic coast they patrol the shore at night, meeting and exchanging checks with the guard from the next station. This is a duty never neglected, and in cold and stormy weather is an exceedingly trying task, which has frequently resulted in the death of patrolmen. On the lakes no patrol is made except in "thick weather," and then only to a limited distance of from two to five miles, to a "key-post," where the patrolman registers his visit. In the event of his discovering a wreck or ship in distress he burns a large red light, of which he carries a supply, to notify the lookout at the station.

But the crowning duty of surfmen is in cases of rescue. Then it is that these skilled and careful, yet daring, men "take their lives in their hands" and go forth to save imperiled fellow creatures. This cannot be understood without a description of the various appliances employed for that purpose. This will be made by a reference to the Chicago station, from which the artist has made his designs, and which is a fair representative of the lake stations.

The Chicago station is situated on the lake at the mouth of the river. It consists of a two-storied frame building. The lower floor is devoted to the storage of boats and various machines and appliances used in the art of saving lives. On the upper floor the men sleep on cots, and in the rear portion, the keeper lives with his family. Above is an elevated look-out, where a watch is constantly maintained.



CAPT. ST. PETER.

The keeper of the station is Capt. Deles St. Peter. The Captain has been fourteen years at this station, and for twelve years has been its keeper. He has seen much of dangerous service during his life, having served in the army during the war. He can tell many thrilling stories of daring rescues and frightful calamities.

His crew consists of six men, well-built young fellows, all of whom seem to have a mania for reading when not engaged in the discharge of their duties. Each is allowed twelve hours' leave of absence every week, or twenty-four every two weeks.

The life-boat is a magnificent contrivance. It is 27 feet in length, 7½ feet in width. At each end it has circular elevated air chambers filled with cork. The keel is of iron and weighs 1,400 pounds. The object of the elevated chambers and heavy keel, is to bring the center of gravity below the surface when filled with water. By this arrangement, if the boat should chance to capsize, it will at once right itself, since it would require great force to keep the chambers submerged and the keel elevated. Besides this advantage the life-boat empties itself. This is accomplished by means of six check-valves. These valves serve to close as many metal tubes which run from the bottom of the boat through the hold to its open space. They open only one way, and permit the water to flow downward but not upward. They act automatically and will empty the boat in a very short time.

It is built of oak, and planked without with two layers of Honduras mahogany. Its weight is 5,000 pounds. It rests on rollers in a standing position, and can be launched in a moment's time. It is pulled with oars, but is also provided with sails, to be used when necessary and available. It will carry its crew and eighteen men besides, and has more than once been filled to its capacity.

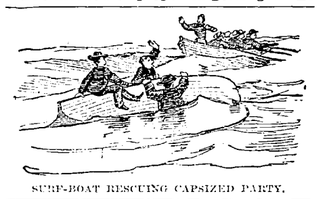
There is a surf-boat of the same size, but it is not a self-righter and bailer. It is provided with broad-tired wheels, and can be drawn along the beach to the point where it it is desired to launch it. A crew of seven men can pull this boat six miles an hour, if not against a heavy wind.

When a wreck can be reached by the life-boat, it is employed, and her passengers and crew rowed to the shore. Sometimes, however, owing to the extreme violence of the storm, the disabled ship cannot be reached. In such emergencies recourse is had to the life-car, boatswain's-chair or breeches-buoy.

The life-car is the invention of Captain James Francis, who is still living in New York at the advanced age of ninety years. It has been computed that since he devised it in 1844 over one thousand lives have been saved by its use. In recognition of his great services Congress granted him a medal worth, it is said, over $5,000.

This car is in appearance a small boat. It has rings on its upper side by which it is suspended to a rope reaching from the wreck to the shore. People on the ship enter it and are drawn ashore, and the operation is repeated until all are rescued. The boatswain's chair is simply a chair operated in the same way, carrying one passenger at a time. The breeches-buoy consists of a large circular ring, filled with cork, and in itself an admirable life-preserver. To this ring a wide pair of strong canvas breeches are firmly attached. Into these the person to be rescued thrusts his legs, and is run ashore on the rope, with little danger of being dislodged, no matter how furious the storm. All these appliances are worked from the shore by means of ropes connecting with pulleys on the wreck.

The method employed in getting a line



SURF-BOAT RESCUING CAPSIZED PARTY.

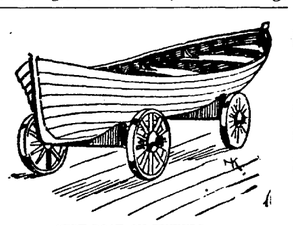
from the shore to the wreck is as follows: A small cannon with a bore of two and one-half inches is employed. It is charged with from four to eight ounces of powder, and carries a long iron missile weighing nineteen pounds. To one end of this is attached a slender cord, so folded that it will pay out rapidly and without tangling. This is fired at the ship with a view to hitting the rigging to the end the end that the crew may secure it and pull a heavier rope on board. When this is done it is attached to a mast, the pulleys placed in position, and the car, chair, or buoy, as the case may be, started on its life-saving journey. On the shore end, where no natural elevation exists, a plank contrivance is used to raise the rope above the ground so that the vehicle can be operated. A line can thus be thrown to a ship at a distance as great as 350 yards.

Three years ago the schooner America became disabled at Evanston and the life-saving crew, who are students of the Northwestern University located near by, brought the crew ashore on a rope to a bluff seventy-five feet above the level of the lake.

Many daring and notable rescues have been effected by the Chicago crew. In 1884 there was a disaster at the crib, or inlet to the water works at Hyde Park. Captain St. Peter and crew went to their assistance and succeeded in saving four, though ten lives were lost. One, a boy of sixteen named Claus Clausen, drifted on a plank to South Chicago and was picked up. He is at present a member of the Chicago crew.

LANDING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

On March 28, 1890, there was a terrific storm at Chicago, and thirty-one men who were working on the middle crib of the new water tunnel, two and one-half miles from shore, were placed in a position of extreme peril. A furious snow storm was raging which precluded their distress signals from being seen. A large



SURF-BOAT ON WHEELS.

tug boat, which had been out in the lake to dump distillery slops, reported the matter to Capt. St. Peter. His crew had not yet reported for duty, so he collected six daring fishermen and started for the crib. With the greatest difficulty, and at the expense of enormous labor, fourteen of the almost frozen men were safely rescued, and the contractors' tug boat afterward carried off the rest.

As a rule, the principal duties of the Chicago crew are confined to the harbor. Here, every season, a great number of small yachts and row-boats are overturned, and the Captain and his vigilant crew are to be credited with the saving of many lives.

Owing to the inadequate compensation allowed the surf-men, the keepers have trouble in securing and retaining efficient men, and in the interests, not only of humanity but fair dealing, Congress should take action in the premises and provide better for the present and future welfare of the men upon whose heroic actions depend the rescue of so many imperiled lives.

CHICAGO, Ill. DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Darkness Had No Terrors for Them.

Miss Giddimiss was angry. Mr. Gettethere had actually attempted to kiss her and had known her only twenty-four hours.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "Why, I have known gentlemen for years who never presumed even to press my hand."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Gettethere, "but they could not have been so susceptible to beauty as I."

The compliment was like a stream of water on the blaze. Miss Giddimiss came very near smiling.

"I fear you are too susceptible," she said. "I cannot trust myself with you. You know mamma and papa are both out this evening, and since you have been so bold I'm really afraid of you. You won't insist on staying if I ask you to go, will you, Mr. Gettethere?"

"I certainly would not be so rude," he returned.

"I knew you would not," Miss Giddimiss added; "and so I am going to ask you—— Do you know that lamp is slowly but surely going out? Those stupid servants must have forgot to fill it."

Thus she interrupted herself.

"You were going to ask me——?" suggested Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, yes. It would never do for us to be left here together in the dark. I was going to ask you to say good-night to me."

"But I may stop until the last drop of oil is burned, may I not?"

Miss Giddimiss hesitated.

"Well," she said, with a half smile, "if you promise to behave yourself. I will permit it. I'm sure it won't be for long. How warm the room has grown!"

"May I raise a window!"

"Thank you. I wish you would.

The lamp, which was a high one, stood between one of the windows and the door. It was this window that Mr. Gettethere raised.

No sooner was it up than a strong draught swept across the apartment and carried the lamplight with it. The room was enveloped in darkness.

Miss Giddimiss sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Gettethere!" she exclaimed, "have you a match? Do re-light it. I am sure there is some oil left."

Mr. Gettethere had no match, but he, too, was sure there was some oil left. Until that oil was exhausted he had been granted the privilege of remaining.

Accordingly, he sat down beside Miss Giddimiss and informed her that he rather enjoyed a dark room.

* * * * * *

Two hours later there was a sound of a key in the front door.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

It was Miss Giddimiss who spoke, and though she whispered the words, Mr. Gettethere realized that she was very much alarmed.

"Light the lamp! Light the lamp!" she repeated, nervously. "It is papa and mamma returning. If we are found in the dark we are lost."

"But you know I have no matches," returned Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, how stupid you are! There are dozens in that little vase on the bottom shelf of the cabinet."—*Town Topics.*

Once Used as a Text-Book.

The New York *Times* contains an article upon old text-books used in that city. Among the most curious of these was a volume upon "Physicking," which was probably intended to fulfill for that time the function of the modern "First Aid to Injured" manuals. It was published about 1750. It contains prescriptions for various common diseases, which the student committed to memory for future use. The following have been selected directly from the old book: "Cough," it says, "can be cured in the Beginning with riding moderately on Horseback and only taking some Ground Ivy Tea, sweetened with Syrup of Horehound. If it be violent it will be proper to bleed eight ounces." In case of "fever of any kind it is always best to blister near the Place wherein the Pain lies and by a good bleeding." "Consumption," says the wise author, "is a Distemper slow and pure. Bleed two or three ounces every three Days; also apply strong Poultices under the arms in order to draw the Mischief that way." For inward medicine let him chew Sassafras Root. His diet should be an abundance of Turnips, Raisins and Licquorice. His drink should be Strong Beer." "For Griping in the Stomach drink a Gallon of warm Whey, and if possible a gallon of warm Water." "The Dry Gripes is the cruelest kind of Cholick, but are now (blessed be God) grown much rarer than formerly. Take three Spoonfuls of bears' oil or a Decoction of Peach Leaves. If these remedies should fail you must needs submit to a Tobacco Blister. The best way to prevent dry-gripes is not to meddle with Rum mixed with sugar or lime juice." The following is given as a sure means of bringing a person out of an epileptic fit: "Burn often under the nose chicken feathers, or else leather or rubber, or even the hoofs of any animal." "After every attack of fever and ague bleed eight ounces and take a purge of Indian physick." Here is consolation for a rheumatic: "Bleed ten ounces from the wrist. Next day take a vomit of Indian physick. After this boil a shin of beef in a gallon of water. Put in a pound of garlick and stew to three pints. Take a quarter of a pint morning and evening for three days, when (by the grace of God) you will find relief." According to the *Medical Record*, many of the suggestions above given are, after all, not so far removed from what our modern therapeutics teaches.

A LITTLE railway just opened between Lynton and Lynmouth, in England, has the steepest incline in the world—a uniform gradient of 1 in 1½. The line is only 900 feet long, and was built to give passage over a cliff nearly 500 feet high separating the two places. Water is brought from a distance of a mile to the summit of the cliff, and is drawn from the reservoir to move the cars, two of which are connected together by a wire cable and sufficient water-load applied to the descending one to drag the other up the incline.

COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN WONDERS.

A Brief History of the Gigantic Figure—It Was One Hundred and Fifty Feet High, and Ships in Full Sail Passed Between Its Legs—Destroyed by an Earthquake.



THE Colossus of Rhodes was so called to distinguish it from other colossal figures, said by some writers to have numbered over one hundred, which, during the days of its prosperity, were set up in the "City of the Sun," as the capital of the Island of Rhodes was poetically called. The Colossus came third in the list of the seven wonders of the world, and was consecrated to the sun, the deity of Rhodes. It was made of brass, cast in sections, and is said to have been the work of Chares of Lindus, a pupil of the great Lysippus. It was 20 cubits (supposed to have been 150 feet) high, and cost the city about 300 talents, or $350,000 as we reckon money nowadays. Over twelve years' work was spent on this early monster, which with all its grandeur was destined to a very short career. Fifty-six years after its completion, in the year 224 B. C., according to Pliny, this gigantic emblematic figure was thrown down by an earthquake. The Colossus stood at the entrance to the harbor, with each of its mighty feet on solid stone foundations, ships in full sail passing and repassing between the gigantic legs. Deleperre, the historian, says that it was not erected at the entrance to the harbor, as stated by Pliny, but that it stood on an open space near the Pasha's seraglio. Still another writer says that it was reconstructed during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and that after the Island of Rhodes had been conquered by the Caliph Othman, in the seventh century of our era, it was taken down and the metal sold to a Jew, who transported it to Syria, a caravan of 980 camels being necessary to carry his purchase.

Changing the Motto.

That men are often aroused to perform noble deeds in times of great public exigency by noble sentiments forcibly expressed is a fact of general acceptance. Patrick Henry's fervid appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," doubtless stirred many a patriot to brave the one while striving for the other.

But there are many worthy men of practical minds to whom sentiment is of little value in comparison with present advantage, and with whom the discharge of duty is a matter-of-fact affair, to be purchased with as little self-sacrifice as possible.

Michael Pinkind, a resident of the eastern shore of Maryland, by occupation both a farmer and a fisherman, was enrolled, during the war of 1812, in the local militia, and when not needed for active service was, with his neighbors, permitted to remain at home, engaged in the pursuit of a livelihood. When the British fleet anchored off St. Michael's, and threatened the bombardment of the town, the militia were hastily called to assemble for its defense.

The officer whose duty it was to notify the warriors came to Pinkind's house on a day when he was absent, looking after the fisheries in the Choptank River. As he could not be followed to his place of labor at that time, the officer informed the fisherman's patriotic wife that Michael was needed at the front, and she, with great indignation at the invasion of the eastern shore by the British, assured the officer that her husband would be found at the post of duty on the day following his return home.

She then went to work to overhaul Michael's raiment, and make him present as martial an appearance as possible.

When he returned home next day, Michael received from his faithful wife the call to arms, and by her was presented with his uniform. His best suit had received a thorough renovation, and upon the back of the coat was stitched in prominent characters the motto, "Victory or Death!"

Michael regarded the motto dubiously for a moment, and then anxiously inquired, "Polly, can't ye make it '*Victory or Cripple?*'"—*Youth's Companion.*

Horse Meat for Eating.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the *Nineteenth Century*. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef, is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advance price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."

THE PHANTOM HORSE.

BY M. M'ALLISTER.



O sometimes comes to soul and sense,
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The realms of spiritual mysteries.

Seated around the cheerful fire in an old-fashioned farmhouse were a company of friends, one winter evening, engaged in the delightful pastime of telling ghost stories.

"I can tell you a little experience I once had, which may seem incredible to you, but it is true, nevertheless."

"Tell it, tell it," cried they all as they drew their chairs nearer to the hearth.

"A few years ago, when I was a student at college, I went during one vacation to visit an old school-mate who had recently married the loveliest girl in the world. He was very anxious I should make them a visit and become acquainted with her.

"When I arrived at his home late one afternoon he was absent, having gone on some business to a village a few miles distant, but his wife expected him home that night.

"The hour of his return being uncertain, and being rather tired after my journey, I was shown to my room about ten o'clock, but had no sooner closed the door than I heard a horse come galloping up the graveled drive that led to the barn. I immediately returned to the sitting-room.

"'I am glad you had not retired, said the wife; 'John will be anxious to see you to-night.'

"The darkness was so intense she had kept a lantern ready lighted all the evening, and was now about to start to the barn to meet her husband when we heard something fall heavily on the kitchen floor.

"'Well, he is in a hurry to-night, and he has brought his saddle into the kitchen as usual for safe-keeping.'

"Then opening the door, we both ran out, gayly laughing in our glad anticipation, but all was silent; there was no one there.

"'We were mistaken: he hasn't come in yet. We will take the light and go out to meet him.' Seizing the light we both hurried out into the darkness.

"But all was quiet: not a sound could we hear. The young wife led the way, saying, 'he must be feeding Sancho.' She walked around to the stall. It was empty. The horse we had heard come galloping in the yard was not there.

"'John! John! Where are you?' cried the frightened young wife. There was no answer.

"'What can it mean?' she gasped, as she turned her white face toward me.

"I must confess I had begun to feel quite nervous myself by this time; but I laughed at her fears as best I could, saying there was a loose board somewhere that the wind was sporting with.

"But she was not to be calmed so easily: she would not allow me to leave her that night, and I don't think I could have left had I tried. We sat all night, anxiously listening to every sound; but the one for whom we waited never returned to his happy home again.

"As soon as daylight appeared, to satisfy the anxious young wife, I aroused some of the neighbors and started to the village to see what had occurred to detain my friend.

"I, as well as she, was now fully convinced that something serious must have happened.

"We had reached a spot where the road approached to the very verge of a precipice, when a terrible sight met our eyes. At the bottom lay the mangled remains of a horse and rider.

"In the darkness the horse had evidently missed his footing, and both had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"No words can describe the agony of the bereaved young wife, nor is it necessary.

"But what were the sounds we heard? I forgot to say that first we heard the whinny of the mate to the horse that was killed, and which was in the barn, and always recognized the return of the other one in that way.

"Who is able to explain the mystery?"

Not one in that group was able to do so.

Victim of an Umbrella.

In the hands of some people the umbrella is a deadly weapon. One day, just before nightfall, when suburban folks rush home from the city in crowds, an intelligent-looking young woman joined the throng headed for the station. Her umbrella was open in her hand, and the way she handled it straightway attracted notice on all sides. Somehow she managed to knock nearly every umbrella she met from its owner's hand, until, having reached the entrance steps she suddenly closed her own, much to the detriment of the bonnet of another lady who happened to be at her side. She then began fumbling for her purse, holding the umbrella in the meanwhile in the hand she was moving, so that the ferrule described an arc of about forty degrees. Having found a dime, she marched to the ticket office, and then, while slowly gathering up her change, stood with the umbrella tucked under her arm and protruding across the passage, thus obstructing all movements for others. At last the ticket was safe in her purse, and she passed on. With that umbrella still tucked under her arm she walked leisurely along, while a man behind her dodged the umbrella's ferrule as best he could. Suddenly she stepped on her dress and stopped. Of course the umbrella jabbed the man in the face. With a sweet "I beg your pardon," she shifted it so that it stuck out sideways and tripped up a man who was hurrying past her. Finally, with no other mishap than catching the handle of the umbrella in a little girl's hair, the lady seated herself in the car, the umbrella protruding just enough to trip up every unwary man who passed her.

A Real Soldier to Play With.

Child's nurse (to her sweetheart as she hears her lady coming into the kitchen unexpectedly)—Hurry, August; begin playing with the children quick."

"Why, Anna," exclaims the mistress, "what is this I see?"

"Oh, madam, you know the dear children were so anxious to have a soldier to play with that—you see—well, I went out and got one of them."

It is only when a man is complimented that he thinks he is seeing himself as others see him.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A PLANE-DEALER—the carpenter.

GOOD material for bathing suits—watered silk.

AT the concert: "I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."

"GEORGE, what is meant by the 'dead of night?'" "It would mean that cat of Tomkins, if I could aim straight."

"IS THERE anything that will bring youth to a woman?" asked a writer. Well, a leading smile from her might bring him to her feet.

TALENTED boy—Papa, may I get my paints, and paint a picture? Practical father—Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and whitewash the cellar.

MR. GUZZLETON (going out)—You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria. Mrs. Guzzleton—No, I suppose you can do all the "setting-up" that is needed yourself.

"IT isn't her own dress that turns a woman's head, fond as the sex are of finery." "No?" "No, it is the dress of another woman who passes her on the street that turns her head."

DEACON EBONY—I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got into a select neighborhood? Brudder Black—I hab, for a fac', Deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection ob chickens in mah life.

CONTRIBUTOR—Have you examined my story? Editor—Yes; I've weighed it and found it wanting. "Then why didn't you return it to me?" "It was wanting in postage to the amount of sixteen cents."

LOVING mother—See that boy of mine run! A minute ago he said he couldn't go to school, being so lame from a stone-bruise. Another boy (flying past) Don't yer see the head of the circus procession down yender?

MRS. SLIMDIET—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he recommend any special diet? New boarder—No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding-house.

MRS. O'KELLY claims to be a literary lady because she cleans the office of a magazine editor and sells the contents of his waste-basket to the junk-man. She says no one dare deny that she is a polisher of literary stock and a dealer in literary wares.

A STRANGER in the city seeing an urchin on Broadway patted him on the head and said: "Can you tell me where 14th street is, little boy?" The gamin stared seemingly incredulous at the gentleman and then, shrieking hysterically to a distant comrade, "Hey, Chimmy!" he yelled, "here's a feller what don't know where 14th street is!"

AT a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee-room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way." Back went the waiter and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

AT the close of a fair in South Boston the other evening the unsold articles were offered at auction, and a round lot of cream pies were knocked down to a gentleman who seemed particularly anxious to get them. "My wife made these pies," he said, "and gave them to the fair; but as she never makes any of this quality except to give away, my only chance is to buy them." And then he sat down and consumed a couple in silence.

She Got a Pointer.

Two men were playing a game of euchre in a drawing-room car on the Erie road, and a little woman who had a seat near by watched the game with great interest. Finally, as a certain play was made, she asked:

"Did he take the trick with the king of hearts?"

"Yes'm."

"He took your queen with his king?"

"Just so, ma'am."

"But a queen is higher than a king."

"Oh, no, ma'am, the queen ranks one below the king."

"Is that so everywhere?"

"Yes'm."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"Not the slightest. Do you play?"

"Not much. My husband set out to learn me, but I took all his kings with my queens, and he got mad, and quarreled about it, and, and——"

"And you don't play any more?"

"N—no, sir, but I'll telegraph him within the next ten minutes that I was wrong, and that all is forgiven, and that I'll return and let him even take the bowers with ten spots if he wants to!"—*New York Sun.*

Why He Was Annoyed.

O'Geoghegan entered the house the other day in an unusually ugly humor.

"See here, Ellen," he began, "do I give you the impression of a rip-staving idiot?"

"No, Henry!"

"Wouldn't you take me for an escaped lunatic now?"

"Why, of course not; who said so?"

"Well," replied O'Geoghegan, "I just wanted to know. I had barely got down to my office this morning when an agent tried to sell me a daft motor, I believe he called it. Ten minutes later a woman came in and actually forced me to buy shares in a church-fair crazy-quilt. At lunch, because I told the waiter I wasn't feeling well, he brought me noodle soup and cracked wheat—and, and—now when I come home you ask me what makes me so mad!"—*American Grocer.*

The Woman Who Sat Sideways.

A woman, who may have come from Perrysburg or somewhere, got on a street-car yesterday at my corner. The car was full of passengers of her own sex, but there would have been a seat for her but for one woman who persisted in sitting sideways and ignoring the presence of the passenger who was hanging on the straps. The newcomer looked long and earnestly at the one who was sitting sideways, then stooping a little, said sympathizingly:

"Got a boil, I reckon!"

Although there were not many men present to snicker, the bell rang instanter and one enraged feminine left the car.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE Imperial Telegraph Department, of Berlin, finds that underground wires are much less affected by atmospheric electricity than aerial wires, 388 interruptions from storms having been recorded in 1888 for underground wires and 2,375 for aerial wires. In cities telephones seem to be protected from lightning in some degree by the network of wires above the house-tops.

It improves your memory to lend a friend $5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.

DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White Scales. Suffering Fearful. Cured by Cuticura.



My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eye sight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two bottles Cuticura Resolvent, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and one box of Cuticura, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the Cuticura Remedies cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the Remedies. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier internally, (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked, bleeding, burning, and itching almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, suffering terrible. What other remedies have made such cures?

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases." 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.



IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25c.

GUARDIAN SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned guardian of David Krumlauf and James Krumlauf, minor heirs of Mary Krumlauf deceased, by virtue of an order of the Allen circuit court, will on the 8th day of July, 1890, at the office of M. V. B. Spencer, 33 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and each day thereafter until sold, offer at pri ate sale the following described property to-wit:

The north half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to Fort Wayne and the south half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, according to the recorded plat thereof, upon the following terms to-wit:

One third cash; one third in one year and one third in two years, the deferred payments being evidenced by notes bearing six per cent. interest and secured by mortgage on the property sold.

WILLIAM GAFFNEY, Guardian.
M. V. B. Spencer, attorney for guardian.
30-1 2-10-11-12-15

HENRY HOP LEE'S CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

THE FAIR
41-43 E. MAIN ST.

The Only,

The Largest,

The Cheapest

Bargain House

In the State.

New Goods Received Every day.

THE FAIR,

41 and 43 East Main St.

Wholesale and Retail.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending Saturday, July 5, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, June 30	**2,860**
Tuesday, July 1	**2,846**
Wednesday, July 2	**2,873**
Thursday, July 3	**2,880**
Friday, July 4	
Saturday, July 5	**2,748**
Total for the week	**14,207**
Average for the week	**2,841**

[Signed.] JOS. F. ERVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of July, 1890. GEO. W. LOAG, Clerk.

For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL, we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C. Katt, 32 Calhoun street.
E. C. Gouty, 252 Calhoun street.
W. W. Fox, 325 West Main street.
Wefel's Drug Store, cor. Hanna and Laselle sts.
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

State Senator—J. D. Morgan.
Representatives—John Biegler, S. M. Hench.
Joint Representative—W. S. Oppenheim.
Superior Court Judge—C. M. Dawson.
Prosecuting Attorney—P. B. Colerick.
Clerk—D. W. Souder.
Auditor—A. F. Glutting.
Recorder—George W. Fickel.
Treasurer—Edward Beckman.
Sheriff—George H. Viberg.
Coroner—A. J. Kesler.
Surveyor—Henry E. Fischer.
Commissioners—H. F. Bullerman, J. H. Stellhorn.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.



HIRAM SIBLEY.

100 B. C.—Birth of Caius Julius Cæsar; died 44 B. C.
1536—Death of Disederius Erasmus, scholar, aged 69.
1543—Henry VIII of England married Catherine Parr, his sixth queen; she survived him.
1690—Battle of the Boyne. William; Prince of Orange, defeats his father-in-law, James II of England. Hence originated the society of Orangemen. The conquered Jacobites (from Jacobus, Latin word for James) fled to France and organized the Irish brigade. In "old style" this date is July 1.
1704—Death of Titus Oates, famous as inventor of a plot against the Roman Catholics in England, a number of whom were executed, including Lord Stafford.
1777—Burgoyne captured Crown Point.
1808—Bonaparte having captured Madrid, his brother Joseph entered the city as king of Spain. The Spanish throne restored to Ferdinand in 1814.
1831—Leopold of Saxe-Coburg became first king of the Belgians.
1850—Death of Robert Stevenson, distinguished engineer of lighthouses, aged 78.
1859—The pope appealed to Europe against the king of Sardinia.
1859—The emperors of France and Austria met at Villafranca and arranged terms of peace.
1861—Confederates defeated in Beverly, W. Va.
1861—King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, received by Queen Victoria at Windsor.
1864—Confederates appeared in front of Washington and created a great scare.
1871—Great Orange riot in New York; 62 killed.
1877—Gen. O. O. Howard pursues Chief Joseph's band of refractory Indians in Idaho, punishing them severely. They had massacred a number of people.
1880—Death in England of Tom Taylor, dramatist, aged 63.
1888—Death in Rochester, N. Y., of Hiram Sibley, father of the Western Union Telegraph company; aged 81.

THE Porter county democracy have nominated Clement J. Kern, for representative.

THERE is a voting precinct in Georgia forty miles wide by fifty long, containing 100,000 of population.

THE corner stone of the new Christian church at Waveland was dedicated yesterday under Masonic auspices.

PROFESSOR W. H. HARPER, of Yale college, will probably be the president of the new university of Chicago.

MRS. REBECCA WHITE, one of the first settlers of Cass county, died this week. She came to Indiana in 1829.

P. T. BARNUM'S fortune is estimated at $11,000,000, every cent of which he accumulated since he reached his fortieth birthday.

MRS. WINDOM, wife of the secretary of the treasury, is the possessor of a sofa which came from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD claims that by his elixir of life he has cured cases of intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

HON. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, representative of Ohio, was last night elected secretary by the board of directors of the World's Columbian exposition.

MRS. GARFIELD lately sold a farm near Prestonburg, Ky., to speculators for $7,000, which General Garfield bought during the early days of the war for less than $700.

WILLIAM BOYLE, an Allen county convict, in the prison north, has gone violently insane, due to excessive grief. In his wildest delirium he continues to reiterate his innocence of the crime of which he stands charged.

AT last victory has perched upon the banners of our base ball club. They played a nine at Payne, O., yesterday and beat them. Whoop la! We won't lose confidence in our boys yet. They can be relied upon to beat their opponents hereafter every time, when that club is a poor one.

CHARLEY HAAS, of the Wabash Plain Dealer, is making a trip of the west and in a letter to his paper has the following. "George M. Payne is doing well as city editor of the Kansas City Evening Star, a paper by the way which is said to be netting its proprietor, W. R. Nelson, formerly of Fort Wayne over $30,000 per year."

THE David of tariff reform, who is to slay the Goliah of high protection in congress, has been named. At Orrville, Ohio, yesterday, after two days and one night of balloting, ex-Lieut. Gov. John G. Warwick, of Massillon, Ohio, was nominated for congress by the democrats of the Sixteenth district. Mr. Warwick, who will be the opponent of Congressman McKinley, is a business man, engaged for many years in extensive milling interest and owner of coal mines. His first and only political office was lieutenant governor of Ohio. Since the last election this district has been changed and is democratic by about 2,500 majority. It is expected that all the big monopolists in the east benefited by the McKinley tariff bill will pour money into the district to help re-elect McKinley.

REPORTS made to the state superintendent from the various counties show that the additions to the common school fund during the past year have amounted to $82,123.49. Of this $32,526.72 came from fines, forfeitures, etc., in the offices of county clerks; $35,681.44 from justices of the peace, and $14,455.88 from other sources. Besides this there is a small increase in the congressional fund also. In the last four years the school fund has increased in the ways mentioned not less than $350,000.

THE proof reader is compelled to shoulder a multitude of sins that others should often share with him. The Logansport Pharos says: "A ludicrous mistake appeared in the Pharos of last evening. The error passed the proof reader and was not discovered until a number of papers had been printed. The intention was to say that Mr. M. S. Cunningham was engaged in packing up his stock of drugs, preparatory to removing them to Hartford City. The types made us say that Mr. C. would remove his stock of 'dogs' to Hartford City."

THE county commissioners will meet Monday to appoint a county clerk to fill the late Dr. Loag's unexpired term, which will be about four months. The names mentioned in connection with the appointment are Jacob J. Kern, the present chief deputy in the office, and Daniel W. Souder, the nominee of the democratic party for county clerk. Both gentlemen were in the clerk's office for a number of years as deputies and are thoroughly familiar with the duties which they would be called upon to perform. The clerk's office would be well managed in the hands of either gentleman.

OUR Y. M. C. A.

In speaking of the Y. M. C. A. work at different points in Indiana, the Young Men's Era, published a Chicago, has the following concerning the association in this city:

Secretaries Esmond and Bower, of the Fort Wayne association, railroad and city departments respectfully, are pushing on different lines so far as circumstances admit. The report of the railroad department for the past quarter shows that the rooms are well patronized, and it will be found upon comparison with other reports in the year book that the department is doing a large work in proportion to the annual expenses required.

In the spiritual work of the city department there is some improvement. A Sunday morning consecration meeting has recently been organized. Mr. E. F. Gage, physical director, leaves Fort Wayne this month to pursue studies in the east. Efforts are being made to complete the financial canvass for the year, and arrangements are being made for two lecture courses during the winter.

STATE NEWS.

The Monticello Herald is twenty-nine years old.

The Salvation army at Crawfordsville has disbanded.

Kendallville has 2,970 population and Ligonier 2,200.

Delphi is making another effort to find natural gas.

Columbus, under the census, has but 6,500 population.

A drought is making itself felt in Madison county.

Washington is moving in the construction of a city hall.

Thirty young men are organizing a military company at Washington.

Mrs. Caroline Stork, aged seventy-two, of Michigan City, committed suicide yesterday, by swallowing rat poison.

The Doris Slate and Wire Fence factory at Xenia, was destroyed by fire yesterday, due to incendiarism. Loss, $3,000.

Professor William Fix, for sixteen years an instructor in the Hartsville college, died yesterday in Iowa, while visiting his son.

Mrs. Rebecca Droke, of Idaville, aged eighty-six, while attending to household matters, was stricken with paralysis, and died.

Oliver Cassell, aged eighty-eight, a familiar figure in New Albany, where nearly all his long and useful life was passed, died yesterday.

Philip Tisher, of Laporte, has an Easter egg which his wife brought from Germany fifty-four years ago. It is still in a good state of preservation.

Greencastle capitalists will make one more effort in the search for natural gas and the drilling will continue until a depth of 3,000 feet is reached.

Rev. A. B. Mackin, pastor of the English Lutheran church, of Logansport, received internal injuries and his left leg was broken, by a fall from his bicycle.

SCHEMING VERY HARD.

Republicans in Indiana Planning to Fool the Farmers in the Contest This Fall.

[Chicago Times.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 11.—Indiana republicans and Attorney General Michener, who is now the chairman of the state central committee, have been quite at sea to know just what to do in the canvass that is rapidly approaching. At first it was thought advisable to hold the state convention early in August, about two weeks before the democrats held theirs, which has been booked for August 28. Then Michener changed his mind and concluded to go to Washington and consult with Dudley and the other Indiana republicans now located there. Several conferences were held, and now it is understood that the republican state convention will not be held until some time in September. The policy is to allow the democrats to meet first, make the nominations, and adopt their platform. By this time perhaps the Farmers' alliance will not be so apparently reserved and backward, and some kind of a combination, either open or secret, will be made.

As matters stand now a heavy defeat awaits the republican party in Indiana this fall. Michener & Co's only hope is that the democrats may make a false step at their convention, or in case this fails then there may be something to be hoped for from the managers of the Farmers' alliance. If no combination can be safely made then, then the next best thing to be done is to persuade the alliance to put a straight state ticket in the field, and, as the organization is remarkably strong and numerous in the democratic sections, it is hoped that such a ticket will poll enough votes to defeat the democratic state ticket, ruin itself, and save not only the republican ticket but also Senator Voorhees' seat in the United States senate to the republican party. This is quite a dazzling scheme, and it is supposed to be the result of the recent conferences between Chairman Michener, Col. Dudley and others of the Washington contingent.

Michener's agents keep busy in the democratic counties manipulating the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance, but every now and then they get a backset and a very black eye. Their last dismal failure occurred this week in Wells county. It is a strong democratic county and the republican bosses of the section had fixed it to give the alliance the entire county ticket if the alliance would support the republican nominee for senator and also the republican member of the legislature. This was done to kill off two votes ordinarily dead sure for Mr. Voorhees to succeed himself in the United States senate. The convention was very orderly and apparently harmonious until the democratic members of the alliance discovered the trap that was laid for them, when they arose as one man declaring that it was nothing but a republican trick to get another seat in the United States senate and left the convention. They afterward resolved to have nothing more to do with the alliance if it was to be made a mere political machine run in the interests of the republican party.

A similar experience occurred in Johnson county Wednesday. Every effort was made to pass a resolution to put an alliance ticket in the field, but after a long and bitter debate the resolution was defeated. Again at the same session the same attempt was made in a modified form. It was again defeated, but another attempt will be made at a special meeting announced to be held next month. Johnson county is democratic and there is a chance to defeat another Voorhees legislator.

Professor Stegmeir, of Illinois, was elected superintendent of the schools of Corydon, to succeed Professor Haggert, who has been teaching there for three years. The people have remonstrated against the act of the board, and a paper is in circulation asking the trustees to revoke the election of Professor Stegmeir and retain Professor Haggert.

John McClure, one of the most noted criminals in the state, died in Jeffersonville prison Tuesday. His disease was consumption. He was sentenced from Knox county in 1887, his offense being criminal assault on a girl.

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar."
Merit: "Peculiar to Itself."
Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Two brothers who parted in Baltimore forty-seven years ago had an affecting meeting in the same city last Sunday.

All medical authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

The Women's Exchanges in this country have paid out $1,000,000 as remuneration to women in twelve years.

She Was Completely Cured.

A daughter of my customer suffered from suppressed menstruation, and her health was completely wrecked. At my suggestion she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, which cured her. J. W. HELLUMS,
White Valley, Miss.

Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. Abner Baker, of Jefferson, many years ago officiated at the marriage of a young couple, and last week he conducted services at the funeral of their great grandson.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HE WAS BEWITCHED

When He Committed the Murder, but He Hung for It Nevertheless.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 12.—Armsted Jones, colored, was hanged at Orangeburg yesterday. He was one of the youngest persons ever hanged in this state, his age being between sixteen and seventeen years. His crime was the murder of his stepmother. He and a younger brother quarrelled with the the stepmother one day last February, and the boys agreed to kill her. Armsted shot her in a most brutal manner. Both brothers were sentenced to death, but the sentence of the younger was commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Armsted made a brief address, in which he expressed sorrow for his crime and reiterated his previous declaration that he was bewitched when he committed the murder. He displayed great coolness on the scaffold and died without a struggle.

Columbia City Races.

The races at Columbia City yesterday were largely attended and resulted as follows:

Free-for-all—Litt, George R. Beardsley, driver, Dr. Bash, owner, Warsaw, 1, 1, 1; Cottonette, Ray Warner, Coldwater, 4, 2, 2; Charlie H., Jay Cook, Montpelier, 2, 6, 3, 3, 4; Mamie K., 6, 4, 5, 3; Stuart Mac, 5, 5, 4, 4; Defiance, 3, 3, 0; William A., 2, 6, 3, 4. Time, 2:31; 2:29½; 2:30.

Two-forty trot—Little Daisy, Pearse & Loag, Fort Wayne, 1, 4, 1, 1; At-a-Lanta, Dr. Matthews, New Paris, 2, 1, 2, 2; Dexter King, J. M. Biler, Warsaw, 2, 3, 3; Sentinel Chief, J. G. Higgins, Rockdale, 4, 2, 3, 3. Time, 2:39½; 2:35; 2:35¾; 2:35.

Two-year-old trot—Maggie Wilkes, 1, 1; S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, 1, 1; Rosa R., A. J. Russell, Butler, 2, 2; Sam Brahn, Brahn Bros., Columbia City, 3, 3. Time, 3:08; 3:00.

The exhibition trot of Fleeta Wilkeswood, S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, one mile, was made in 2:48.

KEEPING HOUSE WITH COCKROACHES.

Beetles, water bugs, &c., is not pleasant. The most effective permanent remedy is —for two or three nights to sprinkle ROUGH ON RATS dry powder unmixed, in, about and down the sink and drain pipe; scatter it well but thinly over the sink. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret of this is in the fact that wherever the bugs or insects may be during the day, they must go to the sink for water during the night. They can't stand ROUGH ON RATS in their water. This is the quickest, most effective and satisfactory remedy. ROUGH ON RATS being a poison, it should be used in this way only at night and washed away early in the morning. Another way is to mix a tablespoonful of ROUGH ON RATS with a half pound of brown sugar. Sprinkle it on rear of cupboard shelves or on plates, or on sheets of paper placed high out of reach of children. Cut this out for directions.

Poundkeeper Finn, of New York, estimates that city's dog population at 25,000 or 30,000.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

EXCURSION TO WARSAW.

Low Rate via the Pennsylvania Lines for Spring Fountain Park Assembly.

Round trip excursion tickets, including admission coupon to Spring Fountain Park Assembly's annual session, will be sold to Warsaw via the Pennsylvania lines July 15th to 28th, good returning July 31st, at $1.45 from Fort Wayne. july12-17-21

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st. eodtf

Excursions to Mackinaw Island, $13 Round Trip.

The Wabash line is selling round trip tourist tickets to Mackinaw Island, going via Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation company's magnificent boats, at the extremely low rate as noted above. Take this route and avoid the dust and cinders incident to all rail travel. For descriptive matter call at Wabash ticket office. 3-1m

Proprietor—Why didn't you dust this counter? Janitor—Why, I thought it was dusty enough.

No Land on which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing west and fertile south where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave rank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

ASSETS, $105,063,000. SURPLUS, $15,600,000.

ÆTNA LIFE INS. CO.,

Office Room 18 Schmitz Block.

IRA L. BARKLEY, GENERAL AGENT, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

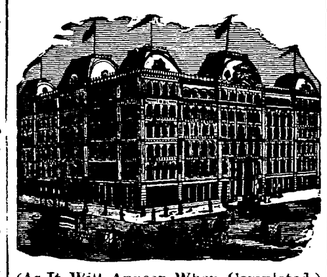
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y

STANDARD

MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.



(As It Will Appear When Completed.)

Incorporated Capital, $100,000.

For the Successful Treatment by the NEW METHOD of all Diseases of the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, LUNGS, HEART, NERVOUS SYSTEM, EYE AND EAR, TUMORS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c., &c., &c.

Call on, or Address,

DR. W. J. CARTER,

GEN. MANAGER,

210 Calhoun Street.

SUMMER RESORTS

CLEAR LAKE, IND.

Fifty-four miles north on Lake Shore Road; 15 minutes drive from railway station; hotel carriages meet every train.

Hotels Remodeled and Refurnished

And under new management, at very reasonable rates.

Clear Lakes Offers the Finest,

Safest and Healthiest

Bathing Beach of Any

Lake in the State.

Good Fishing and Boating. Absolutely no malaria. Beautiful cottage sites. Clear Lake will soon be the popular resort for Fort Wayne. Address or inquire of

S. A. BISWELL,
Clear Lake, via. Ray, Ind.,

Or Gross & Pellens and C. B. Woodworth, druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. 12eodim

COLUMBUS BUGGIES.



JOS. W. BELL, 13 E. COLUMBIA ST.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photoes and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

Geod L. JUNK, No. 181 Calhoun St.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE

DR HAINES GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and are be is aware, his complete reformation is effected. 48 page book of particulars free.

MEYER BROS. & Co. Druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. jun26-eod1yr

Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Weber Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 Fort Wayne, Ind

Arrival and Departure of Trains

From Pennsylvania Statio

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express	1 10 p m	1 30 p m
No. 8, d, Fast Line	7 45 p m	7 55 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited	8 50 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 00 a m	5 15 a m
No. 68, Chicago Accom	10 30 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom	9 10 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	11 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 35 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 35 a m	11 55 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex	5 00 p m	5 05 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	7 30 a m

d Daily. †Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.
MAY 11, 1890.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	5 05 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily exp't Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 58 p m
Lafayette accom. arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 30 p m
Lv Indianapolis	Ar Ft Wayne
7 15 a m	1 30 p m
1 10 p m	6 18 p m
7 00 p m	5 06 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars, dining car and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD, May 18, 1890.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	5:40 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	11:20 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:30 p. m.	——
Louisville....ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Cincinnati....lv	——	7:59 a. m.	——
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m
Fort Wayne.ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Ft. Wayne, in Effect June 22, '90.

GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 2 25 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
From Portland	" 7 35 a m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 12 15 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
To Portland	" 6 30 p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 10 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

James Madden's

Perfect Hydraulic

BEER PUMPS!



It is Simple in construction, neat in design and noiseless in operation. Beer Pumps, Supplies, Bar Cocks, Tubes, Bungs, etc. Plumbing, Gas, Steam & Hot Water Heating.

No. 101 Calhoun Street.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING!

Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.

48 W. Main St.---Telephone 261.

PURE·····SOLUBLE·····CHEAP

Rich. Digestible. Stimulating. Nourishing.
Having a peculiarly delicious flavor—a food and drink combined—at a half cent a cup and *fit for a prince.*

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

☞ VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("once tried, always used") was invented and patented and is made in Holland. It is acknowledged by the most eminent doctors and analysts that by the special treatment VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA has undergone, the solubility of the flesh-forming constituents is increased fifty per cent., while the whole of the fibres are softened and rendered more palatable and digestible. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no other. 57

A great many women have given up expecting to find a comfortable corset.

Mistake! There is one that fits nine women in ten.

For them it is comfortable; it is more than comfortable, a positive luxury.

Any merchant that has it will tell you "Wear it three weeks, if you like, and I'll give you every cent of your money back, if the corset doesn't suit you." Ball's is the one. Your merchant has a primer on Corsets for you.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago and New York.

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tutt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Diseases or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tutt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills

GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH



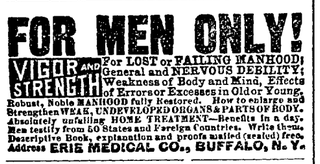
HAY-FEVER

TRY The CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered 60 cents. dec2-eodly
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH
BY USING ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S
GOOD CHEER SOAP
LATEST AND BEST INVENTION-LITTLE OR
NO RUBBING OF CLOTHES
REQUIRED-ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT
FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CLOSELY

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT
WITH SUSPENSORY FOR WEAK MEN



DEBILITATED through IN-DISCRETIONS or EXPOSURE to CURE by this New ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY WE GUARANTEE to RESTORE LOST (IMPROVED OR REVISED) MANHOOD, VIGOR and VITALITY. Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5, and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free.
SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH
For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a few days. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG
FREE TO ALL MEN.
Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach, druggings, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.
THE MARSTON CO., 19 Park Place, New York, N. Y.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,
Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

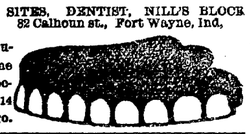
T. H. McCormick, M. D.

Office—Rooms 7, 8 and 9, Pixley & Long Building, East Berry Street.

Office Hours { 8 to 9 a. m. / 1 to 3 p. m. } Fort Wayne, Ind

Calls answered in the Forenoon.

H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK 82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind,



I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

SCHONE, WELLMAN & SCHOPPMAN,

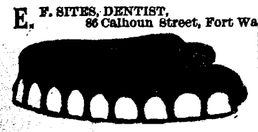
Undertakers & Enbalmers

OFFICE: 39 W. BERRY ST.

Open day and night. Orders can be left at the office, or at No. 225 East Washington street, or at No. 44 Pritchard st. dec30-daw2m

TELEPHONE 272.

E. F. SITES, DENTIST, 86 Calhoun Street, Fort Wayne, Ind.



Over Ohlman & Kaehler Store 4 doors north of Wayne street.

GOSSIP OF THE TRACK.

Cinders of News as Found Floating in the Air Around the Busy Centers.

Ed. Longfield will pitch for the Fort Wayne Stars, to-morrow.

Ed. Lynch will go to Peabody this evening to spend Sunday.

Engines No. 230 and 146 are in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

The American Wheel works is shut down to-day to make repairs.

T. Archer, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is off duty on a vacation.

J. D. White, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty to-day.

David Fox has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

C. Barnes, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is at Garrett to-day.

New engine, class S., No. 80, has been turned out of the Pittsburg shops.

W. Wartenbe is now running a nut machine in the Pittsburg car shop.

H. Strasser, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after an illness.

H. J. Gardner has accepted a position as fireman on the Grand Rapids road.

T. Delano has been transferred from the Pittsburg round house to the copper shop.

Master Mechanic G. L. Potter, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Chicago last evening.

John Burk has accepted a position in the machine department of the Pittsburg shop.

B. Reidt, engineer on the Grand Rapids road, has reported for duty after an absence.

J. McClellan and Phil Rocholl, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day.

F. Scherer, cabinet maker in the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty on account of sickness.

J. H. Sullivan, engineer on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

E. Klinedinst, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

C. A. Prince has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after a few days absence.

Wm. Conolly, of the Wabash machine shop, will spend Sunday at his home in Logansport.

William Roach, of the American Wheel works, will play with the Dead Knots base ball team to-morrow.

August Brill, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of a large casting falling on his foot.

John McCarty, employed by Contractor Maran, of the Fort Wayne road, has gone to Rock Point, Pa.

Thomas Gorman, of the Wabash boiler shops, will spend Sunday at Roanoke, the guest of friends.

Engineer J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg road, is off duty account of the serious illness of his daughter.

F. Schram, machinist in the Pittsburg round house, went home this morning on account of sickness.

Fred Schultze, of the electric works, had one of his hands fearfully lacerated in machinery yesterday afternoon.

Engineer Amiel Jamay has reported for duty on the Pittsburg road after an absence on account of a sprained foot.

James Trythall, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, will preach at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening.

P. Moran, the contractor, who is building the new double track of the Fort Wayne road, left for Pittsburg last night.

C. C. Ellenwood, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, accidentally got his eye burned last evening, and is off duty to-day.

Wm. Schuts, of the electric light works, accidentally got his arm crushed the other day and is off duty in consequence.

Thomas Mack has resigned his position in the Pittsburg car shops, to accept one under Foreman O'Leary in the Pittsburg yards.

The New York railroads have formed an association to enforce the demurrage rate in places where there are competitive freight offices.

The new Order of Railway Conductors will have its headquarters at Elmira, N. Y. Its membership is said to have already reached 2,000.

A special train bearing the Knights of Pythias of New Jersey from the encampment at Milwaukee, passed through on the Pittsburg road last evening.

The Chicago roads, as agreed, withdrew from the sale of tickets at the hotels in Chicago yesterday. A road which sells tickets in a hotel hereafter will be fined $100. As some of the clerks in the hotel offices have been taken care of by the roads, there is less bluster over the matter than was looked for.

George Huber has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after being off several days on account of the sickness of his wife.

Doc Sweringen, wheel inspector in the Pittsburg shops, left for Rome City this morning, where he will spend Sunday, boating on the waters of Sylvan lake.

A. A. McLeod, the new president of the Reading railroad, began his career as a railroad man by dragging chains for the surveyors of the Northern Pacific terminal at Duluth.

So many iron works are shut down that the car works all over the country are experiencing considerable trouble in getting iron sufficient to keep their full forces of men at work.

The Salavator and Dortmunder base ball teams will play a game of ball at the east end grounds to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Coy and Starke will be the battery for the former and Waldschmidt and Cutshall, for the latter.

E. V. Debbs, grand secretary of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, gives the following estimate of the strength of the different trainmen's organizations: Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 20,000; Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, 18,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, 16,000; Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, 6,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, 2,000. The last four bodies are federated, and number 42,000 in all.

America has now and has had for years a a surplus of clerks, book-keepers and salesmen, a great many whom struggle along from year to year on wages that would appall the average mechanic, says the Boston Journal. What the country wants is fewer men in the ranks of these soft-handed occupations and more and better native craftsmen. The wonderful success which is attending the manuel-training experiments demonstrates how keenly this need is realized.

In speaking of the fact that there had been twenty-one foreclosure sales of railways this year, against eight in the first six months of 1889, a railroad man remarked to an Indianapolis Journal reporter that these forced sales by no means reflect the condition of the railroad interests of the country, as they were never more remunerative or less likely to come under the hammer. The foreclosures of this year, as a rule, are the culmination of financial difficulties extending through years, and in some cases the ending of long periods of receiverships. Some of the roads were weighed down by excessive capitalization and others run through sparsely settled country where there was not enough business to pay the expenses. There are a half dozen more roads to be sold this year which have been drifting for years in a bad way.

"Don't Care to Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

A West Virginia girl trapped enough muskrats to be able to buy a watch.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

To Resorts East and West.

Low rate excursion tickets are now on sale via the great Wabash Line and its connections to Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Alexandria Bay down the beautiful St. Lawrence river, through the Thousand Islands to Montreal, across the White Mountains to the sea. A wide choice of route to all New England summer resorts; tours around the great lakes, interchangable western tours through Colorado, New Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, California and the northwest. Information relative to any of the above trips cheerfully given upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
17tf Fort Wayne.

There are a dozen women notaries public in New York City.

HONEST MEDICINE
—FOR—
HONEST MONEY.

No other remedy is so effective in purifying the blood as

ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

BOILS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, TETTER, SALT RHEUM and OTHER ERUPTIONS on the exterior, tell of a disordered condition of the blood within. If you have these indications don't delay, but take

Rogers' Royal Herbs!

At once. It cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. It strengthens and builds and takes away that tired feeling. A visible change is felt after the first few doses. Another thing that commends it is, that the most sensitive stomach can retain it.

TAKE IT NOW.
Price $1. By Druggist.
PREPARED BY
ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES COMPANY,
BOSTON AND HYDE PARK, MASS.

A PAYNE-FUL VICTORY.

The Fort Wayne Club Defeats the Payne Amateurs.

Yesterday afternoon the Fort Wayne base ball club won its first game for some time. It was a contest between our boys and the Payne, Ohio, team, and the game took place at that town. The score was 13 to 1. Batteries—Bruton and Brandenburg for Fort Wayne; McCarthy and Malone for Payne.

BIG GAMES.

The big league games yesterday resulted as follows:

Brotherhood—Boston 12, Pittsburg 5; Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 11; New York 2, Chicago 7; Brooklyn 15, Buffalo 5.

National League—Boston 6, Chicago 0; Philadelphia 10, Cleveland 2; New York 11, Pittsburg 7; Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 9.

American Association — Toledo 8, Brooklyn 9.

NOTES.

A pretty game is anticipated to-day.

Anderson defeated Muncie yesterday. The winning club made only twenty-three hits off the Muncie pitchers.

The following is the attendance of the major leagues yesterday: Players' league—Boston, 978; Brooklyn, 326; New York, 1,637; Philadelphia, 928; total, 3,869. National league—Brooklyn, 2,663; New York, 307; Philadelphia, 1,614; Boston, 4,142; total, 8,726.

HIS IDEA OF WOMEN.

What a Prominent English Author Thinks of American Ladies—A Comparison with European Girls.

A well-known English author, who was recently in the United States, was entertained by a gentleman and lady of wealth, residing on Fifth avenue, New York. In the course of the dinner the conversation turned upon American women, when the English gentlemen said:

"Nowhere in America do you find such complexions and nowhere such health as we see in the faces and forms of English girls. I have noticed this in every city that I have visited. American ladies look tired, weak, faded. They lack color and they lack life. Existence seems a burden to them, not a pleasure. You in America, do not notice, because you are here, while I can see it very plainly.

We may say that this English author was prejudiced, was conceited, was bitter, but we cannot say that he was wrong. American ladies are not so strong, so healthy, so brilliant as they should be. Their complexions are not so clear nor their eyes so bright as could be desired. Doubtless the climate has something to do with this, but it is unquestionably true that by proper care, and a judicious use of the right means; these things can be overcome. Any lady who feels tired despondent or weak can readily overcome these troubles by a proper use of a little pure whisky taken in water. Bear in mind, however, that it should be the best whiskey, as anything else is injurious, and also remember that the best physicians and chemists in America unhesitatingly declare that Duffy's Pure Malt has no equal. The effect of this whiskey is to build up the system, to improve the complexion and to give brightness and vigor in the place of weakness and languor. It is being used by the leading ladies in the land, and its popularity proves its value.

POLICE COURT.

Miss Chamberlain Again--Two Crooks Charged With Larceny.

There was a lively police court this morning and the lobby was well filled with spectators. The cases were as follows:

George Williams was arrested by Officer Kramer near the railroad for intoxication. Jail eleven days.

James Meyers, an old man whose garb indicated that he was a painter, was arrested by Officer Tremmel for trying to sleep off a drunk in B. L. Auger's barn. The old man said he had been laboring hard all day and was only tired. His Honor cast one inspiring look at the prisoner to re-assure himself that the said old man had been laboring harder to concoct a story than anything else and sent him to jail for eleven days.

Wm. Allen and James Plucy were arraigned for preliminary hearing on the charge of larceny. They were caught in the act of stealing a watch from an unsuspecting farmer, named George who resides on the Huntington road. The stealing took place in the saloon of Russell George, on West Main street. The fellows were spotted by H. S. Herrod, a bystander, who notified Officer Harkenrider and succeeded in having the crooks placed under arrest. The prisoners proclaimed their innocence, but the mayor bound them over for preliminary hearing Monday.

Adam Stolridge and Eliza Chamberlain were arraigned together. Officer John O'Connell made the arrest. The woman was fined $21.50 which she paid and Stolridge got seventeen days in jail and a fine of $16.50. The mayor said to Stolridge: "If I hear of any more of your unmanly actions you will not get off so easy again."

YES, THIS SUMMER,

The Natural Gas Mains to Be Laid in Bloomingdale.

"Are we going to have natural gas mains laid in Bloomingdale this summer?" asked a resident of that part of the city to-day; "if not we should like to know it, as the time is at hand to buy coal."

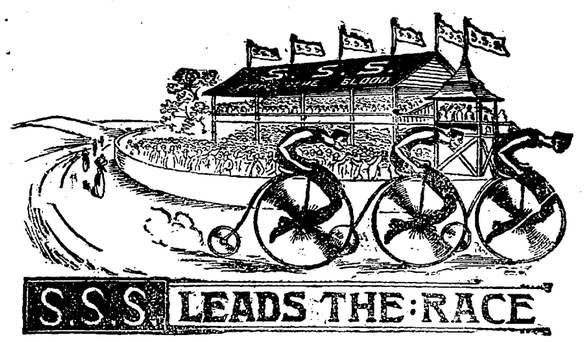
The prospect has not been flattering for the extension of natural gas mains in Bloomingdale this summer. At present not a pipe is laid or distributed, a fact that led many to suspect that the Salimonie company had postponed their contemplated improvement another year. Such a move would be deplored, inasmuch as many of the houses in Bloomingdale have been piped for the new fuel and illuminator.

A SENTINEL reporter called on President H. C. Paul to-day. That pleasant gentleman assured his visitor that the extension would be made this summer by all means and that all reports to the contrary were untrue. This will please the residents of Bloomingdale.

All who are interested in the cheapest and best cure for Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic and all other bowel trouble will secure a bottle of Father's Balm. 1-eod-6t

Remember that you can get a $50 suit of clothes, made to order, for your minister, if you only send in enough coupons out from THE SENTINEL. It can only be found in this paper. 24-tf

Prescriptions accurately dispensed, charges moderate, prompt service.
GROSS & PELLENS,
Prescription Druggists,
94 Calhoun street, cor. Wayne.



ALL THE OLD POTASH, MERCURY, AND SARSAPARILLA MIXTURES LEFT FAR BEHIND. S. S. S. never fails to cure. This magic remedy builds the system up instead of tearing it down. If you have ever had Blood Disease, don't fail to take S. S. S. If you have taken Mercury and Potash, get it out of your system by using SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.)

Arsenic and Potash Three Times a Day for Twenty-Five Years.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL 13, 1890.

I have been taking S. S. S. (SWIFT'S SPECIFIC), and feel it to be my duty to state its results, that others who are similarly affected may profit by my experience, and be relieved of their sufferings. I had suffered for a long, long time with what the doctors called Herpes, an eruption of the skin, forming scales and blotches which was horrible to endure. Under the advice of physicians I took 30 drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic every day for 25 years, besides many other kinds of medicines, without a cure. I have been taking S. S. S. for about two months, and the eruption and unpleasant symptoms have all disappeared, and I am continuing it to completely root it out of my blood, which I am confident it will do; and what it has done for me I am sure it will do for others, for there are thousands of such cases all over the country which resist all other treatment. I have lived here in my present business for 22 years. R. R. ROUSE, Dealer in Machinery, 31 and 33 West Maryland Street.

☞ Send to us for our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

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A MARVELOUS PREMIUM.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK, SECURES IT.

Nearly $600,000 Paid by Members of one Family for Insurance in the Mutual.—The Most Stupendous Transaction Known in the History of Insurance.—"It has Never Been Done Before; It Never Will Be Done Again."

—E. C. POTTER & CO.—

No. 799. New York, Dec. 24, 1889.

BANK OF NEW YORK.
National Bankers Association.

Pay to the order of L. C. HOPKINS, Genl Executive Agent

Five hundred and Seventy Eight Thousand, Three Hundred and Forty Five ——— DOLLARS.

$578,345 00/100 — 29 DEC 28 1889. — CERTIFIED. Payable through New York Clearing House, N. B. A. — E. C. POTTER & CO.

The above check was received by the Mutual Life Ins. Co. of New York, for Insurance effected upon the lives of five members of the illustrious Havemeyer family of the City of New York. The Policies selected were the 10 year guarantee contracts of the Mutual Life's with the annuity feature added. Each policy was for the sum of $100,000 and the insured chose to make but one payment, thus commuting the cost. The insurance covered by the above mentioned premium payment of $578,345.00 was upon the lives of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, the well known Merchant of this City, and Four members of his family. Mr. Theo. Havemeyer, is the Austrian Counsel General and a Gentleman of wide influence and of great business sagacity. Mr. E. C. Potter, whose signature is appended to the check, is the son-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer, and is one of the most prominent of bankers and brokers operating upon the stock exchange. There are two significant points for consideration in connection with this Insurance.

First, that the Messrs Havemeyer seeking a profitable and safe investment of a vast fund, selected Life Insurance as offering more advantages and greater security than any other form of investment. Second That they had such faith in the management and stability of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, that they willingly entrusted to its care nearly $600,000 in cash without any security whatever, and only the PROMISE of the company to pay.

The particulars of the life insurance contracted for by the family of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, with the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, by which that institution received a single premium payment of $578,345.00, will excite wonderment and surprise in the world of underwriting, and set the general public to thinking of the possibilities of life insurance as an investment.

The idea of a party with six hundred thousand dollars of spare cash on hand, putting it all into life insurance.

Why didn't they build houses or purchase stocks, or do a dozen other things with it? Life insurance for an investment! That's all very well, some people think, if you must do it. But here are five members of one family engaged in merchantile pursuits, fully alive to the value of every financial scheme of importance in this or any other country, who after examining every tempting investment, came to the conclusion that the safest, most profitable and altogether desirable one, is that offered by the MUTUAL LIFE.

Then think of the fact that all this money, far exceeding half a million dollars, is placed in the hands of the company without other security than its promise to pay. If that is'nt an evidence of confidence, what could be?

IT'S THE LARGEST, STRONGEST AND BEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. Its assets are thirty millions greater than those of any other American Life Insurance company. Over eighty millions greater than those of any life office in Great Britain, and sixty millions greater than the entire funds of the bank of England, which is the largest banking institution in the world.

The Mutual Life Issues Every Desirable Form of Policy.
For further information, which will be cheerfully given, address or call on
D. C. FISHER, Agent, 32 EAST BERRY ST.
FERGUSON & GRANT, General Agents for Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

DRINK
HIRES ROOT BEER

The purest and Best Temperance drink in the world. Appetising, Delicious, Sparkling and the Best Blood Purifier and Tonic.

A Package (liquid) 25c. makes 5 gallons. Every bottle guaranteed. No trouble. Easily made. We extend to ladies and gentlemen only a cordial invitation to try a Sample Glass from the fountain, at the Boston Tea Store, FREE of Charge on Monday and Tuesday of this week only. Do not miss this treat.

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A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

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Steam and Gas Fitters,

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WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne,

203 CALHOUN STREETS.

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	5
Undershirts	5
Night Shirts	8
Socks, per pair	3
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

A. FOSTER,
THE FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailor,

Is now receiving his large and well selected stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Which are the nobbiest every brought to this city. He intends making suits in the LATEST STYLES and at very low prices this spring and summer, and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

No. 15 W. Wayne Street.

DR. R. DEPPELLER,
Uroscopic Water Doctor

(Successor to the late Dr. A. Goeritz,) has permanently located at the old office.

No. 18 East Columbia St. Fort Wayne

The Doctor will treat the following

Chronical Diseases:

Ulcers, Fever Sores. Scrofula.
Piles, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Salt Rheum.
Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Nervous Headache, Rheumatism.
Asthma, Throat, Diseases, Spinal Afflictions, Dropsy in all Its forms.
Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, Catarrh.
Consumption in its Early Stages, Diseases of the liver Skin and Kidneys.

The Doctor will be pleased to see his old and new friends who may desire to consult him professionally. Be sure and bring a small vial of water. Julio-dawlmo.

A full and complete line of
Spectacles and Eye Glasses,
To suit all sights and at prices to suit all purses. may be obtained from
MEYER BROS. & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists, No. 2 Keystone Block and 9 W. Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Prices from 25c to $2.50 per pair. The eyes carefully tested and suitable glasses fitted.

PENSIONS ! PENSIONS !

The law just passed, gives to all soldiers, disabled in service or since, to all widows, children and dependent parents a pension of from $6 to $12 per month. Apply at once through
JAMES E. GRAHAM,
12-d&wlm Fort Wayne, Ind.

JOE ROBERTS
HAS PUT IN HIS
BARBER SHOP,
Opposite the Rich Hotel, the third chair, and is prepared to do first-class work. Drop in and get first-class shave. Ladies' and Children's work speciality. 6-1m

Best and Choicest Meats.
GOTTLIEB HALLER,
Of the Popular South Side Market, 366 Calhoun St., Branch 277 Hanna St.
Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office 13 W. Wayne St.
Residence corner Holton and Creighton avenue's, Fort Wayne, Ind. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m., and at residence from 8 to 10 a. m. and from 8 to 9 p. m. Prompt attention given to all calls at the office or residence. may193m

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
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ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
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JOS. M. CLARK & CO.,
Merchant Tailors,
34 EAST BERRY ST.
Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

ART STUDIO!
PUPILS WANTED.
Anyone interested in Art Culture will do well call.
No. 11 Schmitz Block, 2nd Floor.
MISS COVINGTON.

MRS. L. WEBB BANNISTER,
OF NEW YORK,
Teacher of Voice Culture and Instrumental Music, is now filling the hours for the Fall Term, beginning Monday, Sept. 1st. Please call at music rooms, 108 E. Berry street, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and enter your name as soon as possible. 6-3m-1y

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m

RIVERS & SON,
General Contractors For All Kinds of
PAINTING and DECORATING,
No. 70 Calhoun Street.
Leave Orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

BAKER'S FAMOUS HEADACHE SPECIFIC

WILL CURE THE WORST HEADACHE
In from 10 to 20 minutes. The only reliable and safe remedy sold by druggists. Not a half hour after reading this need anyone suffer with headache. It cures when all other remedies fail. TRY IT. Prepared only by GEO. A. BAKER & CO., Manufacturing Pharmacists, South Bend, Ind.
Sold by Gross & Pellins, 94 Calhoun St.

CALIFORNIA.

An exceptionally favorable offer is being made by the John Brown Colony of Madera, California. Opportunity for the fullest investigation furnished and you cannot fail to find it the safest and most profitable plan ever proposed. Lands cultivated on the most reasonable terms for non-residents. Write the home office or address HAY & WALLICK, 83 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as

TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

WE ARE WITNESSES!

DR. TALMAGE'S OPEN AIR SERMON AT BEATRICE, NEB.

The Logic of the Skeptic Is Met by the Overwhelming Testimony of Millions of Christians and Proved to Be False.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 6th. Dr. Talmage preached here in the open air to an immense congregation which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses" (Acts iii. 15). Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day.

People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are twenty-five thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Nor prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage today who are no more what they once were than a waterlily is a night shade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilarations as they cried: "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

> Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
> No! When I blush, be this my shame:
> That I no more revere His name.

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage and childlessness saying: "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corlear's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say, "It is all right: she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say; "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guesswork. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it.

Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Prof. Henry of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it! It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and Heaven.

When Mme. Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Mme. Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Mme. Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ now comes to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee Heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, July 13, may be found in Luke 14: 15-24.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our Lord uses here an illustration which all men can understand. It is the story of a feast spread, such as all might desire to enjoy and which all men seem to be just waiting to enjoy. But now, when the doors are thrown wide open, each man turns and goes his devious way. How shall we account for such perversity? There is no accounting for it. It is the enigma of human history, the strangest, saddest thing connected with mortal existence. We cannot explain it; we need only try to mend it. God help us do so in the lesson of to-day!

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

When. Jesus seems to be again in Perea, and, as often, is discoursing at table.——One of them. Probably a Jew, as we might judge from the exclamation.——That sat at meat. One word in the Greek, reclining-together. —— These things. What Jesus had just been saying about making a dinner for the poor.——Blessed. Or happy.——Kingdom. The good time coming of divine rule to which Israel was ever looking forward.

Unto him. As needing instruction.——A certain man. Doubtless not the king described at Matt. 22: 2. Compare.——A great supper. A rare treat. Bade many. Large companies were invited to these feasts.

Sent his servant. It is customary in the East to send a second summons. Several things conspire to make this necessary. (1) The houses are not large enough to accommodate the guests while they wait. (2) It is impossible to tell beforehand just when the feast will be fully prepared. (3) Even if the hour of the day were approximately known beforehand, time-pieces are not kept, and announcement would be necessary.——Come. Like the bell summoning to the table.

With one consent. Or, from the first on.——Make excuse. Or beg off. It is this same word that occurs in the passage, Heb. 12: 25, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."——A piece of ground. A real estate venture.——Have me excused. Implying a previous invitation and corresponding obligation.

Five yoke of oxen. A large business transaction, a wholesale merchant, so to speak. But why such large purchases at the very instant when the call to the banquet was momentarily expected.——Prove. Or, try.

Married a wife. Social engagements. Sometimes the wedding ceremonies were very elaborate and prolonged——Cannot come. This one seems to speak as if the mere mention of his nuptials is sufficient excuse.

I say to you. Solemn statement.——Bidden. Those who had refused.——Taste. A strong expression.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. So easy to say. It sounds very much like one of the good sayings that, on unmeaning lips, presently become cant. "Roll on, great and glorious gospel!" cries the camp-meeting devotee, and, in the ecstasy of his present emotion, he does not see the collection box under his nose. Not he; his eyes are shut and he is faraway. He is like Sam Jones' little steamboat, that always stopped running when it blew its whistle, so tremendous was the blast. If this man thought so much of the bread of heaven, why was he not partaking of it here and now? "For this is eternal life, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

With one consent began to make excuse. Here is one place where all the world is agreed. It is unanimous in its excuses. O, if only the church were as united for aggression as the world is for defense. And yet what miserable apologetics! We try to find a reason for the excuses urged. We never shall be able. They were absurd on the face of them. And here is the point of the parable, the miserable inconsistency of men, their wretched folly regarding eternal life. Too busy to eat. Too hurried to be saved. The Roman actor cried, "O, Cœlum!"—O, Heavens—and pointed downward. His fastidious auditors hooted the solecism. Behold men today talking about their highest interests, and then pointing to the earth. Was ever greater vanity!

Come, for all things are now ready. It is as some one has said, "supper time now." Supper now ready! Last call for supper! Have we a better picture than this of the present crisis in the Christian dispensation? The gospel feast is spread, the doors are open, the whole world is invited. Why, then, are not all eating? Some one is not ready. If it is not the host, who can it be but the guest? Hear him. "I have bought a piece of ground." "Land poor," indeed, since he will allow it to render his heaven forfeited. "Five yoke of oxen." And he is letting them drag him downward. He is not the only man on whom business has a heavier draft than religion. "Married a wife." As if the wife were not invited, too. What better wedding banquet than the gospel feast? Heaven all ready. Only poor, hungry man unready.

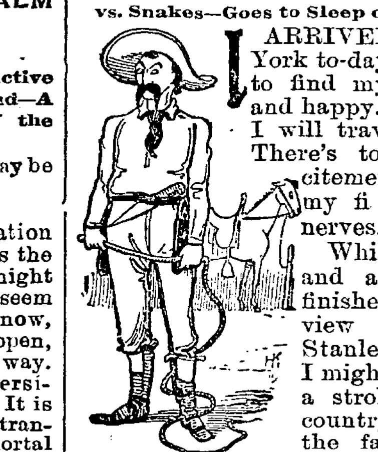
Go out quickly. It is time for celerity. Quickness of movement is desired. "The King's business requireth haste." You recall that word of the angel at the tomb's mouth, "Go quickly and tell his disciples." A lagging, loitering embassage could not have executed that command. There were the disciples in the depths of despondency. They needed help right away. The messenger must go quickly. We have been much impressed of late in re-reading the tenth of Acts, where Cornelius and Peter, the Gentile and the Jew, are brought together. "And now send men to Joppa," said the angel, "and call for one Simon." The messengers have hardly departed ere Cornelius has with remarkable promptness despatched his men on their enjoined errand. Now see the importance of their celerity. Traveling rapidly, they are the next day right at the gate when Peter, awaking from his own trance, is asking himself the meaning of it. And for an answer "the Spirit said unto him, Behold three men seek thee." God had made things ready at both ends of the line, and quick movement was necessary that connection might be made. Now he points to a heathen world prepared, and says, "Go quickly." To go idly, indolently, may be to lose all.

Compel them to come in. It is a time for urgency. We are to lay, as it were, swift and strong hands on men, and compel them to come in. Now, what do we mean by this? Compulsory Christianity? Yes and no. Not that sort which, practiced by the old Gallic chiefs, brought in a nation in a day by the stroke of the king's pen, and, as it were, by order of congress. Not that sort which, practiced, alas, to-day, registers the unwitting, oft unwilling infant as subject, so to speak, by order of its parents. Not this, nor that. But a compulsion of persuasion, a constraint of love. We think this man to be not far from the kingdom, and we invite him to go with us in the way of discipleship. Not he! We are offended at his bluntness, and we drop him from our prayer and endeavor. We are not compelling such a one to come in. Here is a teacher laboring along with seemingly an unimpressible pupil, here is a pastor following up a careless parishioner, here a Christian worker keeping on and on with a friend beloved, using one tender entreaty after another until at last the heart is yielded—this is Christian compulsion. Christ bids us use it.

Next Lesson—"Taking up the Cross." Luke 14: 25-35.

BILDAD'S RETURN.

The Eminent Statesman Crosses the Deep and Loses His Hat Thereon—Providence vs. Snakes—Goes to Sleep on the Ship.



I ARRIVED in New York to-day and am glad to find myself all well and happy. Don't think I will travel any more. There's too much excitement in it for my fine-strung nerves.

While in London, and after I had finished my interview with Mr. Stanley, I thought I might as well take a stroll out in the country and see if the farms in any way resembled our good old homes in America.

While on this little tour of inspection a very singular occurrence took place. I will relate it for the interest of those who will take an interest in it.

I was walking along the road, quietly watching the birds and trees and flowers, when I noticed a large snake at the side of the road. Naturally, I started to run. It followed. I had nothing to kill it with, and I thought it a good idea to let it follow me back where there were some people to help with it.

So I started out on a little easy trot, and the snake followed within three feet of me, but did not offer to spring at me.

There was a large stone in the path ahead of me, and when I stepped over it, in some way I fell so as to sit down exactly on the stone. The snake was just coming over the stone, and I cut him in two.

I don't know but that the jar was rather severe upon me, but withal I was very well satisfied, inasmuch as I was rid of my tormentor.

I decided not to monkey around in the country any more, lest were I to again get into such a fix providence might not relieve me as quickly and curiously as on this occasion. So I started right for the ticket window and arrived there just twenty minutes, by my Waterbury, before a train would take me to the water's edge.

After purchasing my transportation and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair I felt better.

I lost my hat on the way over, and asked one of the sailors to jump into the water and get it for me, but after he said "What do you take me for, sonny?" in a dangerous tone of voice, I thought I would come to New York bareheaded, rather than raise another kick about it.

An old fellow who seemed to take a great deal of interest in me offered to lend me an old hat to wear till I got where I could buy one, but I gave him such a contemptuous glance from my dark, expressive eyes that he nearly fainted, and on recovering himself knocked his hat off and I watched it leisurely sail down and settle upon the foaming crest of the deep blue.

He looked sorrowful, and I suggested that he should wear the ole hat he had offered me.

After this I got a pin and made a pin-hook out of it, got a spool of thread and busied myself for the rest of the forenoon in trying to get the hat. About 11 a. m., after the sun had nearly melted my head, I suddenly thought that perhaps that hat was 1,000 leagues away by this time, so I went in to bathe the feverish top of my head.

During my convalescence I thought I would write to you, dear Mr. Editor, so that you might sympathize with me. You know how it is, brother, when you feel like it will soon be over. You think of the many little crooked acts that perhaps you have never given consideration before. Perhaps you have cheated your neighbor out of seventy-five cents. Perhaps you have looked on the wine when it was red. Then somebody else looked at it and it wasn't there. Where did it go? This question comes home with striking significance.

My fellow men, prepare yourselves for such emergencies.

I thought of my home, of my family, of the hole my absence would make in the family circle, of my girl pining away day by day, losing three pounds a week; I thought of my wife and dear children. Let me see—did I mention a girl? It was a mistake. What girl was it?

It's hard to tell.

Well, I have got this business all tangled up. I must have a little sleep.

Will call again.

JIM BILDAD, the Shuhite.

It Wasn't a Bluff.

I was talking with the landlord of a small but tidy hotel, in a town in Illinois, when a trampish-looking fellow about 30 years of age entered the office and walked directly up to us and asked:

"Which of you is the landlord?"

"I am," answered the host.

"Well, I am out of money, hungry and ragged, and have got to make a strike. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Lend you $5?"

"That's what I said."

"Not much."

"Then I will blow my brains out right here and now!" said the fellow as he pulled a pistol from his hip pocket. "If you don't think the muss, the inquest, and what the papers will say won't hurt your house more than $5 worth, why, don't give me the money. Give you thirty seconds to decide."

"Here's your five," said the landlord, after looking the man over.

He took it with a "Thank you," and went off, and a week later, when at Des Moines, I entered my hotel to find a man dead on the floor and a Coroner's inquest going on.

"Who is he?" I asked of the landlord.

"Don't know. He came in about an hour ago and struck me for five, saying he would blow his brains out if I refused. I ordered him out, and there he lies. I thought he was bluffing, but he had a full hand and played it."—*New York Sun.*

ONE of the state foresters of Prussia estimates that the forests of Europe cover the following areas: Germany, 34,596,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,600; Austria-Hungary, 46,951,700 acres; Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France, 22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,769,000 acres, and Engand, 2,471,000 acres.

MRS. EVANS GORDON is winning great praise in India as a tiger-slayer. When it comes to a question of the lady or the tiger, the tiger loses every time.

THE Philadelphia *Times* intimates that the mosquito believes in free hides. This is a mistake; he exacts a heavy tariff on them.

No Land on Which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing West and fertile South where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave dank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

No Wonder he Was.

Snifkins—Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—?

Bimley—No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.—*Lawrence American.*

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No Fear of Faculties.

Ambitious Youth—Oh, if I only had a little money! I'd enter college at once.

Friend—Enter college? Maybe you could not get in without a long course of preparatory study.

Ambitious Youth—Nonsense! Haven't I just passed a civil service examination for fourth assistant spittoon cleaner?—*New York Weekly.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

He Conversed in His Sleep.

"George, in your sleep last night I heard you say, 'Guffey, give me five dollars' worth of chips?'"

"Oh, yes; Guffey keeps a kindling store."

"Well, we are greatly in need of kindling to start fires, but we don't want five dollars' worth, George."—*Times-Democrat.*

"DIRT defies the king." If the old proverb be true, SAPOLIO is greater than royalty itself. Try it in your next house-cleaning. Grocers keep it.

What a Fall Was There.

"Mamma," said a Chicago lad, "did little brother come directly from Heaven?"

"Y-yes."

"And landed here in Chicago?"

"O course."

"Well, he took a mighty big tumble." —*Boston Post.*

WE moved here recently, and the druggist said he didn't have any Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, but when I said I wouldn't have any other, he said he would get some in a few days, and so he did. I know what Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers will do, and will not give my children any other.—*Mrs. J. D. Blair, Burton, Cal.*

He Wanted a Motto.

Prospective Saloon-keeper—Say, I want to hang a motto up in my new saloon. Can't you suggest something that would be fitting and appropriate?

Jones How would you like something from Shakspeare; for instance, "As You Like It."—*Texas Siftings.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Same Thing.

De Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—What was it?

De Smith—I was in a train when it was robbed.—*Texas Siftings.*

A pocket match-safe free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

THE first Doctor of Divinity is said to have been "O. Fiddle, D. D."

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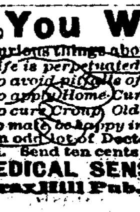
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Cully—Naw, but I seed him cuttin' his lawn just before I was nabbed last night. —*Life.*

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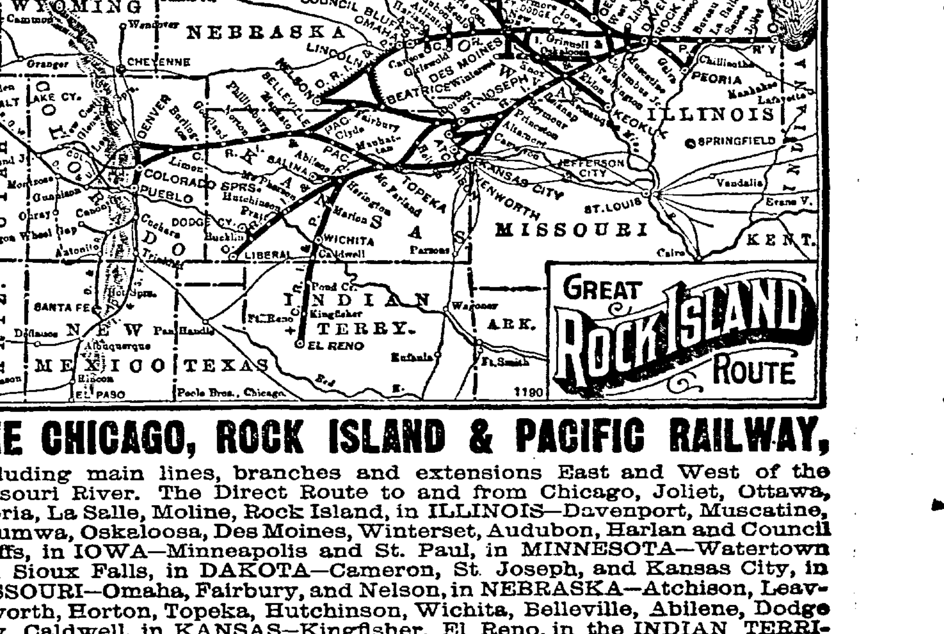
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THE LADIES' CORNER.

MEN ARE NOT EXPECTED TO READ THIS COLUMN.

Always Kept In the House—Feminine Cleverness—A Woman's Idea of War—How Ida Lewis Lives In Lime Rock Light.

The story of a singular woman, who has just died in Hungary, is told by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The fraulein was the daughter of well-to-do parents. Thirty years ago she was a pretty girl and was about to be married. Her lover one day, "to test her obedience and love," desired her on a certain feast day not to go into the streets. She promised she would not, but did not keep her promise and went into the town. The next day her lover came to see her, and straightway released her from her engagement, saying that a lady who could not make so small a sacrifice was not suitable to be his wife. Miss Linn, by way of "castigation and exercise devout," thereupon made a vow that never again during her life-time would she leave her house. And she kept her word.

Feminine Cleverness.

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, councilor, and friend.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Brush Your Hair, Girls.

Brush and brush your hair, if you want to get that lovely gloss that society girls are so eager for. Give your hair 200 strokes every night before jumping into bed.

Don't be afraid of brushing it too much. The more you brush the more gloss you get. If your eyebrows are thin brush those too, with a tiny brush, and if they don't curve to suit you, get a tiny comb and train them in whichever direction you wish them to go. Brushing keeps them in good shape, and it is so much easier to brush than to trim them. Besides, if you do not understand how to trim them properly, you are apt to look funny until they grow out again.

If you wish to keep away wrinkles, sleep on your back. I know you will have bad dreams if you do so, but I had rather put up with the dreams than the wrinkles.

Hadn't you?

Sleeping on your side causes wrinkles under the eye.

Be sure to both wash and wipe your face toward your nose, for the nose never wrinkles. By wiping toward it you will prevent those little wrinkles near the ear which are so plainly seen.

When you smile, do it with the eyes and mouth, and not with the face.

Laughing makes wrinkles, but keep on laughing, only don't do it with the face.

I have just taken four moles from my face, and it is very badly done. You can do it yourself, only be careful, for it burns, burns.

Get 5-cents' worth of muriatic acid and, three times a day, touch the mole with a toothpick dipped into the acid. It will come off in about a week, leaving a red spot on the face. Leave that spot alone and it will heal by itself.

They say "moles are a sign of beauty," but I prefer the beauty without the moles.—*Boston Globe.*

A Woman's Idea of War.

A writer in the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, telling how little love for bloodshed and slaughter there was in the breast of the average soldier, during our late war, says:

"Singularly enough, fair woman, generous, tender-hearted woman, is the last to forget and forgive. She was more bloody-minded than her brother, rejoiced more disaster to the enemy, and wept more bitterly when defeat came to her friends. Possibly, if she had been on the field, gun in hand, she would not have been so unrelenting nor so anxious for the fray.

"During the series of artillery duels that took place between the confederates posted on Kenesaw Mountain and the Yankees in the woods below, a delegation of ladies came up from Atlanta to visit the army. Among the rest was a dashing daughter of the South from Macon who was very anxious to see the Yankees run. When the party reached the battery on the Little Kenesaw the guns on both sides were quiet. At the foot of the mountain lay the Yankee army, more resembling a camp of militia than an army with banners.

"Captain, we came up here to see you all make the Yankees run," said the belle from Macon.

"But these are not the running kind," replied the Captain, who knew whereof he spoke.

"Why don't you shoot down there and scare them, for I am sure they are such cowards that they will run at the first shot?" she asked.

"We don't care to stir them up," he replied, pleasantly.

Then the Macon belle stamped her little feet and railed so hotly at the Captain and his men that they consented to drop a shot or two for her satisfaction.

Capt. Gardner of the Fifth Wisconsin artillery, whose guns were trained on the battery above, saw the muzzles of the guns coming through the port-holes, followed an instant later by three puffs of white smoke, and the men in camp could see the waving of white handkerchiefs, as if bidding godspeed to the deadly missiles through the air.

No sooner had the white puff appeared than six shots rang out in rapid succession from Gardner's guns, and the clouds of dust and fleeing people showed that they had gone where they could do the most good. There was no more waving of handkerchiefs, nor fluttering skirts, nor flashing field-glasses, but all was quiet on Little Kenesaw.

That night two prisoners were captured by our pickets and they told the sequel.

The Macon belle lost a leg, the Captain was killed, two ladies seriously wounded, one gun disabled, and several soldiers injured by the first volley from Gardner's guns. As the party fled toward Marietta they were followed by shot and shell almost to the edge of the town.

Such was woman's idea of war.

Ida Lewis at Home.

Running from the mainland of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of its harbor, is a log, staunchly built wharf, says Ellen Le Grade, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Were you to find your way to its end, you would ere long see from the light-house beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with agile step, she runs down the narrow ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly into a boat, unties it from its mooring, takes the heavy oars, and, with a beauty of stroke all her own pulls with a long and strong pull that sends her flying toward the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is erect as that of a young girl, and her powerful strength manifest in the great strides the row-boad makes, and yet, when she deftly turns it around and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left but a few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to Lime Rock as her guest. You have cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

Life on a light-house, situated as is Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome thing generally imagined. With a six-roomed house there are cares that fill the day, and, like any other "gude wife," Miss Lewis has her pots, kettles, and pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various etceteras to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on shore whenever her brother is at home.

As the only woman light-house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be—Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly at sundown she must light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched, and Miss Lewis likens this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick might flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred-and-one accidents happen that are ever taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch cat-naps: hence the nearness of her sleeping-room to the light. At sunrise the law requires her lamp, like the foolish virgins', to have gone out, and from this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her light or lenses would bring a report from the first seaman who suffered by it. Lives hang on her vigilance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfectly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, noting just the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a second of a lighting and putting out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed, the yearly salary being $750, and two tons of coal.

General Grant.

General Grant, as is well known, was very fond of horses, and from the time that he was a cadet at West Point was frequently called upon to conquer unruly and viscious animals. He took a keen pleasure, too, in driving fast, spirited horses. But he could never be induced to go to a race nor to bet on a horse.

He had certain little superstitions which he allowed to influence his conduct. One of these was his belief that to turn back when he had once set out to go to a certain place would ensue defeat to his object. This superstition probably underlayhis dogged persistence in "holding on" during the war; indeed, it would be a useful weakness in any one, whether soldier or school-boy.

He once told his friend that when he was a young lieuteuant on the frontier he had seen how unjustly the Indians were treated by the white settlers and resolved if he ever had any authority, to help them. Out of this determination grew the Indian Commission which he appointed when President, choosing the men who he believed would be most just and fearless in dealing with this national difficulty.

A marked trait in his character was his modesty and purity. The writer of the "Recollections" states that during a long and intimate acquaintance with him he never heard Grant make an indelicate allusion or utter a word which could not be repeated to a woman.

His last appearance in public was at Ocean Grove, a large seaside camp-ground near Long Branch, where he owned a cottage. During his last illness a friend induced him to go down to the camp-meeting. More than ten thousand people were assembled on the beach when the well-known figure suddenly appeared, leaning on crutches on the edge of the crowd.

With one impulse the great multitude rose and burst into a cheer which drowned the thunder of the sea. Grant hesitated, removed his hat, tried to speak a few words but broke down, bowed to them, and then, with the tears running down his cheeks, turned away and "was seen no more."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Hero's Deed.

At a fire at Blutlingen, in Altmark, recently, it was discovered that a lady was in the burning house. Suddenly from the crowd came a voice: "A hundred marks to him who brings out Frau Werner!" Hereupon one Stegmann, a married man and the father of a family, quickly elbowed his way through the throng, and, saying as he did so, "Who thinks of thalers when a life's at steak?" rushed into the burning pile. The crowd awaited his return with breathless anxiety, and at length the half-suffocated man was seen on the threshold, bearing in his arms the insensible form of Frau Werner. Scarcely had he reached the street and delivered his burden into the custody of her friends than the walls fell in. The hundred marks were instantly forthcoming, but the brave fellow emphatically refused a pfennig, saying he had only done an act of common charity.—*Galignani Messenger.*

SHORT SUNDAY SERMONS

PREACHED THROUGH THE VARIOUS CLEVER PENS.

Indo'ence—Let It Dry—"A Little Fun"—Some of the Results of Pride—Some Good Sabbath Reading.

Indolence, according to Bishop Huntington, is the worst enemy the Church has to encounter. Men sleep around her altar. Life has no significance, eternity no awfulness, enjoyment no obligations, bereavement no solemnity, suffering no prophetic suggestions of an hereafter, holiness no enrapturing beauty, but men stretch at ease and sleep among the most stirring revelations of Providence. Where the Church lives and holds the truth, not as the mortuary of a buried benefactor, but as a present inspiration, it will never suffer its members to sit idly with folded hands, looking lazily on white fields of harvest, but will send them forth to work with an impulse no disappointment can palsy, no misgivings keep back.

Let It Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by everyone, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he. One bit of wisdom which he gave to a young friend is well worth noting.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace: An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till you and he are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

Some of the Results of Pride.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." James 4: 5.

A proud look is an abomination unto the Lord. Knowing these things brethren, let us cleanse ourselves from every thing pertaining to the flesh that indicates pride. It is one of the worst evils or enemies of our soul. It is the cause of more bankrupt sales, paupers, fallen women, and degraded, discouraged men, tired cross mothers, and ruined children, than any other sin on God's footstool. It carries otherwise intelligent women into heathenish practices, such as mutilating the ears, deforming the body (God's holy temple) by squeezing the waist, humping the back and crippling the feet, so that instead of an easy modest bearing, our women have a pinched, uncomfortable, immodest, and care-worn look; instead of the fresh easy even disposition that God intends women should have, clothed with a meek, quiet spirit." Can such patterns go to a foreign land and teach the ignorant of Jesus whom they should represent in practice as well as precept? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." A proud heart is always indexed on the outside. May God write the truth on the hearts of those who read these few thoughts. Pure religion keeps us unspotted from the world.

"A Little Fun."

Mr. B——, the owner of large manufactories in a Pennsylvania town, was lately showing a visitor over the Works, and came at last to a building containing a gymnasium, reading-rooms, baths, and a comfortable, large apartment well-lighted and warmed and fitted up with different games, for the use of the workingmen.

"How did you come to build this house?" asked the visitor. "It was not here five years ago."

"No," was the reply. "It all grew out of a 'spree' of one of the furnacemen. He was an honest, well-meaning fellow whose only work was to shovel coal—hot, heavy work enough.

"One day Jem was missing. The next he was arrested in a drunken fight and was was sent to jail. When he came out I sent for him. 'How did this happen?' I said. 'I dunno, sir,' he anwered, 'I'm not a drinking man. But I got wake, an' tired of the coal. I wanted a little fun. The room where I bunked was as hot as the furnace—so—I went on a spree. I was moighty tired of the coal, sir, year in an' year out.'

"I sent Jem back to the coal and then put a few questions to myself.

"When I 'got wake an' tired' of the routine of work, I did not have to go to a stifling bunk to sleep, or to whiskey for relief. I went to a dinner-party, perhaps, or found some congenial friends, or read a good book or listened to fine music.

"The writers, the painters, the composers of all ages had found a thousand ways to soothe or stimulate my overworked body and jaded brain. Or, I could afford to turn my back on work and run away to a neighboring city or to the woods and fields for the 'little fun' which every man ought to have to keep brain and body sound. Jem had none of these things. The 'spree' took the place of all.

"I thought I owed him something. I talked to the other manufacturers, and this house is the result. When he and his fellows are through with their day's work now they can find rest and amusement here, and are not driven to the gin-shop."

Christians in this country are beginning to perceive that their duty to their brother begins by helping him before he commits crime.

How can we, at ease in our respectable lives, pray to God to lead us not into temptation if we leave our weaker brothers struggling with it, face to face?—*Youth's Companion.*

Polly and the Minister.

Sister Robbins lay upon her sick-bed watching the clock, the slant of the sunbeams, and occasionally talking to her polly—a wise-looking gray parrot with glittering eyes and brilliant scarlet tail. It would be better, perhaps, to say that she replied to Polly, for the parrot was by far the more talkative.

There came a rap at the door of the room. "Whoa!" said Polly. "Come in," said Sister Robbins.

The visitor entered, and proved to be the Methodist minister. Polly crept to Mrs. Robbins and cuddled close up to the lady's neck, having her gray pate close beside her mistress's cheek. After some conversation the minister proposed to Sister Robbins that they have "a season of prayers," and accordingly knelt by her bedside, and, with closed eyes and devout voice, began to pray.

Polly's eyes glittered more than ever. She crept unnoticed from her place of refuge, and with slow-lifted claws and noiseless step over the white counterpane went close to the unconscious minister. She scanned him meditatively, and then when her head was so near his that you would have thought his ear in danger of being snipped off, she suddenly cried out in the clearest tones: "What in the world are you doing?"

Sister Robbins finds it hard to convince the minister that they have family prayers. He says Polly's evidence is against her.—*Wide Awake.*

The Romance of a Cemetery.

Down near one of the Southern cities where the flowers bloom nearly all the year round, and the oriole builds his nest and calls to his mate to come to him, for the home is prepared, is a cemetery famous for its beauty. Years ago it was the country-place of a very rich man; he was a widower with a beautiful daughter and three handsome sons. The daughter was a sweet girl, idolized by her father, which affection she more than reciprocated. A bitter family fued existed between the father and his nearest neighbor, who had but one child—a son. At a friend's house this pretty Juliet met and grew to know her Romeo. Naturally enough they fell in love with each other, vowed eternal constancy, and thought that, in time, the fathers of each might be won over by their children, and induced to give consent to the marriage. But the old men grew bitter and more bitter, and the two sweethearts found it very difficult to see each other. One summer night the little lady had an appointment with her lover at the foot of the hill that was just in front of her home. The moon was so bright that she dreaded going out in her own clothes, and so, in a spirit of frolic, she had her maid hunt up some of her brother's clothes and rig them she got, laughing as she thought how her sweetheart would be surprised. A long, old-fashioned cloak was thrown over her, and a broad-brimmed, soft, felt hat crowned her head. As she went over the hill one of her brothers saw her, and told his father that he believed some one from the next place was on their grounds, possibly to kill some of their dogs, or poison their horses. Very quickly the old man rushed to the veranda, armed with a gun. He saw the figure moving along swiftly, but he took aim, aim so sure that it struck his own heart, and fired. Both arms went up in the air, the figure staggered and fell over. Hearing the shot, the waiting lover rushed to see what was the matter. In the meantime the others had gathered round. The hat had fallen off the pretty head which it had disguised, and there, pure and white, under the light of the moon, was revealed to the brothers the face of their own sister. She was carried back to the house, dead—not able to speak her forgiveness to her father, or give a word of love to her sweetheart. The scene can be easily imagined. The lover upbraided the father, but the younger brother said, "As she lies here let her be the peacemaker. She loved you in life; let us care for each other because of her death." So she was buried near her own home, and all the people for miles around, knowing of her tragic death, came to show their respect and to line the cover of her grave with the blossoms which she had loved in her life.

The beautiful country-place was sold with an express proviso that it was to be made a cemetery. The brothers, and the father and lover, all went away and never came back until each was brought there to be laid to rest near the one they had loved. Now the city of the the dead numbers among its people Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, who has engraved on the granite bearing her name, "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Near by is the tomb of the Booth family, and that of Reinhart, the sculptor, who died when fame had made his name a household word, is not far off. There are crosses erected to the memory of little children; there are tablets that tell of those who have lived and loved, suffered and toiled. But to them who know, most interesting of all, is the little gravestone raised to the memory of the unfortunate girl who died because of her love.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Awkward Situations.

Some trifling mishap may put a man into an unpleasant position, where, without any fault of his own, he may be exposed to the gravest suspicion. Mr. Horstman, in his "Consular Reminiscences," says that once, by putting a letter into a postoffice box at a Munich street-corner, he placed himself in a very unpleasant situation.

The box was so well stuffed that an edge of his letter stuck out of the slit. He pushed it in with his fingers, and found, on drawing his hand back, that his ring had caught against the brass teeth of the inside opening, so that the harder he pulled the tighter he was held. At last, by pushing his hand a little farther in and by raising the teeth with his other hand, he managed to free himself.

Then it flashed through his mind the predicament he would have been in had a stupid policeman happened along and arrested him for trying to steal letters from a street-box. That might have happened; this did happen at Nuremberg.

A gentleman, about leaving the city at night, and being late at the station, paid silver for his ticket in a flurried manner, and darted toward the waiting-room to pass through it to the train. Suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder; upon turning he saw a policeman who told him that he was arrested for passing counterfeit money.

At the police office the silver the gentleman had paid at the station was produced. It had a peculiar whitish lustre and a queer feel to the fingers. He was asked to show what money he had, and all the silver in his purse looked and felt the same way.

But on examination the silver was found to be genuine. His purse was also examined and he was asked where he had bought it. He said he had purchased it from a street vender two hours before, for a very small sum.

Then the secret came out. The purse was made from the cast-off sheep-skin bags in which quicksilver is exported from Spain. The skin of the purse being strongly impregnated with quicksilver had given to the silver coin its whitish lustre and greasy feel to the touch. The gentleman was at once liberated, but he had to remain that night in the quaint old town.

In the restaurant—"Here, waiter, here is a quarter for you. And just tell me now what you can conscientiously recommend to me." Waiter—If you want anything good, sir, go to some other restaurant.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Summer Lecture Series.

At the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner announced that lecture No. 2 of the summer series, announced at the last meeting, would be delivered by the Hon. Sidehill Wellington, D. X.—S. G.—A1, of Eufaula, Ala. The gentleman named was known as "The Demosthenes of the South," and ranked as a philosopher of the first water. His subject was: "Why Ar' Dis Thus?" and Samuel Shin and Pickles Smith were warned to preserve a proper decorum in the presence of the stranger or be prepared for the consequences.

The honorable gentleman was introduced by the visiting committee in one time and three motions. Like all great philosophers his shoes were down at the heel, his elbows frayed, his knees out of true, and his general appearance proved a carelessness on his part as to whether he got up right-end first or not in the morning. He was received with enthusiastic applause, during which Deacon Baker managed to give Elder Toots a vigorous kick and lay it to accident. As he bowed his applause two buttons were heard to strike the wall behind him and his collar made a determined effort to rise above his ears.

"My frens," began the honorable in a voice rich with anticipation of the coming watermelon season, "we go to bed at night. If we hev no company we go to bed 'long 'bout half-past 9 o'clock. If we hev a *soiree* on hand it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed fur you answer to sleep. What do you sleep fur? You reply dat it is bekase natur' intended you to. Yes, but why did she? You can't tell. You tumble into bed an' lay dar' on your backs an' snooze an' snore an' dream of de lucky numbers in policy, an' when mawnin' comes you fall out an' kick de dog an' jaw de chill'en' an' wish you was rich an' didn't hev to go to work. [Yells of applause.] Natur' meant dat you should lie down in sleep t: give de body a rest—to let all de muscles relax, de nerves grow quiet, the brain cease its tremendous efforts fur awhile. My world-renowned tonic, which kin be had in de ante-room after dis meetin' adjourns at two-bits a bottle, every bottle warranted to hold half a pint, will bring about dis happy result. No cure no pay."

The orator paused here to imbibe a glass of water, and a puzzled look crept into Brother Gardner's face. He was observed to make a signal to Giveadam Jones, and that individual nodded as if he understood.

"We hev de back-ache," continued the orator—"de back-ache, de colic, pains in de chist, fits of melancholy, bad dreams, sudden desiah to jump off de tower of de City Hall. We hev sich things an' we nebber stop to inquar' de reason. We jist go right 'long sufferin', layin' our sad condishun to Jay Gould, Vanderbilt an' de Standard Oil Company, an' nebber supposin' dar is a sartin an' cheap cure right at hand. [Sensation.] My frens, I has the proud satisfackshun to tell you dat I am de inventor, proprietor an' sole agent on dis globe fur de 'Wellington Cholera Preventative an' Lightnin' Co'n Remover,' an' arter dis meetin' is ober my remedy kin be had by any of de gen'len present at de usual price of two-bits a box—warranted purely vegetable or money refunded." [High old applause.]

As the speaker stopped to take another pint of water there was a broad grin on almost every face, and this was increased by the uneasy movements of Brother Gardner. It was plain to be seen that he had been taken in and done for again, and that he was arranging some sort of program with Giveadam Jones, who has long held the position of Bogardus Kicker to the club.

"My frens," pathetically continued the honorable, after the water had been put away behind his nankeen vest, "you is walkin' along de street, an' am suddenly tooken wid a crick in de back, an' can't go on down to de bank an' draw out $50. You git up in the mawnin' feelin' slumpy. You doan keer two cents whether you hev quail on toast or turkey on sweet-cake for breakfast. You wake up in de night wid a cole sweat startin' out, a wiolent beatin of de heart, an' a fear in your soul dat a band of anarchists is bidden under de bed to take your life. On sartin occashuns you sot down wid a piece of chalk an' a shingle to figger up how much a y'ar it will cost you to rent forty possoffice boxes at $4 each. You is stuck. De figgers dance away from you. Your eyes blur an' you jump up in alarm if de dog howls in de back yard. You go right along jist de same, however, nebber stoppin' to inquar' into de nateral causes, an' de fust thing you know your friends am gathered around your bedstead to see you expire. [Decided sensation all over the hall.] My frens, it gives me de utmos' pleasure to be able to inform you on dis auriferous occasion dat I am de sole owner of what is called 'De Wellington Cure-All Plaster,' which I warrant to be composed of sixteen different roots an' de best Norf Carolina tar. Dese plasters sell at twenty cents each, or six for a dollah, and de President of dis United States had one on de small of his back when he entered de White Hoese fur de fust time. Arter dis meetin' is ambuscaded I shall be moas' happy to see you all in de ante-room, an' I——"

At this point Givadam Jones interrupted the speaker to say that a man wanted to see him outside on very important business.

"Exactly," replied the honorable. "My frens, I will retiah for a moment an' ascertain his business. My address is only half concluded."

He retired in good order, smiling and bowing as he passed down the aisle, but he never came back. Two minutes later his voice was heard saying:

"Boy, be keerful whar you put dat fut of yours! I doan' low nowbody to fool wid me!"

And a little later.

"I nebber skipped a town yit, an' I won't begin now!"

Then Paradise Hall jarred and vibrated, and then the plaster fell in spots, and the stove-door swung wide open. Something bumped on the stairs and fell "kersquash" into the alley, followed by a racket as if a dray-horse was ga'loping for his life. In three or four minutes Giveadam Jones returned, the right leg of his trousers split to the knee, and his breath coming hard, and as he sat down Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My frens, de difference between a philosopher an' a fakir is sometimes so powerful fine dat de best of men are deceived. It's my opinyun dat we got hold of de wrong animal, but dere's no great harm dun. I reckon he won't bodder us no more, an' perhaps he has left us a few grains of wheat among de chaff. We will now annunciate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Large Salaried New York Singers.

Miss Clementina De Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, New York city, receives $4,500 a year for her services or $112.50 each Sunday. This is said to be the highest salary ever paid to a choir singer either in this country or Europe. Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, draws $3,000 a year from the church and earns $5,000 more from concert engagements.—*New York World.*

Life on a Canal Boat.

"So you want to know how we contrive to live on board a canal boat?" said a bright little woman, leading her guest toward the cabin companionway. "Well, follow me, and you will see." She directed the visitor to stoop low as he began the descent of the cabin stairs, and the admonition came none too soon, for the stairways are low and steep, with no head room to spare. But once inside the cabin it was quite another matter, for a considerable portion of these big boats is allotted to living quarters. This cabin was especially roomy and homelike, for the floor had been scrubbed and rescrubbed until it was white as snow. The room was carpeted with several bright rugs. Curtains of some sort of dainty white stuff, fluttered with the morning breeze as it swept softly in over a bunch of "love entangled" that grew in a little flower pot on the window edge. Pictures were everywhere about the panelled sides of the cabin, and a canary bird in a gilded cage sang sweetly in the window near the pretty flower. The doors of the state-room stood open, and disclosed a pretty picture of snowy bed-spreads and fancy pillow shams, while the kitchen, with its shining pots and pans, was an ideal place for a good cook. "We do most of our cooking up on deck during the warm weather, and the men put awnings up to shield us from the sun. It keeps the smell of the cooking away from the cabin and leaves it in a much cooler condition," the woman explained, as she kindly offered a cup of warm coffee to her visitor. In the course of a ten minutes' conversation she succeeded in giving a picture of the life of the average women who must find their homes on the water by the side of a father, brother, or husband. During the wiuter months most of the boats tie up in the Erie or Atlantic Basins at New York City, and through all those long winter days the women on board the two or three hundred boats go visiting and give parties and dances pretty much the same as their sisters on land whose abiding places have rather more stability. Of course there is no opportunity for social intercourse while the boats are on the move, but, on the whole, the women on the canal have quite as nice a life as the average of their sex who reside on land. Everything about their quarters is neat and clean, and invested with the home spirit which is inseparable from any nook and corner, however unpromising, which is presided over by women.

In Sleep.

An old resident in Vermont tells the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster. Unlike many more thrilling tales, it has the advantage of being strictly true. Those were the days when travel was carried on by stage-coach, and the arrival of the mails was often delayed by bad roads and stormy weather.

It happened, one spring when the mud was almost up to the horse's knees, that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three-days' batch, consisting of nine bags, came in late one night, as I was about going to bed. I determined to delay distribution until morning, and fell asleep rather harassed at the thought of so large a task.

Next day I rose early, and went into the office to open my mail-bags. They were gone! The corner where I always left them was quite empty, and my heart began to beat loud and fast. The mail had been delivered to me, I was responsible for it, and it was not to be found. Presently, as I started about, the big drops of sweat gathering on my forehead, I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked further; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they lay, collapsed and empty.

Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep-walker before, and I never did such a thing again.

She had Done a Good Day's Business.

An ancient Irish dame has a small stand close by the Franklin statue in Printing House Square from which she offers to passers-by the cool and refreshing lemonade. If there is wind anywhere it always seems to find a funnel up Spruce street, and Boreas was doing some of his best work on his favorite thoroughfare yesterday.

A young woman in her best bib and tucker, with the inevitable young man, was crossing from the postoffice in the direction of the bridge. A particularly strong puff of wind nearly blew off her hat, bristling with meadow flowers, and all her attention was given to keeping it on her head. The rude breeze, however, took charge of her dress, and as it blew around got entangled with the only three glasses Bridget had on her stand. They fell on the flags, to be simply smashed into smithereens.

For a moment there was silence, then the owner, in pure Hibernian, gave vent to her feelings, and the language was not really ladylike. The young man was, however, equal to the occasion, and diving into his pocket produced and gave to the Celtic Hebe a dollar bill. The latter looked at the note for some seconds and then it disappeared into that undiscovered country so far as men are concerned—a woman's pocket.

Jack and Jill had passed on; of this the vendor of cool drinks made certain. She then deliberately took up her bucket of water, dashed it on the ground, picked up her lemons and folding up her temporary stand made a beeline for home. She had done a good day's business.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

One Exception.

"Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squildig.

"Not everything," replied McSwilligen.

"What isn't, I'd like to know?"

"Umbrellas go up every day or two."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE American miss who marries a foreign count hopes to become a "Countess So-and-so," but usually ends with being a Miss-Fit.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

CHARITY begins at home, but reform is different.

A ROMANCE WITH A BIG R.

Did the Mercenary Motives that Prompted the Rescue Move Him to Marry Her?

"I remember the first $1,000 I ever earned," says Henry Westfall, a wealthy resident of Colorado.

"Well, rather. I was a young lad at the time and the only child of the poorest family in a coal mining town of Pennsylvania.

"One day, while engaged picking slate, I heard a big commotion at the mouth of the mine. The men were very much excited, and the owner, who was the richest and most devout churchman in the town, was wringing his hands, and imploring the men to do something. Running up I learned the men had fired a fuse attached to an extra large cartridge and had just come from the mine when they discovered that they had left the pretty little daughter of the owner behind. She had gone down with her father and while the latter came up for an errand had wandered away. The cartridge had not yet exploded as the fuse had purposely been made long to enable the men to get up.

"The father, as you may imagine, was agonized. He offered $1,000 to anyone who would go down after the little one. But no one would stir. All of them had families of their own—except, of course myself—and would not run the risk of death. The sum was a fortune to me, especially as my father was, from sickness, unable to work. Jumping on the car I called to be let down, and amid the cheers of the men I descended. Each moment had death in it for me, unless the fuse were longer than was thought. But I tried not to think of it and when I reached the bottom the child was playing at the mouth of the shaft. I grabbed her, put her in the car and gave the signal to be hoisted up. But the car did not move. I repeated the signal, but still without avail. In agony of fear I jerked it again and the car still remaining in the bottom I bade the little girl stay where she was and then I ran into the new drift where the explosion was to take place. A little spark revealed the whereabouts of the fuse. The fuse was still an inch long and I took hold of it and pulled it out. I tried to cheer, but had fainted instead. When I came to I was on top of the ground, taken there by the men who, when in answer to my last signal—they had not received the other two—had raised the little girl and then come down for me.

"Well, the next day the father thanked me, but said nothing about the $1,000. The men advised me to ask for it. I refused. Then some of them asked for me, and the owner told them that they were mistaken: he had offered nothing. So mad were they that they threatened to throw him down the mine, but they desisted at my request. A few weeks later I was discharged, probably because I was an eyesore to the owner. My father having in the meantime recovered, I went away and obtained work in New York, and after awhile secured a fair position.

"One day about fifteen years after this event, a charming young lady drove up in her carriage, and, coming in, called for me. She did not at first give her name, but asked me if I would do her a favor. Of course I said yes. She then told me that it was she whom I had saved; that her father had died a short time before, and that in looking over his papers she had found a letter from some of the men to him upbraiding him for not paying the $1,000. This was the first she had heard of the obligation, and she had immediately set out to find me. As she said this she handed me a check for $1,500, the extra $500 being, she explained, the interest. I was about to refuse to accept the check, but she reminded me that I had promised to do her a favor and that I must keep my word. So I took it, with her card, and she left. What became of her? Well, six months later she became my wife."

Dandies' Pluck.

"The Dandies fought well at Waterloo," said Wellington of the officers of the Horse Guards. Baron Malortie, in his book, "'Twixt Old Times and New," describes two young German officers whom he met at the dinner-table of a Frankfort hotel. Their conversation was so silly and their manners so foppish that the Baron nicknamed them "Count Top and Baron Fop." But in 1871 the Baron again dined at the Frankfort hotel, and upon asking the head waiter what had become of Count Top and Baron Fop, he learned that the Count had been killed at Sedan, while bravely leading his squad, and that the Baron had earned the Iron Cross for taking a gun at St. Privat.

Facts of this kind prove that fops, with all their follies and absurdities, can do their duty like men, when their country requires their services. During the Civil War in this country many of the "fops" of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago showed themselves heroes. At the first battle of Bull Run, a New York dandy, a commissary, seeing his regiment waver, under the murderous fire, cantered slowly in front, saying: "Boys, I can't lead you, but I can show you how to be steady under fire!"

On the eve of Solferino, Prince Braunfels, only eighteen years old and fresh from school, joined his regiment, the Kaiser Jaegers, as an ensign. The Colonel, not knowing what to do with the boy just before a battle, put him at the wing of a company, with the remark: "Stick to those fellows through thick and thin! that's the only advice I can give you, for it will be hot to-day—good-by."

The Prince tried to make friends with his neighbor, a gray-haired, grumbling Sergeant, who had a poor opinion of what he called "milk-bearded mothers' sons," meaning spoilt boys, who gave themselves airs and were good for nothing. But a few kind words and a good cigar won over the old man, who had served twenty-five years.

The regiment was ordered to advance, under a heavy fire, to dislodge the French from a strong position. The young Prince kept close to the old Sergeant, and rushed forward. A bullet knocked off his hat; as he stooped to pick it up, he calmly remarked to the Sergeant: "These Frenchmen always oblige one to be polite."

"Your Highness is made of the right stuff," answered the Sergeant, "we'll make something of you, my prince!"

"I dare say a cripple," muttered the Prince, for a second bullet had shattered his arm, just below the elbow. He took his sword in his left hand, and continued to advance, until the Sergeant, seeing the loss of blood, compelled him to halt and have a few pocket-handkerchiefs tied round the wound, and the arm put in a sling.

Wounded though he was, the boy joined in the final charge, and for his bravery received the Order of Leopold, and that, too, after only twenty-four hours' service.

ROOT & COMPANY.

We are again in receipt of a new line

Hem Stitch Flouncings

45 inches wide, which we place on sale at these low prices,

35c., 40c., 45 and 50c. a yard.

ONYX

Fast Black Hose.

Saturday we will offer an extra bargain in Ladies Hose, the celebrated Onyx

at 25c. a pair.

NEW BLOUSE WAISTS

For Ladies' 50c., 75c. and $1.00.
For Misses' 46c. and up.
For Boys' 25c. up to 90c.

VENTILATING CORSETS.

Ladies will find a new assortment ready for Saturday

at 50c., 75c. and $1.00.

Sizes from 18 to 30, extra sizes can be furnished on short notice.

Black Velvet Ribbons

IN ALL WIDTHS.

DRESS GOODS

REDUCED TO COST.

One Lot Brown Muslin—fine, worth 7c, for 4½c. One Lot Heavy, worth 7c., for 5c.

ROOT & COMPANY

The New Randall House
BARBER ✣ SHOP!
Is First-Class.

Elegant baths. Try new needle Spray Bath 25c. Shaves 10 cents. All toilet articles imported. We invite our old customers and friends to call.

HARRY WESTERMAN, Manager.

HOME RESTURANT
MENU
Spring Chicken,
Strawberry Short Cake,
Home-Made Pies, Cakes,
Ice Cream, Iced Milk, Milk Shake,
Hot Coffee, Cream,
Choice Cigars.
No. 89 Calhoun Street.
JOHN F. CLINE, Proprietor.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
The Pension Agency of
MILLER AND DOUGALL
will prosecute speedily the claims of soldiers, widows, dependent fathers, mothers and children, under the new law.
They have made arrangements to have papers executed in the evening as well as in the day time. Office open from 7 to 9 p. m., Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's. Bring your discharges or write for information to us at room No. 4, Foster block, Fort Wayne, Ind. 7-tf

Dr. Wilbur's Eye Water.

If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Detzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. B. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.

☞This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated occulist, in his practice for fifteen years aprl30-d&w-3m

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OF CHICAGO.

The Famous Mind Reader of the World.

Tells the past, present and future, without asking questons, from the cradle to the grave. Also gives full name and picture of your future wife or husband, gives advice in love and law suits and all branches of business, don't be humbugged by fortune tellers, but call on the madam at once, she does her work on scientific principles. Rooms at

83 E. Berry street.

1-4 Off!
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1-4 Off on Summer Coats and Vests.

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25 Per Cent. Reduction on All Warm Weather Clothing.

Friend's Enterprise,
One Price Clothiers,
62 and 64 Calhoun street,
Cor. Berry.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Notice.

Parties leaving the city during the summer weeks can have THE SENTINEL sent to their address at 10 cents per week.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dr. B. S. Woodworth is able to ride out.

Herman Tapp, the contractor, is at Pittsburg.

W. H. Watt left for Springfield, Ohio, last evening.

Mrs. Rev. VanSlyke is at Haw Patch to remain over Sunday.

J. T. Leary, of the Pennsylvania offices, has gone to Chicago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, of 84 Fourth street—daughter.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a regular meeting to-morrow.

Rabbie Guttmacher attends a convention of Hebrew ministers at Cleveland, to-day.

F. C. Meyer and family, of Douglass avenue, are at Rome City to camp out a week.

H. W. Carles has placed a telephone in his grocery, corner Berry and Harrison streets.

Judge and Mrs. Allen Zollars are spending a few days at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw.

Mrs. Ed. Evans and Mrs. Albert Bond, will leave for Bay View, Mich., on the 15th inst.

The annual meeting of the Tri-State Building and Loan association, will be held next Tuesday.

Dr. Maurice Rosenthal left for New York City last night. He will sail for Europe on the 18th inst.

E. O. Poole has been quite sick at the home of his son, Frank Poole, of West Creighton avenue, for a few weeks.

Sedwick Lehman, of Chetapa, Kas., is visiting his brother, Isadore Lehman, proprietor of the Jabobs shoe store.

Capt. H. C. Eastwood will have charge of the hotel restaurant at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw, during the assembly.

Salem J. Hartshorn left for White Pigeon, Mich., to-day, accompanied by his brother, S. F. Hartshorn, who has been visiting him.

B. Stinocker, the Fairfield avenue butcher, fell off a chair last evening and fractured his right arm. He now carries that member in a sling.

The marriage of Newton Richards, a young merchant of Roanoke, to Miss Emma Kelsey, living southwest of the city, took place a few days ago.

Theodore Brase, the young teamster who suffered a sunstroke the other day, is better. Dr. Nieswonger, the attending physician, pronounces him out of danger.

Trustee J. F. Keyser, of Lafayette township, has detailed Architect H. W. Matson to prepare plans for a new school house, to be built under his supervision.

Contractor Hilgeman has received the contract for building a new residence at the corner of Webster and Tabor streets, in Williams' addition, for Wm. Meyer, of the firm of Meyer & Niemann.

The Cincinnati Enquirer devotes a column to an important case in which a blind boy had his sight restored through a new treatment by Dr. S. C. Ayers. The doctor formerly resided in this city.

Dr. C. B. Stemen and family returned from Delphos, Ohio, this afternoon, where they attended the birthday celebration of the doctor's venerable father, who has attained four score and three years.

Miss Mary Kinnaird, of West Williams street, has returned from Wichita, Kas., where she was visiting the family of her brother, Robert Kinnaird, who was formerly general passenger agent of the "Muncie" in this city.

Last Thursday evening a large number of Sisters of Providence arrived over the Wabash from Saginaw, Mich., en route to Terre Haute. Among them was Sister Margarita, the daughter of ex-Marshal C. Kelly and wife, of this city.

James Foley, general agent for the Columbus, Sandusky and Cleveland railroad, and resident of Columbus, Ohio, is int he city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Micheal Klinkel. He is a cousin of Mrs. Klinkel. He will remain until Monday.

Susan Lehr, aged eighty-three years, died at the City hospital last night of old age. The deceased was the mother of John G. Lehr and was an old resident here. She was a widow. Her birthplace was in Pennsylvania. The funeral will be announced hereafter.

Harry Tarmon, a young artisan of promising ability, has established a work shop at the rear of Harry Achenbach's establishment, 212 Calhoun street. Mr. Tarmon has just perfected an invention for the artificial graining of wood, on which he will soon apply for a patent. The machine shows genius.

Frank Bash, of Port Townsend, Wash., is the guest of Chas. Bash and family. He reports the Fort Wayne colony in that city on the wave of prosperity, especially T. J. Nolton, who left the hardware business in this city to locate there. Mr. Nolton has been enjoying extremely prosperous times at Port Townsend, for, besides being at the head of a bank, he owns some valuable real estate interests.

Mrs. Win Bash has gone to Mackinaw.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., meets to-night.

C. A. Munson will spend Sunday at home in this city.

G. L. Popp left for Covington, Ohio, to-day for a two weeks' visit.

William Dunn, of Louis Wolf & Co., is east for a month's vacation.

Secretary J. I. White, of the Bass foundry, is visiting in the east.

Father Creagor, of Elkhart, is a guest at the episcopal residence to-day.

Gart Shober is getting $50 a week for playing a cornet in a garden at Galveston, Texas.

George Oppelt has returned from attending the Knights of Pythias encampment at Milwaukee.

The Dortmunder and Kaiser base ball teams will play at the Kaiser grounds to-morrow afternoon.

J. F. Wing, the architect, was at Chicago yesterday, to purchase mantels for Bass' suburban palace.

Miss Mamie Pasha, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her uncle, Mr. M. J. Beaubien and family, of Monroe street.

A. W. Hoffman, of Ashland, O., representing the Ashland Bustle and Suspender company, is in the city to-day.

The Emmett club held a meeting last evening and initiated Carl Weber into the dramatic mysteries of the organization.

J. D. Williams leaves for Kansas City to-night in the interest of the Kerr Murray works. He will be absent several days.

The Logansport Pharos says: "Prof. Joost and daughters, of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ferguson."

Miss Lilian Wenninghoff, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wenninghoff, has left for Indianapolis on a two weeks visit with friends.

Harry Hammil, George McKinnie and Will Wilson have arrived home from Cleveland, where they attended the Elks' convention.

Frank Bond, messenger at the Old National bank, is confined to the bed by sickness and his duties are being performed by Amos Richey.

Sim Mahurin, the architect, will have his new residence on south Fairfield avenue commenced next week. The contract will probably be let Monday.

Master Arthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ervin, of West Wayne street, left for the country near Academy to-day, to spend a vacation with his grandfather's folks.

Mrs. Hattie M. Trick, the enumerator of Pleasant township, has submitted the returns to Postmaster Higgins, who forwards them. The townships are nearly all in.

Walter Carver, the bass singer of this city, is traveling for a Chicago music house, and the last heard of him he was doing New Hampshire. He is meeting with good success.

The officers of the different Catholic societies will meet to-morrow to map out arrangements for the Knights of St. John's national convention, to be held in this city next year.

Mrs. William C. Gordon, a wealthy widow, and William C. Evers, a young man about the house, were fatally burned yesterday at Warsaw by an explosion of a gasoline stove.

Justice France bound over John Shumacker, the crook, in the sum of $300 to await trial. Shumacker stole a coat and vest from the home of Mrs. Bushor, on Holman street.

Charles G. Pfeifer has had plans drawn by Wing & Mahurin for a fine residence in the addition which has his name. The house will be of Romanesque design and will cost $4,500.

Rev. James Stuart Ainslie arrived from New York this afternoon and will commence his ministry at the Congregational church to-morrow. The gentleman is a fine pulpit orator and will prove popular with our people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dooley, of Chicago, will spend the Sabbath with Fort Wayne relatives. The couple were recently married and are out on a little wedding tour previous to setling down for the summer at Grand Rapids, Mich.

E. F. Ziegler, of 47 Huron street, was struck on the head by a falling piece of timber to-day. The concussion was so severe that the man was unconscious several hours. A scalp wound was inflicted, making medical attendance necessary.

L. J. Maier, who was arrested last Monday on the charge of violating the internal revenue law, was bound over in the sum of $200 yesterday by United States Commissioner Leonard. Mr. Maier is no doubt ignorant of the fact that he committed a violation.

The Trades and Labor council last night, decided to celebrate labor day, and a committe consisting of Edward Miller, Frank Joerns, Frank Crawford, Phillip Rapp and H. Rombke, was appointed to meet on Sunday and formulate a program for the day, the same to be discussed at an adjourned meeting to be held next Thursday dight.

A colored camp meeting is in progress at Robinson's grove near Monroeville. It commenced to-day and continues for nine days. There are present some of the most talented colored divines of the country, among whom are Rev. King Williams, of Oberlin, O.; W. H. Brown, of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Revels, the great camp meeting revivalist of Cleveland, O.; N. N. Pharis, the great camp meeting singer, of Adrian, Mich., and Blind Tom, who leads the chorus of singers.

H. G. Olds returned from Bear Lake to-day.

Miss Lulu Beiling left for Toledo to-day to visit.

Judge A. A. Chapin left for Rome City to-day.

The Nonpareil club will go to Huntington to-morrow.

C. E. Benson, of Muncie, a newly appointed umpire, arrived to-day.

Mrs. Henry Matsch has returned from Allegheney City, Pa., to this city to reside.

Mrs. Carrie B. Sweet and children, left yesterday for Grand Rapids to reside.

Messrs. Chas. Bond and J. M. Barrett left for Petoskey to-day to join their families.

Editor S. E. Morris, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, arrived in the city to-day to remain over Sunday.

Roy Manner, of Coldwater, Mich., the trainer of the famous trotting horse, Red Bell, is in the city.

H. J. Seibold left for Atlanta, Ga., to-day to represent the Keller Medicine company with a display at a dental convention.

G. E. Fisher, Detroit; A. B. Hame, Cincinnati; J. Mayer, Cleveland; G. F. Gookin, Boston, are among the guests at the Wayne.

On the 22nd of this month will occur the marriage of Mr. Nicholas Miller to Miss Zuber. They both reside in Pleasant township.

The employes of the Peters box factory ran an excursion to Rome City today for the benefit of their late fellow-employe, Phillip Dubois, who died Thursday.

Pitcher Dunning and Catcher Whalen, the new battery for the Fort Wayne team, arrived to-day and it was the intention to play them with Anderson this afternoon.

The Indiana Stenographers' association will hold an annual meeting at Warsaw August 26-7-8. Mr. Wils McDermut predicts a large attendance from this city.

R. Toquet, Kalamazoo; Jay Cook, Montpelier; F. H. Glanton, Huntington; M. Sieberling, Kokomo; H. Crochen, Lagrange, are the guests at the Hotel Pearse.

Mrs. Minnie Zwick, an estimable old lady of Adams county, died last night. The deceased was a sister of William Fahlsing, of this city, who will attend the funeral next Tuesday.

Sylvan Point is a popular quarter at Rome City. Prof. A. B. C. Biewend has a cottage there, and among other new cottages in course of building are those of Sam Harmon and Herman Berghoff.

The business college of McDermut & Whiteleather will close next week for a six weeks' vacation. Messrs. McDermut and Whiteleather will instruct classes in shorthand and type writing at the Warsaw assembly this year.

Henry Chum, the colored man who was placed under arrest yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson and later released, was arrested by Officer George McCrory for trying to break into a house this morning. The black prisoner was sent to jail pending an investigation.

This morning at the the city hospital, where she has been for two years past, occurred the death of Mrs. J. G. Lehr, aged 83 years. She was born February 19, 1807. Two sons and one daughter, G. G. Lehr and T. J. Lehr, of Crawfordsville, and Mrs. Bloemker, of this city survive her. The funeral occurs tomorrow at 1:30 from her late residence, 91 West Washington street, Rev. Schaaf officiating.

The following real estate transfers have been filed: Peter Rumsey to Mary I. and James Wells, lot 16, Rumsey's sub-division of Ewing's out lot 3, $200; Peter Rumsey to Sarah J. Overly, lots 17 and 18, same, $400; Samuel P. Sturgis to Patrick J. McDonald, lot 7, Ewing's addition, $3,400; Eliza H. Hayden to Clara E. Herber, lot 361 Hanna's addition, $800; John Porter to Minnie A. Meier, lots 148-9, Archer's addition, $2,100.

A very pleasant surprise was given to Mr. J. V. Neher last evening at his home, 465 South Lafayette street, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth. A large crowd was present and the evening was spent in an enjoyable manner. Among those present were the following: Joseph Neher, George Frey, Ed Kuch and W. Rohyans and wives; Misses Mary Silbut, Rosa, Anna and Elizabeth Kramer, Jennie Donaly, Sadie Johnson, Ida Miller, Katies Smith and Anna Loose; Messrs. Otto Miller, N. Folz, E. Etchen, H. Gard, John Koehl, John Grush, August Grush, John Linker, Ora Lewis, Frank Nehr, Nathan Ench, John and Chas. Loose and Thomas Crawford.

This gossip is taken from the Monroeville Breeze: "Miss May Bolyard visited friends at Fort Wayne, last Tuesday.—W. Leonard, an attorney from Fort Wayne, was in town last Friday.—Mrs. S. Wass and Dovy Allegear are visiting relatives at Fort Wayne, this week.—Harl Peckham and wife of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in town.—Mr. Frank Walters pleasantly entertained three young ladies from Fort Wayne, last Saturday.—Effie V. daughter of J. D. Friedline and Lulu E. daughter of L. Krates are attending the normal term of the M. E. college at Fort Wayne, Ind., commencing June thirtieth.—S. F. Bowser of Fort Wayne, was in town last Monday, and purchased a fine match team.—David S. Redelsheimer went to Chicago, Tuesday. He was accompanied as far as Fort Wayne by his wife.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—For Indiana: Fair, except showers in extreme northern portions; southerly winds; warmer.

Will S. O'Rourke and wife, of Chattanooga, Tenn., are in the city to be at the bedside of Mrs. Garvey, of 26 Douglass avenue, who is quite ill. Mrs. Garvey is the mother of Mrs. O'Rourke.

Great Reduction on Cheese.

Best quality Ohio Factory Cheese, 8c.
Best Butter, 14c.
Good Jar Butter, 8c.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Breakfast Bacon, 8c.
Sugar Cured Hams, 11c pound.
Best Shoulders, 7c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

H. W. Carles, the enterprising grocer, 40 West Berry street, has added a new telephone to his place of business so that his many customers can call up No. 330 and give their grocery order which will receive prompt attention.

LOOK.

Fifty-Three Lots in Old Orchard Addition at Prices and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

This addition lies just north of the Wabash railroad, on the west side of Broaday, with natural gas pipes on west and north sides, water line and hydrant on front; Broadway to be paved; street cars passing every five minutes, and an electric tower on northeast corner, throwing a flood of light over the whole addition unequaled by the most brilliant displays of Luna herself; in fact this is the ne plus ultra of additions and just the place for elegant and comfortable homes. Call early at 22 Bank block for lots.
HAYDEN & GRIER, Agents.

Sugars at Old Price--No Advance.

Choice White Extra C, 6c.
Standard Coffee A, 6¼c.
Powdered and Cut Loaf, 7c.
Best Granulated, 7c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOR SALE—A horse, harness and dray, inquire for C. O. Troxell, at Monning's Mill, Columbia and Barr streets.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Great Clearance Sale of Summer Goods.

All our Calicoes 7 and 8c quality, 5c.
Ginghams, 10, 12 and 15c quality, 9c.
White Goods less than cost.
Embroidries less than cost.
Muslin Underwear, 20 per cent. off.
Ladies' Black Hose, 10c quality, 7c.
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 12½c quality, 8c.
Ladies' Ribbed Silk Vests, 98c quality, 69c.
Oating Flannels, 10, 12½ and 15c quality, 8½c.
Turkey Red Table Linnen, 25c goods, 18c.
All our 50c Corsets, 42c.
All our $1 Corsets, 83c.
All our 79 and 89c Corsets, 65c.
All our $6 Lace Curtains, $4.29.
Gents' Fancy Striped Underwear, reg. price $1 a suit, now 75c.
Gents' Balbriggan Underwear, $1.50 quality, $1 a suit.
Gents' Domet Flannel Shirts, 35c quality, 25c.
All other goods at equally low prices.
MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Pension Applicants.

Bring your claims to me; papers executed free of charge. Office open every evening at No. 26 Bank Block.
july7 6t JAMES E. GRAHAM.

TELEPHONE 87.
ICE. ICE. ICE.

By purchasing coupon books we will sell our Artificial ice during the season 1890, commencing July 14th, at the following prices:

	pr hun.
Less than 75 lbs at one delivery	50 cts.
From 75 lbs to 200 lbs at one delivery	40 cts.
From 200 lbs to 500 lbs at one delivery	35 cts.
From 500 lbs to 1,000 lbs at one delivery	30 cts.
From 1,000 lbs and over, at one delivery	25 cts.

The coupon books are of $5 and $10 valuation and enable us, as well as the consumer, to keep an easy account of purchases.
tf FORT WAYNE ARTIFICIAL ICE CO.

Saturday Night Train.

Commencing Saturday, July 12, the G. R. & I. R. R., will run a special train to Rome City, leaving Fort Wayne at 7 p. m., returning leaves Rome City at 5 o'clock Monday morning. 9-4t

An Easy Way to Present Your Minister With a New Suit of Clothes.

THE GLOBE One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers,

Will present to the most popular minister a HANDSOME BROAD CLOTH SUIT OF CLOTHES. This includes Bishops, Priests, Rectors and Ministers of ALL denominations. The Minister receiving the largest number of Coupons will HAVE MADE TO HIS MEASURE a handsome Broad Cloth Suit, costing $50.00.

I vote for.....

of ..... Church.

Anyone can vote and as often as they please, by using coupon cut from this paper. Ballot to close Aug. 15. Cut this out and send to the

GLOBE,
One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers, Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

Good Music. Latest Music.

KINSELL CORNET BAND.

Best ✣ Uniformed ✣ Band ✣ in ✣ the ✣ State.

For Terms, Address,
E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,
may3-sat 13t Roanoke, Indiana.

The Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Most eligibly situated six miles from the City, offers particular advantages to persons acquiring a solid, useful and ornamental education. It is easy of access—1 mile east of Academy Station which is 30 minutes ride from the city, on the Fort Wayne branch of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway. Sessions begin the first week in September and February. Terms per year, $170.00 Address.
SISTER SUPERIOR,
12-daw1m Academy P. O., Allen County, Ind.

HEALTH.
HALL'S PAMPHLET
UNFOLDS ✣ THE ✣ NEW ✣ TREATMENT.

Cures disease without medicine. Call on or address with stamp for testimonials.
C. E. SHULZE,
133 So. Webster St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Hours—7 to 9 p. m. 7-11-1m

Shirts Made to Order!

In any and all Styles.
A perfect fit Guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER, 144 Calhoun St.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.

Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.

TELEPHONE, No. 230.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office from West Berry street, to

74 CALHOUN STREET,

Over Mordhurst's drug store.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Small family, 206 W. Wayne street. 5-tf

WANTED—A girl for general housework at 202 West Wayne street. tf

ATTENTION:

Protect your property against fire, lightning, cyclone, tornado, or wind storm, by having it insured with us. We are careful to so write policies that the assured's interest are protected. Our companies are as good in every respect as any represented in the United States.
SCHRADER & WILSON AGENCY,
Successors to H. C. Schrader,
feb6-tf 46 Harrison St.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—The store room at No. 135 Calhoun street. Apply to Miller & Dougall, No. 4 Foster block. 28tues-thurs-sat-tf

FOR RENT—A suit of 5 rooms at 225 West Wayne Street. 10 3t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Lot 194, Williams' addition, corner Harrison and Suttenfield streets. A choice lot of the addition. Address or call on Jas. Kilpatrick, Wabash Freight Office. 24stf

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 5 room house and full lot, north west corner Holton Ave. and Pontiac streets, in good repair, almost new. Price $1,000. Robt. B. Dreibelbliss, Pixley & Long Building. 10-3t

FOR SALE—Fine house with barn, corner of Clinton and Williams streets; all modern improvements. Gas, Water, etc., full lot. For terms enquire at the house 29 East Williams Street.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

—✣T✣H✣E✣—

PEOPLE'S STORE,

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK, EAST BERRY ST.)

EXTENSION OF PREMISES!

As we are making extensive alterations—our Store being made DOUBLE ITS PRESENT SIZE. In order to reduce our Surplus Summer Stock and to enable us to open up about September 1st, with an ENTIRELY NEW and much LARGER STOCK, we shall have a

GENERAL - CLEARANCE - SALE!

TO COMMENCE

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Below we quote only a few of the many extraordinary reductions that will be found on our counters during this sale.

20 pieces Half Wool Black Challies at 8½c yard, reduced from 17c.
One case of Challies at 2½c yard, reduced from 5c.
One case of Challies at 5c a yard, reduced from 8½c.
9 pieces 40 inch all-wool Debeige at 39c yard, reduced from 50c.
12 pieces Figured China Silks at 33c yard, reduced from 59c.
25 pieces Handsome Gimps and Persian Trimmings at 10c yard, reduced from 25c.
One case Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests at 5c each, reduced from 10c.
30 doz. Children's and Misses Lisle Gloves at 10c a pair, reduced from 20c.
50 doz. Black and Colored Silk Mitts at 10c. a pair, worth 15.
50 Cashmere Shawls (full size) at 50c. each, reduced from $1.00.
25 Black Lace Shoulder Capes at $1.90 each reduced from $5.00.
12 pieces Figured Scrim at 5c. per yard, reduced from 10c.
25 pieces 50 inch Madras and Dotted Swiss at 25c. a yard, reduced from 50c.
1 case of Dress Ginghams at 5c. a yard, reduced from 10c.
175 elegant Gold Caps and Oxidized Silver handle Umbrellas,
Fine Umbria Silk, at $2.25, reduced from $3.75.

3 cases of fine Dress Ginghams which sold for 12½c
3 cases good styles, Toile du Nord which sold for 12½c. } All 8 1-3c. a yard.
3 cases fine Seersucker Stripes which sold for 10c.

All our fine Domestic Sateens down to 10c a yard, all our genuine French Sateens at 19c a yard, reduced from 25c and 33c, 35 pieces Real Scotch Zephyr Gingham at 19c a yard, were 25c.

All our 7c. Dress Calicoes,
All our 7c. Indigo Blue Prints,
All our 7c. Shirting Calicoes, } Down to 5c. a yard.

2 Cases Outing Cloths at 5c. a yard, reduced from 8 1-3c.

REMEMBER SALE TO COMMENCE SATURDAY, JULY 12.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES,
Pixley & Long Block, East Berry Street.
DOZOIS, BEADELL & COMPANY.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DEWALD & CO.

THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING "VENTILATING" CORSETS ARE THE BEST MADE.

Sold in Fort Wayne by

GEORGE -|- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

CROCKERY!

Dinner sets, Tea sets, a very choice line of Berry sets, and some very fine and medium Water sets.

Some specialties in vases. Our selected Jardanieres are handsome, and at low prices.

Table Tumblers, plain and engraved at special prices. It will pay you to see them before you buy.

Mason's patent Fruit Jars are the best. All sizes at the New China Store, east of Court House in

FOSTER BLOCK,

L. P. SHARP,

PROPRIETOR.

For To-morrow's Trade

and to be

Continued all Next Week

The Best Chance to Get

BARGAINS

—AT—

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

All our best Domestic Sateens down to 10c.

All our best French Sateens down to 18c.

All our 15c. Challies down to 9 1-2c.

All our 25c. Real Scotch Zephyr Gingham down to 18c.

All our 5c. Challies down to 3c.

All our 7c. Prints down to 5c.

All our 12 1-2c. Ginghams down to 8c.

All our 10c. Outing Cloth down to 8c.

500 Sateen Windsor Ties at 4c.

50 Silk Umbrellas Oxidized Handles, $1.25.

All our Fancy Parasols at half price.

10 doz. Black Silk Gloves at 25c., reduced from 35c.

10 doz. Colored Lisle Gloves at 12 1-2c. reduced from 25c., 35c.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 CALHOUN ST.

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

A New Order Which Will Improve the Relations Between All Classes of Railway Employes.

NEW YORK, July 12.—A new organization of railroad conductors will probably be completed at a meeting in the Coleman house in this city to-morrow, which is destined in all probability, to improve greatly the relation, not only between railroad conductors and their employers, but between all classes of railroad employes and their companies, if the example of the members of the new association is largely followed, as seems likely.

The organization of the new association was brought about by what was done at the annual convention of the order of railroad conductors, held last month at Rochester. According to the story told by one of the eldest and most conservative conductors on the Morris & Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, which was fully corroborated by others, the rules of the old association contained a clause which absolutely prohibited the members from engaging in a strike. For about three years the western members have been trying to get that non striking clause eliminated from the rules of the order and this year they succeeded in doing so by a vote of 210 to 66, thus making the association, it is asserted, a striking organization. As soon as that was accomplished the delegate from the Moses Taylor division, No. 168, which comprises the conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, withdrew from the association. The New York and New Haven conductors followed suit. Then the men, who secured the elimination of the anti-striking clause, saw that there would probably be a serious desertion from their ranks and they substituted for the non-striking clause a resolution on the subject, which, it is asserted, means neither one thing nor the other, but, in fact, permits the men to strike as individuals without compelling the minority to abide by the will of the majority on a question of striking.

Immediately after the Rochester convention a meeting of the members of Moses Taylor division of railroad conductors was called. Seventeen members out of about sixty-five attended (seven were a quorum) and resolved to give up their charter in the old organization, which was accordingly done. The resolution, therefore, was adopted by a vote of fourteen to two, one not voting. In the meantime steps had already been taken for the formation of a new national association. A meeting was held at the Coleman house in conjunction with a number of conductors of the New York and New Haven railroad, who also unanimously surrendered their charter in the old order, and the Independent Order of Railroad Conductors was fairly launched. Calvin S. Wheaton, of Elmira, N. Y., was elected president of the grand division of the new association, and E. D. Nash, vice-president. The other officers will be elected to-morrow, and a constitution and by-laws, etc., be adopted.

At present the new order consists of but two divisions: Moses Taylor No. 2, which comprises at present about fifty-five conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad (they took the same name as in the old association) and New Haven division No. 1, comprising 101 conductors on the consolidated Housatonic system. Some of the members of the old Order of Railroad Conductors, ridicule the idea of the new association succeeding and speak very bitterly against the men who have started it.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Is Not an Attorney for the Louisiana Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, July 12.—The report that Grover Cleveland has been employed to look after the law end of the lottery question has nothing more to back it than the fact that Mr. Cleveland is the private attorney for Mr. John A. Morris, in New York, in matters not affecting the lottery interests. How the lottery question may be got into the United States supreme court on an appeal from the supreme court of the state is problematical. One plan is to mandamus the secretary of state to compel him to promulgate the proposed constitutional amendments. An appeal would be to the supreme court of the state and thence to the supreme court of the United States with a promise of litigation in terminals. The next state election takes place in April, 1892, and the proposed amendments must be promulgated in every parish in the state for three months preceding the election. The election would hardly be suspended pending appeals to higher courts.

WORTHLESS YOUTH.

A Handsome Fellow, With Rich Parents, Sent Up for Vagrancy.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—Handsome Herman Luckhardt, the nineteen-year-old son of C. A. Luckhardt, proprietor of the Nevada metallurgical works, was yesterday convicted on a charge of vagrancy on a complaint filed by his wealthy father. Young Luckhardt has nearly broken his mother's heart by his vicious conduct. In addition to associating with hoodlums, thieves and opium fiends, he has stolen over $30,000 worth of jewelry and plate from the family. He refuses to work, and to keep himself in pocket money the youth steals everything he can lay his hands on in the house and sells it.

DR. LOAG'S FUNERAL.

The Hour Changed—General Sympathy Manifested.

The preparations for the solemn rites attending the obsequies of the late Dr. G. W. Loag, clerk of Allen county, are about completed. The body was placed in a plain though very rich and costly casket to-day by Funeral Director Peltier, so that friends of the deceased may look upon the face of the dead to-morrow. The hour of the funeral has been changed, and will take place at 2 o'clock from the residence, southeast corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, and 2:30 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church, Rector A. W. Seabrease officiating. The Knights Templar, under whose auspices the obsequies will be conducted, will have ritualistic services at the church and the grave at Lindenwood. The pall-bearers, all sir knights, are republished, as follows: R. C. Bell, F. F. Boltz, C. M. Dawson, Willis Hattersley, S. B. Sweet, C. A. Zollinger.

Harmony lodge, I. O. O. F., the Mystic Shrine and Order of Elks, all of which orders the deceased was a member, will be represented, and will pay floral tribute and pass resolutions.

There will be no relatives of the deceased from abroad present at the funeral. A brother, James Loag, is an invalid at Chester, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Theodore Bell, cannot come alone. Another sister in Maryland has not been reached by telegraph.

In addition to the insurance policy of $5,000, mentioned yesterday, the deceased carried another policy of $3,000. These, with other interests, makes the estate worth about $30,000.

It was expected that the Knights Templar lodge of Indianapolis would attend the funeral, but owing to the bad connections of trains this will be impossible.

TWENTY KILLED.

By the Explosion of a Steamer on the Chicago River.

CHICAGO, July 12.—About 7:45 last night a terrific explosion startled and horrified residents, denizens and passers-by in the vicinity of the river docks, between Randolph and Madison streets. It was a terrible roar, a crash, an echo and a column of smoke shot 200 feet into the air, succeeded a second later by a whirl-wind of flame, which illuminated bridges, buildings, water and sparks in a fearful glare of lurid red.

The following is a list of the killed and injured so far as obtainable at an early hour this morning: Dead, identified, Osborne Polk, laborer, No. 269 West Lake street; Alex Smith, colored, No. 77 West Adams street; Jno. Braxton, No. 152 South Halstead street, colored; J. Williams, stevedore; missing probably dead, C. S. Lesalulie, Buffalo; Edward Fitzgibbon, master; John Neill; L. Alex, stevedore; H. Alexander, John Lewis, William Porter, S. Smith, J. Cecil, H. Thomas, J. Cherry, J. Jones. Fatally injured: Henry Witherspoon, J. Geo. Haigh, David McNeil, Thomas Emmet, John Burke, Robert Holliday, Waller Chaffee, Wm. McDougall.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. and Mrs. "Jack" Read are at Rome City.

Frank Voirel, sr., and wife are visiting at Peru, Ind., to-day.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the third degree to-night.

Miss Nellie Smith, of Pierceton, Ind., is visiting Miss Lanie Van Vleet, of 66 West Jefferson street.

Misses Grace and Daisy, daughters of W. H. Davis, the box manufacturer, are visiting at Bellevue, Ohio.

The young son of J. B. Williams, the real estate agent, was lost this morning and the police were notified. The lad was afterwards found.

Aug. Gump, of Huntertown, was a caller at this office to-day and renewed his subscription for the WEEKLY SENTINEL for the thirty-sixth time.

The friends of Miss May Griffith will be pleased to hear of her safe arrival in Victoria, B. C., after a pleasant journey over the Canadian Pacific railway.

Mrs. A. Geismar and children, of East Berry street, and Mrs. Ida Richardson, cashier of the D. N. Foster furniture store, left for Clear Lake to-day to rusticate.

John Frederickson is having a hearing before Justice France this afternoon on the charge of malicious trespass, for breaking in a door of the house belonging to Fred Bickness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Newman, Geneva, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newman, this city, left to-day for six weeks' camping at Cedar Beach.

Mrs. J. W. Lane entertained her husband's Sunday school class yesterday afternoon at her home, 57 Garden street. Foot ball, croquet, a substantial luncheon, with ice cream and cake, contributed to the pleasures of the afternoon.

HOOSIER CANDIDATES.

Entries Already Made for the Honors Before the Coming Democratic State Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12.—It is believed that all of the candidates who will come before the democratic state convention, set for August 28, have made themselves known at central committee headquarters. The list includes Captain Hilligas, of Muncie; Colonel John Lee, of Crawfordsville, and James B. Clark, of Bloomington, for secretary of state; J. O. Henderson, of Kokomo; James C. Lavelle, of Washington, and George S. Green, of Posey, for auditor, and Thos. B. Byrne, of Vanderburg; P. H. McCormack, of Bartholomew; Albert Gall, of Marion; Henry C. Berghoff, of Fort Wayne, and James, R. Slack, of Huntington, for treasurer of state, Hon. Green Smith, of Jennings, and J. McCabe, of Warren, are candidates for attorney general, and Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion; George S. Pleasants, of Switzerland; Daniel McDonald, of Marshall, Andrew M. Sweeney, of Jasper-Dubois; Nelson G. Hunter, of Wabash, and James Applewhite, of Jackson, are competitors for clerk of the supreme court. James A. Marlow, of Sullivan; B. F. Whisler, of Wayne; Harvey D. Vories, of Franklin, and E. E. Griffith, of Clinton, are running for superintendent of public instruction.

The state central committee is still in doubt how many offices are to be filled at the general election this fall, but under the decision of the supreme court nominations will have to be made for chief of the bureau of statistics and chief of the bureau of geology and natural science. Will A. Peelle, jr., who has been defendant in the suits brought by republican contestants, is a candidate for the first named, and Prof. S. S. Gorby, who has also borne a large share of the litigation, will seek the latter.

STANLEY IS BETEER

And Was Wedded To-Day to Miss Tennant.

LONDON, July 12—Mr. Stanley's condition is so much improved this morning, that it is definitely settled that he will start for Westminster abbey at 1 o'clock this afternoon, there to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant. Mr. Stanley has requested the abbey officials to so arrange that the ceremony may be as brief as possible, and that he may be allowed to retain his seat during the solemnization.

LATER.

LONDON, July 12.—Henry M. Stanley and Dorothy Tennant were married at Westminster abbey at 2 o'clock. Mr. Stanley walked up the aisle leaning heavily on a cane, and looked unwell. The abbey was densely crowded.

Hon. David Pugh, member for Carmentheshire, Wales, in the house of commons, is dead.

There is no change in the position of affairs among the postmen, and they are quietly engaged in the orderly discharge of their duties. In all 345 men have been dismissed as a consequence of their connection with the recent demonstrations. These men, Postmaster General Raikes declines to reinstate.

KILLED BY OUTLAWS.

A Detective Murdered by the Hatfields in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., July 12.—When the lifeless body of Dave Stratton, one of the famous McCoy gang of outlaws, was found near the railroad track at Brownstown several weeks ago, the public generally supposed that he had been run over by a train and killed. Some persons, however, suspected the Hatfield crowd of murdering him. Among these were J. W. Napier, a detective, better known as "Kentucky Bill," who, armed with warrants for the arrest of certain of the Hatfields, started out a few weeks ago with the declaration that he would not return without them. Since that time his friends have anxiously but vainly awaited tidings of him. Not a word has been received from him, but yesterday word came that his body, with a bullet hole in his heart, had been found near the home of the Hatfields. It was impossible last night to verify the report.

A BIG FIRE.

Extensive Salt Works Destroyed in New York.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y., July 12.—A fire, which is supposed to have started in the cooper shop, occurred in the Royal salt block last night. The entire works cover about two acres. The fire rapidly worked its way to the refining rooms and packing house, the bulk packing house, the grainer room, one of the derricks and a number of cars on a switch, beside the building, as well as a large tank on the south side holding 50,000 barrels of brine. By hard work the boiler room was saved, thus averting a disastrous explosion. The loss is estimated at $60,000, nearly covered by insurance. The buildings will be rebuilt. A large number of men and girls are thrown out of employment.

Twelve Hours.

ASHLEY, Pa., July 12.—Notices were posted up in the shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey notifying the men that in future they must work twelve hours a day.

THE COLORED VOTE!

A Mass Meeting of Colored Voters Called for July 23—Some Strong Talk.

A call will be issued to the colored voters of Allen county to meet in mass convention on July 22 to consider the worth of the colored vote. A prominent local leader of this element said to a SENTINEL reporter to-day:

"We are getting tired of the treatment we are receiving at the hands of the republican party. Why, right here at home we have had seven petitions in for even a most humble position in the postoffice, but do you suppose one of them was considered? No, sir. A colored man could not even get the position of cleaning spitoons in our custom house.

"The colored population of Allen county, you can rest assured, will vote hereafter as they see fit at elections."

A SENTINEL reporter met Rev. W. H. Brown and he talked as vigorously as his colored friend. The fact of it is, the colored people are casting their votes for the republican party and they give them nothing in return.

DISCOVERED PLUNDER.

The Mail Robbery in the Northern Pacific Proves to Be Larger Than Reported.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., July 12.—On the night of June 7th last, a Northern Pacific train was boarded near New Salem, N. D., by two masked men, who terrorized the train men and got away with several pouches of registered mail matter. One of the robbers was afterward captured by a sheriff's posse. On his person was found a gold ring and gold watch taken from the mail sacks and only about one hundred dollars in money. He was taken to jail at Dickinson and kept there for a few days, and for greater security, removed by the inspector to Fargo. The men had evidently divided their swag before stating so that in case of separation each would have his share.

Inspector Watkins knows by this time the amount they secured. The published estimate of $5,000 or $6,000 as the amount is but the rudest guess. It is believed that the robbers got away with nearer $50,000. The registered pouches were discovered, on the trail, to have been burned, and near by the spot a gun was found, abandoned as too cumbersome. Believing that part of the money at least had been concealed by the captured robber, or rather, thrown away, during his short flight after discovery, Inspector Watkins left this city, taking one assistant with him, and on Sunday morning last reached the spot on the bank of the stream where they captured their man. Recent rains had caused a heavy growth of grass and the wind had been sweeping over the place since June 10, but after a days search, over a space of about four acres, the shrewdness of the inspector was rewarded by finding in torn bits and ragged pieces, a large amount of currency. One wad contained a big bill—$1,000. There were found numerous $10 and $20 bills more or less mutilated in the prairie grass, knee heigh. The whole bundle had been dropped in one place, and, in the robbers haste, not securely hid. Coyottes or gaphers had torn and separated the money and the wind had scattered it. The amount recovered, the inspector will not disclose, but it runs into the thousands. The other robber is at large yet, and is the leader. He is known as a marvellously clever craksman, with a romantic career. He is daring, self possessed, has figured in criminal annals of the west, but never convicted, and has killed his man. The fellow in jail is also a murderer. He refuses to make any statement.

YOUTHFUL BURGLARS.

The Evil-Doers of Housebreaking Traced to Mere Boys.

This morning four youths, Amos Daran, Frank Tancey, Thomas King and George Carter were brought up in police court on the charge of burglary. Several houses have been broken into lately, and the strange part of it is that the depredations had been committed in broad day light. The last robbery reported was at the house of Will P. Cooper, on West Washington street, the work being done while the family were away from home. The residence, 117 West Washington street, was entered and several articles stolen, some of which have been recovered. Among the stolen goods was a pair of opera glasses valued at twenty-two dollars, and which the miscreants sold for one dollar. The glasses have been restored to the owner. The boys were not given a hearing before the mayor, but their case was set for 2 o'clock this afternoon before a justice of the peace. An attempt was made by the officers to capture Bernard Downey last night, but that notorious fellow escaped. Several shots were fired after him in his flight. There seems to be little doubt but that these boys are guilty of the crime, and prison walls stare them in the face.

Downey was afterward captured and it was decided by Prosecutor Robinson to give the whole gang a preliminary hearing Monday. The capture of these lawless fellows, especially Downey, who has been in the penitentiary, reflects credit on Sheriff Viberg and his deputies, Wilkinson and Black.

SHORT SERMONS

Will be Preached by the Pastors To-Morrow—Go and Hear Them.

Song service city department Y. M. C. A., Sunday 4 p. m., city time.

There will be preaching at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening by Mr. James Trythall.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.

Baptism precedes Pastor Northrop's morning sermon. Sermon in the evening to wage workers. Come and welcome.

Berry street M. E. church—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school 2:15 p. m.; young peoples' meeting at 7 o'clock.

Services in Second Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m. Subject: "Ancestral Religion." Praise services at 8 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30. Pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper.

Quarterly meeting at the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 by Rev. M. C. Cooper, the pastor, and in the evening Rev. A. E. Mabin will preach. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Plymouth Congregational church. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services conducted by the new pastor, Rev. James Stuart Ainslie. A most hearty welcome to all.

Services at the Colored Baptist church, on Harrison street, at W. C. T. U.—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by John Green. Subject for night: "Confidence in God." All are invited to attend.

Missionary service at First U. B. church to-morrow morning at 10:30 a. m. In the evening at 8 o'clock a course of lectures on the life of Christ will be commenced. All kindly invited to attend. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

All are cordially invited to the services at the Church of God. All seats free. Sabbath school at 9:15 and preaching at 10:20 a. m., also at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Our services are short. Ernest H. Shanke, pastor.

Rev. J. M. Driver, of Simpson M. E. church, will address the meeting for men only at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms at 3:30 standard time. Railroad men and all others are invited to attend this service and hear the earnest words of this talented pastor.

Objects of angelic curiosity, text: "Which Things the Angels Desire to Look Into," will be the Rev. John Merritte Driver's subject in the morning. Children will be christened and baptized. In the evening the theme will be "Barbers and Razors, Whom Shaved and how." The pastor's Bible class meets in the lecture room at 9:30 a. m. A service of song precedes the evening sermon.

MANY DEATHS.

The Death List for This Week is a Long One.

The following deaths have been reported by the undertakers for the week ending July 12th:

Margaret Selle, 37 years, complication of diseases.

John C. Steinhaeuser, 3 weeks, cholera infantum.

George Rose, 2 months, cholera infantum.

Louise Trosen, 7 weeks, spasms.

Rev. E. Sitzman, 60 years, old age.

Eleonora Dobler, 8 months, 27 days, cholera infantum.

Philip Dubois, 33 years, dropsy.

Charlotte Mommer, 2 years, 6 months, brain fever.

Anna Brown, 31 years, erysipelas.

Francis Wagner, 8 months, brain fever.

Ethel Carey, 26 days, marasmus.

Maggie, a foundling, 1 month, marasmus.

George W. Loag, 51 years, heart failure.

Chas. Bolman, 7 years, accident.

Samuel M. Link, 5 months, cholera infantum.

Maggie L. Boltz, 18 years, typhoid fever.

Elwood A. Harrison, 25 years, railroad accident.

Susan Lehr, 83 years, old age.

Anna Harrison, 22 years, consumption.

Wm. R. Hersh, 27 days, spasms.

Nettie G. Shroyer, 5 months, inflammation of bowels.

Ross H. Leikauf, 4 months, cholera infantum.

General Fisk's Funeral.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The funeral services of General Clinton B. Fisk were held yesterday afternoon in the Madison avenue M. E. church. Bishop Andrews led the services. The church was filled with the deceased general's friends, relatives and co-workers. The burial party left at 6 o'clock for Coldwater, Mich., where the remains will be interred in the family cemetery.

Lumber Destroyed.

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 12.—Fire destroyed 1,000,000 feet of lumber at the Ducey Lumber company's mill at North Muskegon, yesterday afternoon. Four small dwellings and the office were also burned. Loss, $20,000; partly insured.

Mrs. Mary Garvey, of 26 Douglas avenue, died this afternoon.

STUART SAYS!

The Wabash Road's Intentions are Good and Fort Wayne Will be a Leading Point of the Line.

Attorney W. V. Stuart, of Lafayette, the well-known attorney for the Wabash Railroad company, was in the city Thursday and Friday.

Last evening a SENTINEL reporter met him in the Wayne hotel lobby and was courteously received when he sought an interview.

"You've had an important errand here, I understand," said the reporter.

"Yes, and no; I came to Fort Wayne only to make an arrangement with the Fort Wayne Electric company so that they may proceed with their proposed building. The company has leased of the Wabash corporation suitable ground and they have done it at a nominal price and on satisfactory terms to both sides."

"What do you think of the dispute that has risen over the legal right to the property now claimed by your company?"

"I think that the Wabash company owns it and will assert its legal right. Of course the land belongs to the Wabash."

"But will you ever make use of so much land in Fort Wayne, if it legally belongs to the company?"

"The Wabash company," Mr. Stuart earnestly said, "has been of great benefit to Fort Wayne and nobody ought to deny that, from a reasonable standpoint. The Fort Wayne shops alone to-day employ about one hundred and fifty men, not a very large force certainly, but some day this city will be the main mechanical point of the great Wabash system. It has been employing on the average more men than any of the shops along the line."

"And so you really think that Fort Wayne is a desirable point in the estimation of the officers of the road?" was the final question asked by the reporter.

"I do; furthermore I say that this very ground over which there has arisen a dispute, will be considerably covered, at a not far distant day, with additional shops and sidings. An animus has been created against the right of title simply through the personal feeling, if not malice, of a few. The Wabash will do as well by Fort Wayne as it is fair and justifiable to do. Good bye," and the pleasant attorney turned briskly to catch an omnibus which stood in front of the hotel, to whirl him to his train.

PRIDE FOR SCOTLAND.

Causes Hon. J. B. White to Correct Our Compiler of Historical Events.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., July 11.

EDITOR SENTINEL:

Your compilations of notable events and happenings of "This Day in the Past" are very instructive, and a fund of information which is undoubtedly appreciated by your readers, but there is one error your compiler has thoughtlessly fallen into, as it is quite fashionable these later days—and quite English, you know,—that is of historically quoting England as a nation in his citation. This would be proper enough up to the year 1707, just as it would be of Scotland up to that period, but since that period Scotland and England both lost their identity as nations of the world, and were merged into and united forever under the title and name of Great Britain, so that when you write of "the English bombarding Alexandria in 1882" and "the English army being ordered from Malta to Egypt in 1889," it is a gross blunder, for there is no English navy nor English army—nor has there been since the union of Scotland and England in 1707. A writer could with as much propriety, and with just as much accuracy, write at this present day of the Scottish army, or the Scottish navy, There is neither. The whole thing is British and should be so written.

Respectfully Yours,
J. B. WHITE.

Resolutions of Respect.

FORT WAYNE LODGE, No. 155, B. P. O. E.
July 11, 1890.

WHEREAS, The Grand Exalted Ruler above, in His all-wise providence, has called by death from our membership our worthy brother, George W. Loag, who departed this life July 10, 1890, aged fifty-one years, after a very short illness.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Loag our lodge has lost an honored and respected member, and, while we bow in submission to the will of our all-wise Father above, we cannot but regret the absence of the well-known face of our late brother from our midst.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathies are tendered his bereaved wife and family in this, their hour of great sorrow.

Resolved, That the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in token of respect of our departed brother's memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of our deceased brother under the seal of this lodge, and that they be spread upon the records of this lodge in full, also that a copy be sent to the daily papers for publication.

G. S. HOWARD,
J. J. WILLIAMS,
A. MCPHERSON.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Wheat: July, 88½; Aug. 88½; Sept., 89@89½. Corn: August, 35@35½; Sept., 37½. Oats: July, 29; Aug., 28; Sept., 28. Pork: July, $12.00; Aug. $11.25; Sept. $11.00. Lard: July, $5.80; Aug., $5 85@87½; Sept., $6.00. Ribs: July, $5.22½; Aug. $5.72½; Sept. $5.22½@25.

DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White Scales. Suffering Fearful. Cured by Cuticura.



My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and all over covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eye sight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scales fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two bottles Cuticura Resolvent I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and one box of Cuticura, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, I was cured of the dreadful disease, from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the Cuticura Remedies cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the Remedies. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier internally, (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements) and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked, bleeding, burning, and itching almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, suffering terrible. What other remedies have made such cures?

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.



IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25c.

GUARDIAN SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned guardian of David Krumlauf and James Krumlauf, minor heirs of Mary Krumlauf deceased, by virtue of an order of the Allen circuit court, will on the 15th day of July, 1890, at the office of M. V. B. Spencer, 33 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and each day thereafter until sold, offer at private sale the following described property to-wit:

The north half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to Fort Wayne and the south half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, according to the recorded plat thereof, upon the following terms to wit:

One third cash; one third in one year and one third in two years, the deferred payments being evidenced by notes bearing six per cent. interest and secured by mortgage on the property sold.

WILLIAM GAFFNEY, Guardian.
M. V. B. Spencer, attorney for guardian.
30-1 2 10-11-12-15

HENRY HOP LEE'S CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

THE FAIR
41-43 E. MAIN ST.

The Only,

The Largest,

The Cheapest

Bargain House

In the State.

New Goods Received Every day.

THE FAIR,

41 and 43 East Main St.

Wholesale and Retail.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. S. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, SS:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, J. S. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who being sworn saith that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending Saturday, July 5, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, June 30	2,866
Tuesday, July 1	2,846
Wednesday, July 2	2,873
Thursday, July 3	2,880
Friday, July 4	
Saturday, July 5	2,744
Total for the week	14,207
Average for the week	2,841

(Signed.) JOS. F. ERVIN.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of July, 1890. GEO. W. LOAG, Clerk.

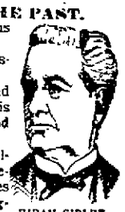
For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL, we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C. Kail 84 Calhoun street.
E. C. Grady, 254 Calhoun street.
W. W. Fox, 225 West Main street.
Wefel's Drug Store, cor. Hanna and Lasalle sts.
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

State Senator—J. D. Morgan.
Representatives—John Biegler, S. M. Hench.
Joint Representative—W. S. Oppenheim.
Superior Court Judge—C. M. Dawson.
Prosecuting Attorney—P. B. Colerick.
Clerk—D. W. Souder.
Auditor—A. F. Glutting.
Recorder—George W. Fickel.
Treasurer—Edward Beckman.
Sheriff George H. Viberg.
Coroner—A. J. Kesler.
Surveyor—Henry E. Fischer.
Commissioners—H. F. Bullerman, J. H. Stellhorn.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.



HIRAM SIBLEY.

100 B. C.—Birth of Caius Julius Cæsar; died 44 B. C.
1536—Death of Disederius Erasmus, scholar, aged 69.
1543—Henry VIII of England married Catherine Parr, his sixth queen; she survived him.
1690—Battle of the Boyne. William, Prince of Orange, defeats his father-in-law, James II of England. Hence originated the society of Orangemen. The conquered Jacobites (from Jacobus, Latin word for James) fled to France and organized the Irish brigade. In "old style" this date is July 1.
1704—Death of Titus Oates, famous as inventor of a plot against the Roman Catholics in England, a number of whom were executed, including Lord Stafford.
1777—Burgoyne captured Crown Point.
1808—Bonaparte having captured Madrid, his brother Joseph entered the city as king of Spain. The Spanish throne restored to Ferdinand in 1814.
1831—Leopold of Saxe-Coburg became first king of the Belgians.
1833—Death of Robert Stevenson, distinguished engineer of lighthouses, aged 78.
1859—The pope appealed to Europe against the king of Sardinia.
1859—The emperors of France and Austria met at Villafranca and arranged terms of peace.
1861—Confederates defeated in Beverly, W. Va.
1861—King Kalakau, of the Sandwich Islands, received by Queen Victoria at Windsor.
1864—Confederates appeared in front of Washington and created a great scare.
1871—Great Orange riot in New York; 62 killed.
1877—Gen. O. O. Howard pursues Chief Joseph's band of refractory Indians in Idaho, punishing them severely. They had massacred a number of people.
1880—Death in England of Tom Taylor, dramatist, aged 63.
1888—Death in Rochester, N. Y., of Hiram Sibley, father of the Western Union Telegraph company; aged 81.

THE Porter county democracy have nominated Clement J. Kern, for representative.

THERE is a voting precinct in Georgia forty miles wide by fifty long, containing 100,000 of population.

THE corner stone of the new Christian church at Waveland was dedicated yesterday under Masonic auspices.

PROFESSOR W. H. HARPER, of Yale college, will probably be the president of the new university of Chicago.

MRS. REBECCA WHITE, one of the first settlers of Cass county, died this week. She came to Indiana in 1829.

P. T. BARNUM'S fortune is estimated at $11,000,000, every cent of which he accumulated since he reached his fortieth birthday.

MRS. WINDOM, wife of the secretary of the treasury, is the possessor of a sofa which came from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD claims that by his elixir of life he has cured cases of intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

HON. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, representative of Ohio, was last night elected secretary by the board of directors of the World's Columbian exposition.

MRS. GARFIELD lately sold a farm near Prestonburg, Ky., to speculators for $7,000, which General Garfield bought during the early days of the war for less than $700.

WILLIAM BOYLE, an Allen county convict, in the prison north, has gone violently insane, due to excessive grief. In his wildest delirium he continues to reiterate his innocence of the crime of which he stands charged.

AT last victory has perched upon the banners of our base ball club. They played a nine at Payne, O., yesterday and beat them. Whoop la! We won't lose confidence in our boys yet. They can be relied upon to beat their opponents hereafter every time, when that club is a poor one.

CHARLEY HAAS, of the Wabash Plain Dealer, is making a trip of the west and in a letter to his paper has the following. "George M. Payne is doing well as city editor of the Kansas City Evening Star, a paper by the way which is said to be netting its proprietor, W. R. Nelson, formerly of Fort Wayne over $30,000 per year."

THE David of tariff reform, who is to slay the Goliah of high protection in congress, has been named. At Orrville, Ohio, yesterday, after two days and one night of balloting, ex-Lieut. Gov. John G. Warwick, of Massillon, Ohio, was nominated for congress by the democrats of the Sixteenth district. Mr. Warwick, who will be the opponent of Congressman McKinley, is a business man, engaged for many years in extensive milling interest and owner of coal mines. His first and only political office was lieutenant governor of Ohio. Since the last election this district has been changed and is democratic by about 2,500 majority. It is expected that all the big monopolists in the east benefited by the McKinley tariff bill will pour money into the district to help re-elect McKinley.

REPORTS made to the state superintendent from the various counties show that the additions to the common school fund during the past year have amounted to $82,123 49. Of this $32,526 72 came from fines, forfeitures, etc., in the offices of county clerks; $35,681.44 from justices of the peace, and $14,455.88 from other sources. Besides this there is a small increase in the congressional fund also. In the last four years the school fund has increased in the ways mentioned not less than $350,000.

THE proof reader is compelled to shoulder a multitude of sins that others should often share with him. The Logansport Pharos says: "A ludicrous mistake appeared in the Pharos of last evening. The error passed the proof reader and was not discovered until a number of papers had been printed. The intention was to say that Mr. M. S. Cunningham was engaged in packing up his stock of drugs, preparatory to removing them to Hartford City. The types made us say that Mr. C. would remove his stock of 'dogs' to Hartford City."

THE county commissioners will meet Monday to appoint a county clerk to fill the late Dr. Loag's unexpired term, which will be about four months. The names mentioned in connection with the appointment are Jacob J. Kern, the present chief deputy in the office, and Daniel W. Souder, the nominee of the democratic party for county clerk. Both gentlemen were in the clerk's office for a number of years as deputies and are thoroughly familiar with the duties which they would be called upon to perform. The clerk's office would be well managed in the hands of either gentleman.

OUR Y. M. C. A.

In speaking of the Y. M. C. A. work at different points in Indiana, the Young Men's Era, published a Chicago, has the following concerning the association in this city:

Secretaries Esmond and Bower, of the Fort Wayne association, railroad and city departments respectfully, are pushing on different lines so far as circumstances admit. The report of the railroad department for the past quarter shows that the rooms are well patronized, and it will be found upon comparison with other reports in the year book that the department is doing a large work in proportion to the annual expenses required.

In the spiritual work of the city department there is some improvement. A Sunday morning consecration meeting has recently been organized. Mr. E. F. Gage, physical director, leaves Fort Wayne this month to pursue studies in the east. Efforts are being made to complete the financial canvass for the year, and arrangements are being made for two lecture courses during the winter.

STATE NEWS.

The Monticello Herald is twenty-nine years old.

The Salvation army at Crawfordsville has disbanded.

Kendallville has 2,970 population and Ligonier 2,200.

Delphi is making another effort to find natural gas.

Columbus, under the census, has but 6,500 population.

A drought is making itself felt in Madison county.

Washington is moving in the construction of a city hall.

Thirty young men are organizing a military company at Washington.

Mrs. Caroline Stork, aged seventy-two, of Michigan City, committed suicide yesterday, by swallowing rat poison.

The Doris Slate and Wire Fence factory at Xenia, was destroyed by fire yesterday, due to incendiarism. Loss, $3,000.

Professor William Fix, for sixteen years an instructor in the Hartsville college, died yesterday in Iowa, while visiting his son.

Mrs. Rebecca Droke, of Idaville, aged eighty-six, while attending to household matters, was stricken with paralysis, and died.

Oliver Cassell, aged eighty-eight, a familiar figure in New Albany, where nearly all his long and useful life was passed, died yesterday.

Philip Tisher, of Laporte, has an Easter egg which his wife brought from Germany fifty-four years ago. It is still in a good state of preservation.

Greencastle capitalists will make one more effort in the search for natural gas and the drilling will continue until a depth of 3,000 feet is reached.

Rev. A. B. Mackin, pastor of the English Lutheran church, of Logansport, received internal injuries and his left leg was broken, by a fall from his bicycle.

SCHEMING VERY HARD.

Republicans in Indiana Planning to Fool the Farmers in the Contest This Fall.

[Chicago Times.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 11.—Indiana republicans and Attorney General Michener, who is now the chairman of the state central committee, have been quite at sea to know just what to do in the canvass that is rapidly approaching. At first it was thought advisable to hold the state convention early in August, about two weeks before the democrats held theirs, which has been booked for August 28. Then Michener changed his mind and concluded to go to Washington and consult with Dudley and the other Indiana republicans now located there. Several conferences were held, and now it is understood that the republican state convention will not be held until some time in September. The policy is to allow the democrats to meet first, make the nominations, and adopt their platform. By this time perhaps the Farmers' alliance will not be so apparently reserved and backward, and some kind of a combination, either open or secret, will be made.

As matters stand now a heavy defeat awaits the republican party in Indiana this fall. Michener & Co's only hope is that the democrats may make a false step at their convention, or in case this fails then there may be something to be hoped for from the managers of the Farmers' alliance. If no combination can be safely made then, then the next best thing to be done is to persuade the alliance to put a straight state ticket in the field, and, as the organization is remarkably strong and numerous in the democratic sections, it is hoped that such a ticket will poll enough votes to defeat the democratic state ticket, ruin itself, and save not only the republican ticket but also Senator Voorhees' seat in the United States senate to the republican party. This is quite a dazzling scheme, and it is supposed to be the result of the recent conferences between Chairman Michener, Col. Dudley and others of the Washington contingent.

Michener's agents keep busy in the democratic counties manipulating the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance, but every now and then they get a backset and a very black eye. Their last dismal failure occurred this week in Wells county. It is a strong democratic county and the republican bosses of the section had fixed it to give the alliance the entire county ticket if the alliance would support the republican nominee for senator and also the republican member of the legislature. This was done to kill off two votes ordinarly dead sure for Mr. Voorhees to succeed himself in the United States senate. The convention was very orderly and apparently harmonious until the democratic members of the alliance discovered the trap that was laid for them, when they arose as one man declaring that it was nothing but a republican trick to get another seat in the United States senate and left the convention. They afterward resolved to have nothing more to do with the alliance if it was to be made a mere political machine run in the interests of the republican party.

A similar experience occurred in Johnson county Wednesday. Every effort was made to pass a resolution to put an alliance ticket in the field, but after a long and bitter debate the resolution was defeated. Again at the same session the same attempt was made in a modified form. It was again defeated, but another attempt will be made at a special meeting announced to be held next month. Johnson county is democratic and there is a chance to defeat another Voorhees legislator.

Professor Stegmeir, of Illinois, was elected superintendent of the schools of Corydon, to succeed Professor Haggert, who has been teaching there for three years. The people have remonstrated against the act of the board, and a paper is in circulation asking the trustees to revoke the election of Professor Stegmeir and retain Professor Haggert.

John McClure, one of the most noted criminals in the state, died in Jeffersonville prison Tuesday. His disease was consumption. He was sentenced from Knox county in 1887, his offense being criminal assault on a girl.

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar."
Merit: "Peculiar to Itself."
Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Two brothers who parted in Baltimore forty-seven years ago had an affecting meeting in the same city last Sunday.

All medical authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

The Women's Exchanges in this country have paid out $1,000,000 as remuneration to women in twelve years.

She Was Completely Cured.

A daughter of my customer suffered from suppressed menstruation, and her health was completely wrecked. At my suggestion she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, which cured her. J. W. HELLUMS, White Valley, Miss.

Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. Abner Baker, of Jefferson, many years ago officiated at the marriage of a young couple, and last week he conducted services at the funeral of their great grandson.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HE WAS BEWITCHED

When He Committed the Murder, but He Hung for It Nevertheless.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 12.—Armsted Jones, colored, was hanged at Orangeburg yesterday. He was one of the youngest persons ever hanged in this state, his age being between sixteen and seventeen years. His crime was the murder of his stepmother. He and a younger brother quarrelled with the the stepmother one day last February, and the boys agreed to kill her. Armsted shot her in a most brutal manner. Both brothers were sentenced to death, but the sentence of the younger was commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Armsted made a brief address, in which he expressed sorrow for his crime and reiterated his previous declaration that he was bewitched when he committed the murder. He displayed great coolness on the scaffold and died without a struggle.

Columbia City Races.

The races at Columbia Ciy yesterday were largely attended and resulted as follows:

Free-for-all—Litt, George R. Beardsley, driver, Dr. Bash, owner, Warsaw, 1, 1, 1; Cottonette, Ray Warner, Coldwater, 4, 2, 2; Charlie H., Jay Cook, Montpelier, 2, 6, 3, 3, 4; Mamie K., 6, 4, 5, 3; Stuart Mac, 5, 5, 4, 4; Defiance, 3, 3, 0; William A., 2, 6, 3, 4. Time, 2:31; 2:29½; 2:30.

Two-forty trot—Little Daisy, Pearse & Loag, Fort Wayne, 1, 4, 1, 1; At-a-Lanta, Dr. Matthews, New Paris, 2, 1, 2, 2; Dexter King, J. M. Biler, Warsaw, 2, 3, 3; Sentinel Chief, J. G. Higgins, Rockdale, 4, 2, 3, 3. Time, 2:39½; 2:35; 2:35½; 2:35.

Two-year-old trot—Maggie Wilkes, 1, 1; S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, 1, 1; Rosa R., A. J. Russell, Butler, 2, 2; Sam Brahn, Brahn Bros., Columbia City, 3, 3. Time, 3:08; 3:00.

The exhibition trot of Fleeta Wilkerwood, S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, one mile, was made in 2:48.

KEEPING HOUSE WITH COCKROACHES.

Beetles, water bugs, &c., is not pleasant. The most effective permanent remedy is—for two or three nights to sprinkle ROUGH ON RATS dry powder unmixed, in, about and down the sink and drain pipe; scatter it well but thinly over the sink. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret of this is in the fact that wherever the bugs or insects may be during the day, they must go to the sink for water during the night. They can't stand ROUGH ON RATS in their water. This is the quickest, most effective and satisfactory remedy. ROUGH ON RATS being a poison, it should be used in this way only at night and washed away early in the morning. Another way is to mix a tablespoonful of ROUGH ON RATS with a half pound of brown sugar. Sprinkle it on rear of cupboard shelves or on plates, or on sheets of paper placed high out of reach of children. Cut this out for directions.

Poundkeeper Finn, of New York, estimates that city's dog population at 25,000 or 30,000.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

EXCURSION TO WARSAW.

Low Rate via the Pennsylvania Lines for Spring Fountain Park Assembly.

Round trip excursion tickets, including admission coupon to Spring Fountain Park Assembly's annual session, will be sold to Warsaw via the Pennsylvania lines July 15th to 28th, good returning July 31st, at $1.45 from Fort Wayne. july12-17-21

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st. codtf

Excursions to Mackinaw Island, $13 Round Trip.

The Wabash line is selling round trip tourist tickets to Mackinaw Island, going via Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation company's magnificent boats, at the extremely low rate as noted above. Take this route and avoid the dust and cinders incident to all rail travel. For descriptive matter call at Wabash ticket office. 3-1m

Proprietor—Why didn't you dust this counter? Janitor—Why, I thought it was dusty enough.

No Land on which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing west and fertile south where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave rank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

ASSETS. $105,668,600. SURPLUS. $15,600,000.

ÆTNA LIFE INS. CO.,

Office Room 18 Schmitz Block.

IRA L. BARKLEY, GENERAL AGENT,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CASTORIA

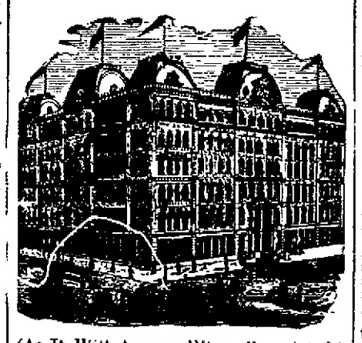
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

STANDARD MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.



(As It Will Appear When Completed.)

Incorporated Capital, $100,000.

For the Successful Treatment by the NEW METHOD of all Diseases of the

LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, LUNGS, HEART, NERVOUS SYSTEM, EYE AND EAR, TUMORS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c., &c., &c.

Call on, or Address,

DR. W. J. CARTER,

GEN. MANAGER,

210 Calhoun Street.

SUMMER RESORTS

CLEAR LAKE, IND.

Fifty-four miles north on Lake Shore Road; 15 minutes drive from railway station; hotel carriages meet every train.

Hotels Remodeled and Refurnished

And under new management, at very reasonable rates.

Clear Lake Offers the Finest,

Safest and Healthiest

Bathing Beach of Any

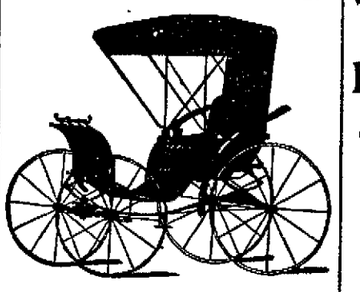
Lake in the State.

Good Fishing and Boating. Absolutely no malaria. Beautiful cottage sites. Clear Lake will soon be the popular resort for Fort Wayne. Address or inquire of

S. A. BISWELL,
Clear Lake, via. Ray, Ind.,

Or Gross & Pellens and C. B. Woodworth, druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. 12eodim

COLUMBUS BUGGIES.



JOS. W. BELL, 13 E. COLUMBIA ST.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photoes and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

6eod L. JUNK, No. 181 Calhoun St.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE

DR. HAINES GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and ere he is aware, his complete reformation is effected. 48 page book of particulars free.

MEYER BROS. & Co. Druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. jun26-eod1yr



Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your Druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 . . . Fort Wayne, Ind

Arrival and Departure of Trains From Pennsylvania Static

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express	1 10 p m	1 30 p m
No. 8, d, Fast Line	7 45 p m	7 55 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited	8 58 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 00 a m	5 15 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom	10 20 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom	9 10 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	†1 55 a m	.....
GOING WEST:	**ARRIVE.**	**DEPART.**
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	1 25 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 25 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 35 a m	11 55 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex	5 00 p m	5 05 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	7 20 a m

d Daily, †Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD.
MAY 11, 1890.

GOING WEST.	Depar
Pacific Express, daily	1 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	3 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.
GOING EAST.	**Depart**
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 30
Limited Express, daily	5 38 p m
Lafayette accom. arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 35 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 15 p m
7 00 p m	5 05 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars, dining car and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD, May 18, 1890.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	5:00 a. m.	10:25 a. m.	6:40 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	11:20 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	——	5:30 p. m.	——
Louisville....ar	——	7:00 p. m.	——
RETURNING:	**Daily.**	**Ex-S'dy.**	**Daily.**
Louisville....lv	——	7:30 a. m.	——
Cincinnati....lv	——	7:50 a. m.	——
Indianapolis..lv	7:00 a. m.	11:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m
Fort Wayne..ar	11:35 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:40 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Ft. Wayne, in Effect June 22, '90.

GOING NORTH.

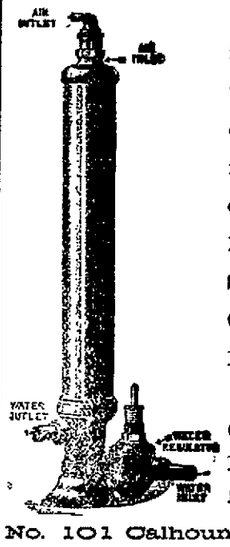
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 2 25 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
From Portland	" 7 35 a m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 12 15 p m
" " "	" 12 10 a m
To Portland	" 6 30 p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 10 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

James Madden's

Perfect Hydraulic

BEER PUMPS!



It is Simple in construction, neat in design and noiseless in operation.

Beer Pumps, Supplies, Bar Cocks, Tubes, Bungs, etc.

Plumbing, Gas, Steam & Hot Water Heating.

No. 101 Calhoun Street.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted; and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL - PLUMBING! Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.

48 W. Main St.---Telephone 261.

THE LADIES' CORNER.

MEN ARE NOT EXPECTED TO READ THIS COLUMN.

Always Kept In the House—Feminine Cleverness—A Woman's Idea of War—How Ida Lewis Lives In Lime Rock Light.

The story of a singular woman, who has just died in Hungary, is told by the *Pall Mall Gazette*. The frautein was the daughter of well-to-do parents. Thirty years ago she was a pretty girl and was about to be married. Her lover one day, "to test her obedience and love," desired her on a certain feast day not to go into the streets. She promised she would not, but did not keep her promise and went into the town. The next day her lover came to see her, and straightway released her from her engagement, saying that a lady who could not make so small a sacrifice was not suitable to be his wife. Miss Linn, by way of "castigation and exercise devout," thereupon made a vow that never again during her life-time would she leave her house. And she kept her word.

Feminine Cleverness.

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, councilor, and friend.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Brush Your Hair, Girls.

Brush and brush your hair, if you want to get that lovely gloss that society girls are so eager for. Give your hair 200 strokes every night before jumping into bed.

Don't be afraid of brushing it too much. The more you brush the more gloss you get. If your eyebrows are thin brush those too, with a tiny brush, and if they don't curve to suit you, get a tiny comb and train them in whichever direction you wish them to go. Brushing keeps them in good shape, and it is so much easier to brush than to trim them. Besides, if you do not understand how to trim them properly, you are apt to look funny until they grow out again.

If you wish to keep away wrinkles, sleep on your back. I know you will have bad dreams if you do so, but I had rather put up with the dreams than the wrinkles.

Hadn't you?

Sleeping on your side causes wrinkles under the eye.

Be sure to both wash and wipe your face toward your nose, for the nose never wrinkles. By wiping toward it you will prevent those little wrinkles near the ear which are so plainly seen.

When you smile, do it with the eyes and mouth, and not with the face.

Laughing makes wrinkles, but keep on laughing, only don't do it with the face.

I have just taken four moles from my face, and it is very badly done. You can do it yourself, only be careful, for it burns, burns.

Get 5-cents' worth of muriatic acid and, three times a day, touch the mole with a toothpick dipped in to the acid. It will come off in about a week, leaving a red spot on the face. Leave that spot alone and it will heal by itself.

They say "moles are a sign of beauty," but I prefer the beauty without the moles.—*Boston Globe.*

A Woman's Idea of War.

A writer in the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, telling how little love for bloodshed and slaughter there was in the breast of the average soldier, during our late war, says:

"Singularly enough, fair woman, generous, tender-hearted woman, is the last to forget and forgive. She was more bloody-minded than her brother, rejoiced more disaster to the enemy, and wept more bitterly when defeat came to her friends. Possibly, if she had been on the field, gun in hand, she would not have been so unrelenting nor so anxious for the fray.

"During the series of artillery duels that took place between the confederates posted on Kenesaw Mountain and the Yankees in the woods below, a delegation of ladies came up from Atlanta to visit the army. Among the rest was a dashing daughter of the South from Macon who was very anxious to see the Yankees run. When the party reached the battery on the Little Kenesaw the guns on both sides were quiet. At the foot of the mountain lay the Yankee army, more resembling a camp of militia than an army with banners.

"Captain, we came up here to see you all make the Yankees run," said the belle from Macon.

"But these are not the running kind," replied the Captain, who knew whereof he spoke.

"Why don't you shoot down there and scare them, for I am sure they are such cowards that they will run at the first shot?" she asked.

"We don't care to stir them up," he replied, pleasantly.

Then the Macon belle stamped her little feet and railed so hotly at the Captain and his men that they consented to drop a shot or two for her satisfaction.

Capt. Gardner of the Fifth Wisconsin artillery, whose guns were trained on the battery above, saw the muzzles of the guns coming through the port-holes, followed an instant later by three puffs of white smoke, and the men in camp could see the waving of white handkerchiefs, as if bidding godspeed to the deadly missiles through the air.

No sooner had the white puff appeared than six shots rang out in rapid succession from Gardner's guns, and the clouds of dust and fleeing people showed that they had gone where they could do the most good. There was no more waving of handkerchiefs, nor fluttering skirts, nor flashing field-glasses, but all was quiet on Little Kenesaw.

That night two prisoners were captured by our pickets and they told the sequel.

The Macon belle lost a leg, the Captain was killed, two ladies seriously wounded, one gun disabled, and several soldiers injured by the first volley from Gardner's guns. As the party fled toward Marietta they were followed by shot and shell almost to the edge of the town.

Such was woman's idea of war.

Ida Lewis at Home.

Running from the mainland of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of its harbor, is a log, staunchly built wharf, says Ellen Le Grade, in *The Ladies' Home Journal*. Were you to find your way to its end, you would ere long see from the light-house beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with agile step, she runs down the narrow ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly into a boat, unties it from its mooring, takes the heavy oars, and, with a beauty of stroke all her own pulls with a long and strong pull that sends her flying toward the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is erect as that of a young girl, and her powerful strength manifest in the great strides the row-boat makes, and yet, when she deftly turns it around and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left but a few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to Lime Rock as her guest. You have cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

Life on a light-house, situated as is Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome thing generally imagined. With a six-roomed house there are cares that fill the day, and, like any other "gude wife," Miss Lewis has her pots, kettles, and pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various etceteras to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on shore whenever her brother is at home.

As the only woman light-house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be—Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly at sundown she must light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched, and Miss Lewis likens this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick might flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred-and-one accidents happen that are ever taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch cat-naps; hence the nearness of her sleeping-room to the light. At sunrise the law requires her lamp, like the foolish virgins', to have gone out, and from this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her light or lenses would bring a report from the first seaman who suffered by it. Lives hang on her vigilance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfectly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, noting just the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a second of a lighting and putting out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed, the yearly salary being $750, and two tons of coal.

General Grant.

General Grant, as is well known, was very fond of horses, and from the time that he was a cadet at West Point was frequently called upon to conquer unruly and viscious animals. He took a keen pleasure, too, in driving fast, spirited horses. But he could never be induced to go to a race nor to bet on a horse.

He had certain little superstitions which he allowed to influence his conduct. One of these was his belief that to turn back when he had once set out to go to a certain place would ensue defeat to his object. This superstition probably underlay his dogged persistence in "holding on" during the war; indeed, it would be a useful weakness in any one, whether soldier or school-boy.

He once told his friend that when he was a young lieutenant on the frontier he had seen how unjustly the Indians were treated by the white settlers and resolved if he ever had any authority, to help them. Out of this determination grew the Indian Commission which he appointed when President, choosing the men who he believed would be most just and fearless in dealing with this national difficulty.

A marked trait in his character was his modesty and purity. The writer of the "Recollections" states that during a long and intimate acquaintance with him he never heard Grant make an indelicate allusion or utter a word which could not be repeated to a woman.

His last appearance in public was at Ocean Grove, a large seaside camp-ground near Long Branch, where he owned a cottage. During his last illness a friend induced him to go down to the camp-meeting. More than ten thousand people were assembled on the beach when the well-known figure suddenly appeared, leaning on crutches on the edge of the crowd.

With one impulse the great multitude rose and burst into a cheer which drowned the thunder of the sea. Grant hesitated, removed his hat, tried to speak a few words but broke down, bowed to them, and then, with the tears running down his cheeks, turned away and "was seen no more."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Hero's Deed.

At a fire at Blutlingen, in Altmark, recently, it was discovered that a lady was in the burning house. Suddenly from the crowd came a voice: "A hundred marks to him who brings out Frau Werner!" Hereupon one Stegmann, a married man and the father of a family, quickly elbowed his way through the throng, and, saying as he did so, "Who thinks of thalers when a life's at steak?" rushed into the burning pile. The crowd awaited his return with breathless anxiety, and at length the half-suffocated man was seen on the threshold, bearing in his arms the insensible form of Frau Werner. Scarcely had he reached the street and delivered his burden into the custody of her friends than the walls fell in. The hundred marks were instantly forthcoming, but the brave fellow emphatically refused a pfennig, saying he had only done an act of common charity.—*Galignani Messenger.*

SHORT SUNDAY SERMONS

PREACHED THROUGH THE VARIOUS CLEVER PENS.

Indolence—Let It Dry—"A Little Fun"—Some of the Results of Pride—Some Good Sabbath Reading.

Indolence, according to Bishop Huntington, is the worst enemy the Church has to encounter. Men sleep around her altar. Life has no significance, eternity no awfulness, enjoyment no obligations, bereavement no solemnity, suffering no prophetic suggestions of an hereafter, holiness no enrapturing beauty, but men stretch at ease and sleep among the most stirring revelations of Providence. Where the Church lives and holds the truth, not as the mortuary of a buried benefactor, but as a present inspiration, it will never suffer its members to sit idly with folded hands, looking lazily on white fields of harvest, but will send them forth to work with an impulse no disappointment can palsy, no misgivings keep back.

Let It Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by everyone, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he. One bit of wisdom which he gave to a young friend is well worth noting.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace: An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till you and he are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

Some of the Results of Pride.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." James 4: 5.

A proud look is an abomination unto the Lord. Knowing these things brethren, let us cleanse ourselves from every thing pertaining to the flesh that indicates pride. It is one of the worst evils or enemies of our soul. It is the cause of more bankrupt sales, paupers, fallen women, and degraded, discouraged men, tired cross mothers, and ruined children, than any other sin on God's footstool. It carries otherwise intelligent women into heathenish practices, such as mutilating the ears, deforming the body (God's holy temple) by squeezing the waist, humping the back and crippling the feet, so that instead of an easy modest bearing, our women have a pinched, uncomfortable, immodest, and care-worn look; instead of the fresh easy even disposition that God intends women should have, clothed with a meek, quiet spirit." Can such patterns go to a foreign land and teach the ignorant of Jesus whom they should represent in practice as well as precept? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." A proud heart is always indexed on the outside. May God write the truth on the hearts of those who read these few thoughts. Pure religion keeps us unspotted from the world.

"A Little Fun."

Mr. B——, the owner of large manufactories in a Pennsylvania town, was lately showing a visitor over the Works, and came at last to a building containing a gymnasium, reading-rooms, baths, and a comfortable, large apartment well-lighted and warmed and fitted up with different games, for the use of the workingmen.

"How did you come to build this house?" asked the visitor. "It was not here five years ago."

"No," was the reply. "It all grew out of a 'spree' of one of the furnace-men. He was an honest, well-meaning fellow whose only work was to shovel coal—hot, heavy work enough.

"One day Jem was missing. The next he was arrested in a drunken fight and was was sent to jail. When he came out I sent for him. 'How did this happen?' I said. 'I dunno, sir,' he answered, 'I'm not a drinking man. But I got wake, an' tired of the coal. I wanted a little fun. The room where I bunked was as hot as the furnace—so—I went on a spree. I was moighty tired of the coal, sir, year in an' year out.'

"I sent Jem back to the coal and then put a few questions to myself.

"When I 'got wake an' tired' of the routine of work, I did not have to go to a stifling bunk to sleep, or to whiskey for relief. I went to a dinner-party, perhaps, or found some congenial friends, or read a good book or listened to fine music.

"The writers, the painters, the composers of all ages had found a thousand ways to soothe or stimulate my overworked body and jaded brain. Or, I could afford to turn my back on work and run away to a neighboring city or to the woods and fields for the 'little fun' which every man ought to have to keep brain and body sound. Jem had none of these things. The 'spree' took the place of all.

"I thought I owed him something. I talked to the other manufacturers, and this house is the result. When he and his fellows are through with their day's work now they can find rest and amusement here, and are not driven to the gin-shop."

Christians in this country are beginning to perceive that their duty to their brother begins by helping him before he commits crime.

How can we, at ease in our respectable lives, pray to God to lead us not into temptation if we leave our weaker brothers struggling with it, face to face?—*Youth's Companion.*

Polly and the Minister.

Sister Robbins lay upon her sick-bed watching the clock, the slant of the sunbeams, and occasionally talking to her polly—a wise-looking gray parrot with glittering eyes and brilliant scarlet tail. It would be better, perhaps, to say that she replied to Polly, for the parrot was by far the more talkative.

There came a rap at the door of the room. "Whoa!" said Polly. "Come in," said Sister Robbins.

The visitor entered, and proved to be the Methodist minister. Polly crept to Mrs. Robbins and cuddled close up to the lady's neck, having her gray pate close beside her mistress's cheek. After some conversation the minister proposed to Sister Robbins that they have "a season of prayers," and accordingly knelt by her bedside, and, with closed eyes and devout voice, began to pray.

Polly's eyes glittered more than ever. She crept unnoticed from her place of refuge, and with slow-lifted claws and noiseless step over the white counterpane went close to the unconscious minister. She scanned him meditatively, and then when her head was so near his that you would have thought his ear in danger of being snipped off, she suddenly cried out in the clearest tones: "What in the world are you doing?"

Sister Robbins finds it hard to convince the minister that they have family prayers. He says Polly's evidence is against her.—*Wide Awake.*

The Romance of a Cemetery.

Down near one of the Southern cities where the flowers bloom nearly all the year round, and the oriole builds his nest and calls to his mate to come to him, for the home is prepared, is a cemetery famous for its beauty. Years ago it was the country-place of a very rich man; he was a widower with a beautiful daughter and three handsome sons. The daughter was a sweet girl, idolized by her father, which affection she more than reciprocated. A bitter family fued existed between the father and his nearest neighbor, who had but one child—a son. At a friend's house this pretty Juliet met and grew to know her Romeo. Naturally enough they fell in love with each other, vowed eternal constancy, and thought that, in time, the fathers of each might be won over by their children, and induced to give consent to the marriage. But the old men grew bitter and more bitter, and the two sweethearts found it very difficult to see each other. One summer night the little lady had an appointment with her lover at the foot of the hill that was just in front of her home. The moon was so bright that she dreaded going out in her own clothes, and so, in a spirit of frolic, she had her maid hunt up some of her brother's clothes and into them she got, laughing as she thought how her sweetheart would be surprised. A long, old-fashioned cloak was thrown over her, and a broad-brimmed, soft, felt hat crowned her head. As she went over the hill one of her brothers saw her, and told his father that he believed some one from the next place was on their grounds, possibly to kill some of their dogs, or poison their horses. Very quickly the old man rushed to the veranda, armed with a gun. He saw the figure moving along swiftly, but he took aim, aim so sure that it struck his own heart, and fired. Both arms went up in the air, the figure staggered and fell over. Hearing the shot, the waiting lover rushed to see what was the matter. In the meantime the others had gathered round. The hat had fallen off the pretty head which it had disguised, and there, pure and white, under the light of the moon, was revealed to the brothers the face of their own sister. She was carried back to the house, dead—not able to speak her forgiveness to her father, or give a word of love to her sweetheart. The scene can be easily imagined. The lover upbraided the father, but the younger brother said, "As she lies here let her be the peacemaker. She loved you in life; let us care for each other because of her death." So she was buried near her own home, and all the people for miles around, knowing of her tragic death, came to show their respect and to line the cover of her grave with the blossoms which she had loved in her life.

The beautiful country-place was sold with an express proviso that it was to be made a cemetery. The brothers, and the father and lover, all went away and never came back until each was brought there to be laid to rest near the one they had loved. Now the city of the the dead numbers among its people Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, who has engraved on the granite bearing her name, "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Near by is the tomb of the Booth family, and that of Reinhart, the sculptor, who died when fame had made his name a household word, is not far off. There are crosses erected to the memory of little children; there are tablets that tell of those who have lived and loved, suffered and toiled. But to them who know, most interesting of all, is the little gravestone raised to the memory of the unfortunate girl who died because of her love.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Awkward Situations.

Some trifling mishap may put a man into an unpleasant position, where, without any fault of his own, he may be exposed to the gravest suspicion. Mr. Horstman, in his "Consular Reminiscences," says that once, by putting a letter into a postoffice box at a Munich street-corner, he placed himself in a very unpleasant situation.

The box was so well stuffed that an edge of his letter stuck out of the slit. He pushed it in with his fingers, and found, on drawing his hand back, that his ring had caught against the brass teeth of the inside opening, so that the harder he pulled the tighter he was held. At last, by pushing his hand a little farther in and by raising the teeth with his other hand, he managed to free himself.

Then it flashed through his mind the predicament he would have been in had a stupid policeman happened along and arrested him for trying to steal letters from a street-box. That might have happened; this did happen at Nuremborg.

A gentleman, about leaving the city at night, and being late at the station, paid silver for his ticket in a flurried manner, and darted toward the waiting-room to pass through it to the train. Suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder; upon turning he saw a policeman who told him that he was arrested for passing counterfeit money.

At the police office the silver the gentleman had paid at the station was produced. It had a peculiar whitish lustre and a queer feel to the fingers. He was asked to show what money he had, and all the silver in his purse looked and felt the same way.

But on examination the silver was found to be genuine. His purse was also examined and he was asked where he had bought it. He said he had purchased it from a street vender two hours before, for a very small sum.

Then the secret came out. The purse was made from the cast-off sheep-skin bags in which quicksilver is exported from Spain. The skin of the purse being strongly impregnated with quicksilver had given to the silver coin its whitish lustre and greasy feel to the touch. The gentleman was at once liberated, but he had to remain that night in the quaint old town.

IN the restaurant—"Here, waiter, here is a quarter for you. And just tell me now what you can conscientiously recommend to me." Waiter—If you want anything good, sir, go to some other restaurant.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Summer Lecture Series.

At the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner announced that lecture No. 2 of the summer series, announced at the last meeting, would be delivered by the Hon. Sidehill Wellington, D. X. —S. G.—A1, of Eufaula, Ala. The gentleman named was known as "The Demosthenes of the South," and ranked as a philosopher of the first water. His subject was: "Why Ar' Dis Thus?" and Samuel Shin and Pickles Smith were warned to preserve a proper decorum in the presence of the stranger or be prepared for the consequences.

The honorable gentleman was introduced by the visiting committee in one time and three motions. Like all great philosophers his shoes were down at the heel, his elbows frayed, his knees out of true, and his general appearance proved a carelessness on his part as to whether he got up right-end first or not in the morning. He was received with enthusiastic applause, during which Deacon Baker managed to give Elder Toots a vigorous kick and lay it to accident. As he bowed his applause two buttons were heard to strike the wall behind him and his collar made a determined effort to rise above his ears.

"My frens," began the honorable in a voice rich with anticipation of the coming watermelon season, "we go to bed at night. If we hev no company we go to bed 'long 'bout half-past 9 o'clock. If we hev a *soiree* on hand it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed fur you answer to sleep. What do you sleep fur? You reply dat it is bekase natur' intended you to. Yes, but why did she? You can't tell. You tumble into bed an' lay dar' on your backs an' snooze an' snore an' dream of de lucky numbers in policy, an' when mawnin' comes you fall out an' kick de dog an' jaw de chill'en' an' wish you was rich an' didn't hev to go to work. [Yells of applause.] Natur' meant dat you should lie down in sleep: give de body a rest—to let all de muscles relax, de nerves grow quiet, the brain cease its tremendous efforts fur awhile. My world-renowned tonic, which kin be had in de ante-room after dis meetin' adjourns at two-bits a bottle, chery bottle warranted to hold half a pint, will bring about dis happy result. No cure no pay."

The orator paused here to imbibe a glass of water, and a puzzled look crept into Brother Gardner's face. He was observed to make a signal to Giveadam Jones, and that individual nodded as if he understood.

"We hev de back-ache," continued the orator—"de back-ache, de colic, pains in de chist, fits of melancholy, bad dreams, sudden desiah to jump off de tower of de City Hall. We hev sich things an' we nebber stop to inquar' de reason. We jist go right 'long sufferin', layin' our sad condishun to Jay Gould, Vanderbilt an' de Standard Oil Company, an' nebber supposin' dar is a sartin an' cheap cure right at hand. [Sensation.] My frens, I has the proud satisfackshun to tell you dat I am de inventor, proprietor an' sole agent on dis globe fur de 'Wellington Cholera Preventative an' Lightnin' Co'n Remover,' an' arter dis meetin' is ober my remedy kin be had by any of de gen'len present at de usual price of two-bits a box—warranted purely vegetable or money refunded." [High old applause.]

As the speaker stopped to take another pint of water there was a broad grin on almost every face, and this was increased by the uneasy movements of Brother Gardner. It was plain to be seen that he had been taken in and done for again, and that he was arranging some sort of program with Giveadam Jones, who has long held the position of Bogardus Kicker to the club.

"My frens," pathetically continued the honorable, after the water had been put away behind his nankeen vest, "you is walkin' along de street, an' am suddenly tooken wid a crick in de back, an' can't go on down to de bank an' draw out $50. You git up in the mawnin' feelin' slumpy. You doan keer two cents whether you hev quail on toast or turkey on sweet-cake for breakfast. You wake up in de night wid a cole sweat startin' out, a wiolent beatin of de heart, an' a fear in your soul dat a band of anarchists is hidden under de bed to take your life. On sartin occashuns you sot down wid a piece of chalk an' a shingle to figger up how much a y'ar it will cost you to rent forty possoffice boxes at $4 each. You is stuck. De figgers dance away from you. Your eyes blur an' you jump up in alarm if de dog howls in de back yard. You go right along jist de same, however, nebber stoppin' to inquar' into de nateral causes, an' de fust thing you know your friends am gathered around your bedstead to see you expire. [Decided sensation all over the hall.] My frens, it gives me de utmos' pleasure to be able to inform you on dis auriferous occasion dat I am de sole owner of what is called 'De Wellington Cure-All Plaster,' which I warrant to be composed of sixteen different roots an' de best Norf Carolina tar. Dese plasters sell at twenty cents each, or six for a dollah, and de President of dis United States had one on de small of his back when he entered de White House fur de fust time. Arter dis meetin' is ambuscaded I shall be moas' happy to see you all in de ante-room, an' I——"

At this point Givadam Jones interrupted the speaker to say that a man wanted to see him outside on very important business.

"Exactly," replied the honorable. "My frens, I will retiah for a moment an' ascertain his business. My address is only half concluded."

He retired in good order, smiling and bowing as he passed down the aisle, but he never came back. Two minutes later his voice was heard saying:

"Boy, be keerful whar you put dat fut of yours! I doan' low nowbody to fool wid me!"

And a little later.

"I nebber skipped a town yit, an' I won't begin now!"

Then Paradise Hall jarred and vibrated, and then the plaster fell in spots, and the stove-door swung wide open. Something bumped on the stairs and fell "kersquash" into the alley, followed by a racket as if a dray-horse was ga'loping for his life. In three or four minutes Giveadam Jones returned, the right leg of his trousers split to the knee, and his breath coming hard, and as he sat down Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My frons, de difference between a philosopher an' a fakir is sometimes so powerful fine dat de best of men are deceived. It's my opinyun dat we got hold of de wrong animal, but dere's no great harm dun. I reckon he won't bodder us no more, an' perhaps he has left us a few grains of wheat among de chaff. We will now announciate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Large Salaried New York Singers.

Miss Clementina De Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, New York city, receives $4,500 a year for her services or $112.50 each Sunday. This is said to be the highest salary ever paid to a choir singer either in this country or Europe. Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, draws $3,000 a year from the church and earns $5,000 more from concert engagements.—*New York World.*

Life on a Canal Boat.

"So you want to know how we contrive to live on board a canal boat?" said a bright little woman, leading her guest toward the cabin companionway. "Well, follow me, and you will see." She directed the visitor to stoop low as he began the descent of the cabin stairs, and the admonition came none too soon, for the stairways are low and steep, with no head room to spare. But once inside the cabin it was quite another matter, for a considerable portion of these big boats is allotted to living quarters. This cabin was especially roomy and homelike, for the floor had been scrubbed and rescrubbed until it was white as snow. The room was carpeted with several bright rugs. Curtains of some sort of dainty white stuff, fluttered with the morning breeze as it swept softly in over a bunch of "love entangled" that grew in a little flower pot on the window edge. Pictures were everywhere about the panelled sides of the cabin, and a canary bird in a gilded cage sang sweetly in the window near the pretty flower. The doors of the state-room stood open, and disclosed a pretty picture of snowy bed-spreads and fancy pillow shams, while the kitchen, with its shining pots and pans, was an ideal place for a good cook. "We do most of our cooking up on deck during the warm weather, and the men put awnings up to shield us from the sun. It keeps the smell of the cooking away from the cabin and leaves it in a much cooler condition," the woman explained, as she kindly offered a cup of warm coffee to her visitor. In the course of a ten minutes' conversation she succeeded in giving a picture of the life of the average women who must find their homes on the water by the side of a father, brother, or husband. During the winter months most of the boats tie up in the Erie or Atlantic Basins at New York City, and through all these long winter days the women on board the two or three hundred boats go visiting and give parties and dances pretty much the same as their sisters on land whose abiding places have rather more stability. Of course there is no opportunity for social intercourse while the boats are on the move, but, on the whole, the women on the canal have quite as nice a life as the average of their sex who reside on land. Everything about their quarters is neat and clean, and invested with the home spirit which is inseparable from any nook and corner, however unpromising, which is presided over by women.

In Sleep.

An old resident in Vermont tells the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster. Unlike many more thrilling tales, it has the advantage of being strictly true. Those were the days when travel was carried on by stage-coach, and the arrival of the mails was often delayed by bad roads and stormy weather.

It happened, one spring when the mud was almost up to the horse's knees, that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three-days' batch, consisting of nine bags, came in late one night, as I was about going to bed. I determined to delay distribution until morning, and fell asleep rather harassed at the thought of so large a task.

Next day I rose early, and went into the office to open my mail-bags. They were gone! The corner where I always left them was quite empty, and my heart began to beat loud and fast. The mail had been delivered to me, I was responsible for it, and it was not to be found. Presently, as I started about, the big drops of sweat gathering on my forehead, I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked farther; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they lay, collapsed and empty.

Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep-walker before, and I never did such a thing again.

She had Done a Good Day's Business.

An ancient Irish dame has a small stand close by the Franklin statue in Printing House Square from which she offers to passers-by the cool and refreshing lemonade. If there is wind anywhere it always seems to find a funnel up Spruce street, and Boreas was doing some of his best work on his favorite thoroughfare yesterday.

A young woman in her best bib and tucker, with the inevitable young man, was crossing from the postoffice in the direction of the bridge. A particularly strong puff of wind nearly blew off her hat, bristling with meadow flowers, and all her attention was given to keeping it on her head. The rude breeze, however, took charge of her dress, and as it blew around got entangled with the only three glasses Bridget had on her stand. They fell on the flags, to be simply smashed into smithereens.

For a moment there was silence, then the owner, in pure Hibernian, gave vent to her feelings, and the language was not really ladylike. The young man was, however, equal to the occasion, and diving into his pocket produced and gave to the Celtic Hebe a dollar bill. The latter looked at the note for some seconds and then it disappeared into that undiscovered country so far as men are concerned—a woman's pocket.

Jack and Jill had passed on; of this the vendor of cool drinks made certain. She then deliberately took up her bucket of water, dashed it on the ground, picked up her lemons and folding up her temporary stand made a beeline for home. She had done a good day's business.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

One Exception.

"Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squildig.

"Not everything," replied McSwilligen.

"What isn't, I'd like to know?"

"Umbrellas go up every day or two."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE American miss who marries a foreign count hopes to become a "Countess So-and-so," but usually ends with being a Miss-Fit.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

CHARITY begins at home, but reform is different.

A ROMANCE WITH A BIG R.

Did the Mercenary Motives that Prompted the Rescue Move Him to Marry Her?

"I remember the first $1,000 I ever earned," says Henry Westfall, a wealthy resident of Colorado.

"Well, rather. I was a young lad at the time and the only child of the poorest family in la coat mining town of Pennsylvania.

"One day, while engaged picking slate, I heard a big commotion at the mouth of the mine. The men were very much excited, and the owner, who was the richest and most devout churchman in the town, was wringing his hands, and imploring the men to do something. Running up I learned the men had fired a fuse attached to an extra large cartridge and had just come from the mine when they discovered that they had left the pretty little daughter of the owner behind. She had gone down with her father and while the latter came up for an errand had wandered away. The cartridge had not yet exploded as the fuse had purposely been made long to enable the men to get up.

"The father, as you may imagine, was agonized. He offered $1,000 to anyone who would go down after the little one. But no one would stir. All of them had families of their own—except, of course myself—and would not run the risk of death. The sum was a fortune to me, especially as my father was, from sickness, unable to work. Jumping on the car I called to be let down, and amid the cheers of the men I descended. Each moment had death in it for me, unless the fuse were longer than was thought. But I tried not to think of it and when I reached the bottom the child was playing at the mouth of the shaft. I grabbed her, put her in the car and gave the signal to be hoisted up. But the car did not move. I repeated the signal, but still without avail. In agony of fear I jerked it again and the car still remaining in the bottom I bade the little girl stay where she was and then I ran into the new drift where the explosion was to take place. A little spark revealed the whereabouts of the fuse. The fuse was still an inch long and I took hold of it and pulled it out. I tried to cheer, but had fainted instead. When I came to I was on top of the ground, taken there by the men who, when in answer to my last signal—they had not received the other two—had raised the little girl and then come down for me.

"Well, the next day the father thanked me, but said nothing about the $1,000. The men advised me to ask for it. I refused. Then some of them asked for me, and the owner told them that they were mistaken; he had offered nothing. So mad were they that they threatened to throw him down the mine, but they desisted at my request. A few weeks later I was discharged, probably because I was an eyesore to the owner. My father having in the meantime recovered, I went away and obtained work in New York, and after awhile secured a fair position.

"One day about fifteen years after this event, a charming young lady drove up in her carriage, and, coming in, called for me. She did not at first give her name, but asked me if I would do her a favor. Of course I said yes. She then told me that it was she whom I had saved; that her father had died a short time before, and that in looking over his papers she had found a letter from some of the men to him upbraiding him for not paying the $1,000. This was the first she had heard of the obligation, and she had immediately set out to find me. As she said this she handed me a check for $1,500, the extra $500 being, she explained, the interest. I was about to refuse to accept the check, but she reminded me that I had promised to do her a favor and that I must keep my word. So I took it, with her card, and she left. What became of her? Well, six months later she became my wife."

Dandies' Pluck.

"The Dandies fought well at Waterloo," said Wellington of the officers of the Horse Guards. Baron Malortie, in his book, "'Twixt Old Times and Now," describes two young German officers whom he met at the dinner-table of a Frankfort hotel. Their conversation was so silly and their manners so foppish that the Baron nicknamed them "Count Top and Baron Fop." But in 1871 the Baron again dined at the Frankfort hotel, and upon asking the head waiter what had become of Count Top and Baron Fop, he learned that the Count had been killed at Sedan, while bravely leading his squad, and that the Baron had earned the Iron Cross for taking a gun at St. Privat.

Facts of this kind prove that fops, with all their follies and absurdities, can do their duty like men, when their country requires their services. During the Civil War in this country many of the "fops" of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago showed themselves heroes. At the first battle of Bull Run, a New York dandy, a commissary, seeing his regiment waver, under the murderous fire, cantered slowly in front, saying: "Boys, I can't lead you, but I can show you how to be steady under fire!"

On the eve of Solferino, Prince Braunfels, only eighteen years old and fresh from school, joined his regiment, the Kaiser Jaegers, as an ensign. The Colonel, not knowing what to do with the boy just before a battle, put him at the wing of a company, with the remark: "Stick to those fellows through thick and thin! that's the only advice I can give you, for it will be hot to-day—good-by."

The Prince tried to make friends with his neighbor, a gray-haired, grumbling Sergeant, who had a poor opinion of what he called "milk-bearded mothers' sons," meaning spoilt boys, who gave themselves airs and were good for nothing. But a few kind words and a good cigar won over the old man, who had served twenty-five years.

The regiment was ordered to advance, under a heavy fire, to dislodge the French from a strong position. The young Prince kept close to the old Sergeant, and rushed forward. A bullet knocked off his hat; as he stooped to pick it up, he calmly remarked to the Sergeant: "These Frenchmen always oblige one to be polite."

"Your Highness is made of the right stuff," answered the Sergeant, "we'll make something of you, my prince!"

"I dare say a cripple," muttered the Prince, for a second bullet had shattered his arm, just below the elbow. He took his sword in his left hand, and continued to advance, until the Sergeant, seeing the loss of blood, compelled him to halt and have a few pocket-handkerchiefs tied round the wound, and the arm put in a sling.

Wounded though he was, the boy joined in the final charge, and for his bravery received the Order of Leopold, and that, too, after only twenty-four hours' service.

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SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

WHILE the bathers were enjoying a bath at Avalon, N. J., a large school of porpoises made a dash up the coast behind the breakers. There was over a hundred of these slippery monsters, so hard to catch in a net, and they never bite at any known bait. A good-sized porpoise will devour a bushel of moss bunkers or a young drumfish at a single meal, and just now the surf is filled with small drumfish feeding at flood tide. The man-eating shark likes the same kind of diet, and many a bloody conflict ensues between these robbers of the great deep when they meet on common feeding ground. In front of the hotel there is considerable depth of water, and the porpoises came so near that many of them could have been reached with a fishing-rod. Suddenly, as the school of porpoises were tumbling over each other in play, a four-foot shark made a dash out of water, pursued by a ten foot porpoise. The porpoise succeeded in biting a piece out of the maneater, and made a vigorous plunge at the shark in mid-air, while the sea became red with blood. Both fish were in a duel to the death. Neither tried to escape. The shark was the swiftest in motion, but was an unequal antagonist. The porpoise would dive under him and strike him in the belly under water, to the great discomfort of the maneater, whose jaws were not big enough to make much impression on the tough hide of the slippery sea hog. Three times they met in mid-air and struck each other as two bull elks butt each other with their antlers. The porpoise slowly retired ten feet, and with the swiftness of lightning struck the shark in the middle and ripped him open. The maneater soon floated, dead, out on the sea, while the porpoise, badly hurt, followed his companions up Townsend inlet.

PROBABLY the most curious ring in New York is worn by the wife of a wealthy New York lawyer, says the Jeweler's Weekly. She has three manly sons, but only one daughter, who made her debut in society this season and was much admired. This girl is the idol of her parents, and the ring worn by her mother is a testimony of their affection, though a very eccentric one. When the girl was ten years old her father presented to the mother at Christmas a ring in which were set two little semi-translucent white stones surrounded by diamonds, and for a long while he resisted his wife's entreaties to tell her what sort of stones they were, she never having seen anything at all resembling them. Finally he confessed to her, a little shamefacedly, that when their daughter had lost her pretty little milk teeth he had saved the front ones and carried them about in his pocketbook for a long time, until the idea occurred to him of utilizing them in that way. The wife laughed at him a good deal, but continued to wear the ring, and still wears it, though very few persons know the story of its setting.

A CHICAGO jeweler has inaugurated a novel scheme to attract attention to his wares. Several hundred diamonds, varying in size from the most minute stones to those of the size of a pea, are placed on a large sheet of white paper in a conspicuous part of the show window. Above them a large card is suspended, which notifies the passing pedestrian that the person making the nearest guess to the actual number of diamonds in the display will be entitled to ownership in any diamond he or she may select. The novelty of the guess attracts the attention of hundreds of people daily, and it looks so easy that nearly everyone who comes to a halt will endeavor to count them; but right here is where the "laugh comes in," as the diamonds glitter so brilliantly that by the time the counter has half completed his task the whole collection becomes a mass of glittering colors, thus making it an utter impossibility to complete the count.

THE judicial error of which the man named Borras, now liberated, was the victim in France, has brought to the front an old custom of the courts of Venice. There, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly-looking individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the centre of the court room, bows solemnly to the Judge, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the following not overstartling words: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully established, the Judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the palace of the doges. It is still burning there.

TWO years ago three hundred whales were driven ashore on the estate of a Mr. Bruce at Sumburgh, in the north of Scotland, and they were killed and sold. Mr. Bruce at once demanded that a third of the value of the whales ($2,000) should be paid to him, in accordance with an ancient custom, by which the "laird" of this property was entitled to claim "thirds" of all salvage. The Sheriff opposed the claim on the ground that Mr. Bruce had taken no part in the capturing of the whales, and the Court of Sessions has upheld the Sheriff. The Judge intimated that although the landlord's demand was justified by precedent, it was based neither upon principle nor upon justice, and it was time for a new rule.

A POST-MORTEM on the body of William Hatcher, a merchant who died in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, of the rare affliction known as Addison disease, has been made. Hatcher caught a severe cold while bathing four years ago, and since then his skin turned black, until at the time of his death his face, neck and shoulders were as black as an African's skin, and the remainder of his body was only a little less so. Hatcher worked until three weeks before his death, and refused many offers of large salaries from dime museum managers. The examination revealed a degeneration of the superrenal capsule of the kidney.

AT Rome, Ga., while a horse was loose in the stable, one of his hind feet got caught in his mouth. It is supposed that the animal was rubbing the flies from his nose with his hind foot, when by accident the foot passed into the mouth. The hoof was shod with a heavy iron shoe, and the sharp corners of the shoe and hoof cut very painful wounds in the mouth. The animal fell to the ground and continued to struggle without relief. When he was discovered he was covered with foam and showed every sign of a fearful struggle. His master came and succeeded in extricating his foot.

THE other day a rich merchant's wedding took place at St. Petersburg, Russia. Before the ceremony the bride's uncle brought in an old worn out cushion. The young lady, thinking it a joke on the part of the eccentric old gentleman, threw it into a corner. Imagine her astonishment when she afterward discovered that the cushion was stuffed full of bank notes. The uncle belonged to the "old school," and was in the habit of stowing away his money in old stockings and cushions, and one of the latter was made to serve as a wedding present. It was found to contain about $11,000.

MRS. JOHN VALENTINE, of Youngstown, Ohio, has been defeated in her suit to recover $11,000 life insurance held by her husband, who died a year ago. The defense was that Valentine, who was a commercial traveler, had committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. To prove that he died from other causes, the wife had her husband's body exhumed and the head cut off and brought into court, where it rested on her counsel's desk. The head showed many signs of decomposition, and its production in court caused a marked stir.

RECENT investigations in Indian prisons have revealed a curious physiological condition induced by thieves for the purpose of secreting valuables. They allow a heavy lead bullet to slide down the throat, and keep it in position for half-an-hour at a time. In about a year a pouch is formed, into which anything small may be thrust, without interfering with speech or breath. At present there are in Calcutta jail twenty prisoners with these throat-pouches.

DEPUTY JAILER JOHN BURNS, formerly one of the wealthiest lumbermen near Ashland, Wis., dropped dead in a chair just as he opened the jail doors to take out a squad of prisoners. The prisoners, many of them held for serious offenses, thought Burns was retiring, and made no effort to escape. When the jailer entered half an hour later the dead deputy was still guarding the prisoners.

DURING a thunderstorm near Newark, Ohio, Frank Crouse, the son of a wealthy farmer, and a party of friends took shelter under a large tree. Lightning shattered the tree, struck Crouse on the head, killing him instantly. The clothing was torn from his body. Some silver coin in his pocket was melted together, while his watch in another pocket was uninjured.

CHARLES QUEEN, a Norfolk (Va.) man, bet that he could let a gallon of water drop on his hand from a distance of three feet drop by drop. After 500 drops had struck him he yelled "enough!" and paid the bet of $50. He said that each one fell like the blow of a sharp stick, and a blister as large as a quarter was raised on the back of his hand.

THE Sutter County (Cal.) Farmer says, that during a flood in Feather River, an orchard was submerged, and the manager declares that the young pear trees were eaten by the fish. Along the tules where the water covered the ground, the fish have eaten the grass in many places to such an extent as to make it unfit for pasture.

THIS is an Albany (Ga.) News story: "Mrs. Hobbs, resident there, was annoyed by English sparrows, and soaked hominy in strychnine with which to poison them. They ate it and relished it apparently. It did not kill them, but every one of them turned snow white."

M. PEDROUS, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate and all other colors, and that the color of some very handsome women's voice is like buttermilk.

Expressive Sayings.

The veteran preacher, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, sends me the following handful of "memorable expressions:" "None can be more so," says he, "than Washington's, so well quoted by Mr. Curtis: 'The event is in the hand of God.' That of John Quincy Adams, as he fell on the floor of the House of Representatives, 'This is the last of earth,' sublimely implied his religious faith. Webster's, 'I still live,' as he woke on his death-bed, was at once construed in an exalted sense. Grant's 'Let us have peace,' should, even further than he traveled, go round the world. President Anderson's, 'The man for me is the one that brings things to pass,' is the best praise for executive genius; and Dr. Wayland's, 'The coffee is in the vocative,' when that article was not on the table, circulated as a humorous scoring of every sort of inefficiency. In California, whoever succeeds well—in organizing a club, business firm or church—is called a 'trustler.' Is it from the stir and noise of leaves? In New England a competent agent 'fills the bill.' Is this from the briskness of our trade? East or West a risky enterprise is a 'boom.' Is it that all on board ship must look out when the long spar swings in the wind?"—[The Critic.

General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. General Grant seems to have found the elixir of youth. Although sixty-six she is agile as a woman of thirty, enjoys perfect health, and barring the weakness of her eyes, which were never strong, her faculties are as keen as they ever were. The gray in her hair is hardly noticeable, her face is plump and of good color, and her interest in the affairs of the world covers both continents. Any day in the week she may be seen going to her carriage from her house in East Sixty-sixth street. She has a tall, yellow-whiskered butler, with a back like a press-board, who opens the plate-glass vestibule doors, and, when she passes, hops down the stone stoop and stations himself at the coupe with the door in his hand. Mrs. Grant dresses in rich black abbey cloths or silk fabrics, every fold of which seems breathing forth the perfume of some oriental blossom. Her earrings are set with fiery solitaires, magnificent in color and size, and through the twisted silk mitts that cover her hand the glint of pearl and the flash of diamonds may be seen.—[New York World.

The Pestiferous Sparrows.

Alexander McComas writes thus to the Baltimore American: "I am not a farmer, though born on a farm. I think, if the farmers would look into this 'plenty of straw but little wheat,' they would not complain of nature or bad season, &c., but find the great fault to be the terrible nuisance, the English sparrows, which congregate in thousands on the wheat field at times, and pick out the grain of wheat when in the milky state. I think a thousand or so of these sparrows will ruin a field in a few hours, so far as a yield of grain is concerned. I have seen them in large flocks on the wheat fields in this vicinity. I remember some years ago the planters of the South had to employ a number of men and boys with guns to drive off the rice birds to prevent the destruction of their rice crop, and these sparrows are ten times more destructive than the rice bird."

VEGETABLE TRAPS.

MURDEROUS PLANTS THAT FEED ON INSECTS.

Attracting and Destroying Insects by Means of an Intoxicating Exudation—A Plant which Crushes Its Prey to Death.

The Government has been going quite extensively of late into the propagation of whiskey shops and lager beer saloons. Its laboratory employed for this purpose is the National Botanical Garden here; for the lager beer and whiskey shops referred to are purely of a vegetable nature. They are, in fact, nothing more or less than plants of a very extraordinary description, which devote their attention exclusively to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

You would be struck at once with the curious appearance of one of these vegetable whiskey shops if you saw it standing in a big flower pot, carrying on the end of each of its long green leaves a pitcher-shaped receptacle. If the plant is open for business you can look into the pitchers and find them to contain quite a quantity of watery looking liquor. This is the intoxicant which is offered to customers, each one being permitted to help himself to is much as he likes for the stipulated and invariable price. Maybe you will find the pitchers all shut up, for each pitcher has a cover that shuts down whenever any rain or dew is falling, to prevent the liquor from becoming diluted.

Now, the customers spoken of are insects of all sorts—such as bluebottle flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, red ants, and so on. There is not a bug of any sort, apparently, that has not a weakness for the liquor supplied by the vegetable whiskey shop. The insect walks out on one of the long leaves till he comes to the end of it, and finding here a quantity of delicious drink in the pitcher, he crawls in and swigs and swigs at it until he dies, as is supposed, of alcoholism. At all events he pays for his drink with his life and leaves his corpse in the pitcher to sustain by absorption the healthful existence of the plant. And it is just for this object—to entrap customers for food—that the plant prepares its liquor. What the said liquor is composed of, chemically speaking, attempts are now being made to find out by analysis. So far it is only known that it is a powerful and palatable intoxicant. How much the insects enjoy it you can perceive by looking into the pitchers, where you will often find in each receptacle hundreds of bugs of all descriptions. Another form of vegetable whiskey shop has long perpendicular trumpet-shaped receptacles for the liquor, with the wide end of the trumpets at the top, where the bugs are expected to crawl in. And when you tear open one of these trumpets—it may be a foot or more in length—after it has survived its usefulness and dried up, you will usually find it filled from one end to the other with flies and ants and such things.

It has recently been discovered—and herein lies the expected usefulness of the investigation now going on regarding these plants—that different vegetable whiskey shops have different classes of customers. One kind of these shops is frequented almost exclusively by cockroaches, for whose reception unusually large pitchers are provided—the plant carrying them looking as if it had suspended from the ends of its strong leaves a lot of small bath tubs. Another kind, with pitchers that resemble in appearance great big beans, is frequented only by red ants: and still another kind is patronized by slugs, and has the rims of its pitchers armed with teeth to delay guests who might wish to depart. So it would apear that these whiskey shops could be propagated for use in destroying such enemies of the household and the garden, and it is proposed to find out how far such a thing may be practicable. There is no difficulty, certainly, in rearing and maintaining the plants, which are not tropical exotics, but natives of this very region about Washington, and readily to be cultivated in any temperate climate.

Quite as interesting, in its way, as the whiskey shop, is the vegetable lager beer saloon referred to at the beginning of this article. In general appearance it resembles the whiskey shop strongly, but its pitchers are wider at the mouths and have no tops to them. Thus the liquor dispensed by the lager beer saloon is diluted more or less by the dews and rains, so that it is not very intoxicating. However, the drink is intended to attract the insect customers and not to poison them. Patrons, crawling into the pitcher, take a drink, and, without feeling it go to their heads very much, start to walk out again. But, unfortunately, the whole inside of the pitcher is lined with strong, hairy projections, all pointing downward toward the liquor and away from the brim. It was easy enough to walk downward, but when the victim attempts to go upward and out again the hairs obstruct his progress so effectually that he finally tumbles back into the drink and is miserably drowned. That is the way the vegetable lager beer saloon captures its customers—by drowning.

Another fascinating plant now being propagated at the botanical garden is the "butcher," which kills the insects and such things that it feeds upon by crushing them alive, afterward consuming them at its leisure. This is considered to be of all vegetables the one exhibiting an intelligence most nearly approaching that which animals possess. Its appearance is not impressive, save for its peculiarity. Growing along the ground, it has for leaves little green things shaped like open clam shells, the biggest of them half an inch long, with a row of little spikes around each edge. As you observe the plant most of the clam shells will be open, waiting for food, each of them a greedy mouth ready to devour anything that may crawl in. Here comes an ant. Perhaps he will walk into one of these pairs of yawning jaws. Yes, there he goes into the big one attracted by the sugary excretion on the inside of the miniature clam shell, which serves for a bait. The victim reaches the middle point between the jaws and comes in contact with six microscopic hairs that grow inside the clam shell leaf and serve the plant as feelers. Immediately the jaws close with a snap, the two rows of spikes folding over the shut edge of the clam shell so as to give the prey no chance of escape. If the insect were much bigger and stronger than an ant he would be quickly crushed to death. It may be some hours before the jaws will open again, the clam shell leaf being occupied meanwhile in digesting the food captured. All the leaves of the plant being engaged continually in waiting for prey, catching it and digesting it, it makes a very good living indeed where bugs are plentiful. In the greenhouses there are comparatively few insects, however, and the head gardener feeds his butcher plant from day to day with such delicacies as finely chopped or scraped beefsteak and earth worms cut up, which are devoured with relish. The butcher plant is found in North Carolina, and nowhere else in the world. Fears are entertained that it will pass out of existence before long, for there is very little of it existing in a wild state, and attempts to raise it from seed have not thus far been very successful. A curious thing about it is that it will have regular fits of dyspepsia if such indigestibles as salt pork or the heads of bluebottle flies are fed to it. The clam-shell leaves will turn black and die after consuming that sort of food. One evidence of the intelligence of the plant is afforded by the judgment it exhibits in its diet. If a piece of paper just the size of a fly is introduced between a pair of the little jaws they will close greedily upon it, but will immediately open again, the discovery having evidently been made that the capture was not edible.—Washington Star.

South Africa's Bank Robber.

An interesting account is given by the Johannesburg Star, of South Africa, of the police chase after McKeon, the bank robber, whose achievements in the matter of perpetrating robberies, escaping from jail and eluding the police entitle him to rank with the notorious Jack Sheppard, and whose regard for his clever black horse reminds one of Dick Turpin. In the hurried start after McKeon when he escaped from the Pretoria Jail, says the newspaper in question, the mounted police forgot to take handcuffs with them. Further, McKeon had friends all along the route. He was born in Basutoland, and every Basuto is his fast friend, even to Mama. Consequently, when the police inquired along the road of Basutos if they had seen two men pass on horseback, they invariably said that they had not. McKeon's love for his famous black horse, now at the mounted police barracks, was extraordinary. The police had to have three remounts before they could run that horse down. Two of the mounted police sighted McKeon and Cooper far ahead of them. They spurred on after them, thinking that they would bring the fugitives to halt on the steep bank of the Rhenoster River.

What was their surprise, however, when they saw McKeon leap his horse down the twenty-foot bank into the river, swim across, and, when he saw Cooper's horse would not follow, come back, and, reaching out, pull Cooper's horse down by the bridle and drag him through! One of the policemen had a rifle and resolved to take a long shot. When McKeon saw the smoke of the gun rise he and his companion drew their horses apart and the bullet passed between them. Shortly after McKeon drew his horse up, leaped down, removed the saddle, and stood patting his horse on the head. The police approached, and he surrendered without a word, giving over his two revolvers with the remark that he was enriching the government with revolvers, for this was the sixth they had had from him. He said he gave himself up because he did not wish to kill his horse. Cooper handed over his revolver too, looking rather glum. McKeon said he knew he would receive twenty-five lashes, but he would only stay in jail eight months, when he would once more say good-bye to the authorities. He did not know why they had given him twenty-five years, for he had not murdered anyone or stolen a sheep or an ox. Robbing a bank of their surplus money was no crime. The police were entirely taken off their guard, and, consequently, at daybreak the next morning the birds had flown unobserved by them. McKeon has since been recaptured at Ladybrand.

A Missionary's Terrible Experience

Father Lawrence, a French missionary who has just gone to the mother house of the order of the Immaculate Conception in New York City, has had a remarkable twenty-three years' experience among the Maoris of New Zealand. Said he: The people there exhibit some of the worst forms of savagery. The killing of infant children was an ordinary occurrence. I have seen inhuman mothers take their little ones to the water's edge, plunge them in until they died from suffocation and then rend the tiny, lifeless bodies limb from limb. I myself have been subjected to shocking tortures. I have been strung for ten days by a cord attached to my hands, which were tied behind my back; my toe-nails were torn off, and see these deep grooves in my arms; they are the scars remaining where the flesh was cut from the wrist to the shoulder in strips nearly an inch thick.

"But my experience in China was even worse. I was one of a number of priests and nuns engaged in missionary work at Pekin. We were arrested, thrown into prison, and arrangements made for our execution. One day the nuns, thirty-four in number, were taken forth and thrown into huge coppers filled with boiling pitch. It was a horrible death, and made an impression upon my mind which time cannot eradicate. On the following day the other priests and myself were to meet the same fate. Our only solace was in prayer. Toward evening, on the eve of our threatened execution, a great commotion was heard outside the walls of our prison. The French soldiers had come and we were saved."

Father Lawrence will resume his work in New Zealand after a rest.—[Washington Star.

Making the Best of It.

A public singer applied to a theatrical manager for an engagement. He undertook to sing a couple of songs and execute a dance in character at the rate of ten francs per night. The manager looked at the man and seemed to recognize him.

"Did you not once appear with a company of strolling players at the Vernon Theatre?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"But you played most execrably."

"I could not help myself."

"How was that?"

"The manager did not pay the members of the troupe, so that, when I played my part well, I was applauded, though on the verge of starvation all the while. But if I played badly, the audience pelted me with apples, and thus, at any rate, I got something to eat!"—[Le Matin.

Artesian Wells in the Desert.

Respecting the plan of Colonel Landas for fertilizing the African desert by means of wells, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in the course of a consular tour in Tunis, has visited the ground where the first well was sunk, and reports most favorably as to the success of the project. A space of 735 acres has been cleared and sown with cereals and lucerne, a vegetable garden been made, and a nursery of young trees planted. Two other wells are being sunk, which, on completion, will irrigate 7,500 acres of land. The Bey of Tunis has conceded to the company 25,000 acres of land, which they can select themselves from districts which are at present of no value.

A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

It Spans a Cavern Forty-five Feet Wide in Arizona.

Among the great American wonders, says George F. Kunz in his "Gems and Precious Stones in North America," is the silicified forest known as Chalcedony Park, situated eight miles south of Corrizio, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Apache County, Arizona. The country formation is sandstone on volcanic ash, and the trees are exposed in gulches and basins, where the water has worn the sandstone away, or are buried beneath the sandstone, their ends protruding from between the formations.

The locality was noticed in 1853 by the Pacific Railroad Exploring Survey. The jasper and agate generally replaced the cell walls and fibres, and the transparent quartz filled the cells and interstices, especially where the structure was broken down by decay. These cell centres and cavities produced conditions favorable, not only for the deposition of silica as quartz, but also for the formation of the drusy crystalline cavities of quartz and amethyst, that so increase the beauty of the material.

There is every evidence to show that the trees grew beside some inland sea. After falling they became waterlogged, and, during decomposition, the cell structure of the wood was entirely replaced by the silica from the sandstone, in the walls surrounding this great inland sea. Major John W. Powell, who has visited all these regions, says:

"The wood consisted of logs water rolled before burial, and are now gradually weathering out of their matrix. The inclosing rock is sandstone and cretaceous shale, of the series known as Jura-trias and lying immediately above the Chinarump. Agatized wood containing much semi-opal has been formed in California (and possibly in Arizona) under volcanic deposits, but the wood in question is not associated with volcanic material; its matrix is sedimentary."

The red and yellow coloring matter is derived from the oxide of iron in the sandstone, which is red, and the black may be due to partial carbonization or to oxide of manganese. The bark in nearly every case has been decayed before silification, and even part of the other layers of the tree is often gone, but the difference between the oxidation on the surface and inside is, that the surface to the depth of half an inch is so altered and changed, that it has the appearance of bark, and is generally supposed to be such.

There is every indication that the deposit is of considerable depth. Over the entire area trees lie scattered in all conceivable positions and in fragments of all sizes, the broken sections sometimes resembling a pile of cart wheels. A tree 150 feet in length is often found split into as many sections of almost uniform length, presenting the appearance of having been sawn asunder for shingle blocks by some prehistoric forester, or broken into countless fragments, ranging from the size of a small pebble to that of a fair-sized boulder, also fractured into perfect-shaped cubes, as if cut by a lapidary.

These multiplied fractures are the result of alternate heat and cold, produced by atmospheric changes acting on the water in the fissures of the tree.

A phenomenon (perhaps unparalleled and the most remarkable feature of the park, is a natural bridge, formed by a tree of agatized wood spanning a canon 45 feet in width. In addition to the span fully 50 feet of the tree rests on one side, making it visible for a length of over 100 feet. Both ends of the tree are embedded in the sandstone. It averages 3½ feet in diameter, 4 feet at the thickest part and 3 at the smallest. Where the bark does not adhere, the characteristic colors of jasper and agate are seen. Although the wood is beautiful to the naked eye, a microscope is needed to reveal its greatest charms. Not only does the glass enhance the brilliancy of its colors, but it renders visible the structure, which has been perfectly observed, even to the forms of minute cells, and is more beautiful now than before the transformation. Dr. F. H. Dudley examined microscopically some sections of this wood, and found that part of it, at least, belongs to the genus Araucaria, one species of which, Araucaria excelsa, the Norfolk Island pine of the South Pacific Ocean, according to the same authority, grows to a height of 100 to 200 feet. Other portions were found to resemble our red cedar, Juniperus Virginiana, when grown in the extreme south. The cell structure of some of the wood indicates growth in a mild, uniform climate, the animal rings being marked by only one, two, three or more slightly smaller hexagonal or rounded, not tabular cells, as is usually the case.

The name of "Chinarump" has been suggested for this material by Major John W. Powell, this being the Indian name for the substance.

These trees, according to one of the Indian myths, were believed to be the bolts of the arrows used by their god. It has been extensively used by them in making spear and arrow points.

Fishing with a Wheel.

The present catch of salmon, says a Portland (Ore.) letter, approximates to a thousand tons daily and is so great the factories find it impossible to handle it. Great quantities, therefore, spoil and are lost. Salmon are caught by the usual method of using nets: Indians spear them in large numbers, but the main source of supply is the fish-wheel. This most ingenious and effective contrivance is an immense wheel about thirty feet in diameter by eight feet in width, consisting of four great pockets of ordinary mesh fence wire. This wheel is placed in a favorable situation in swift running water. The force of the water carries it around with a steady, resistless motion, plunging the monster scoops into the stream. Any hapless fish that wanders into the radius of this wheel is quickly lifted from the water, dropped into a slippery trough constructed in the wheel near its axle and slides into a box, where its animate career ends. The efficiency of this invention is shown by the fact that one of these wheels has landed twelve tons in twenty-four hours.

General Grant's Sunday in Paris.

An incident told by Dr. Edward W. Hitchcock is suggestive to summer travelers. While he was minister of the American Chapel in Paris, General Grant was invited by the President of the Republic of France to occupy the grand stand at "Le Grand Prix," the great day of the races, which comes on Sunday. Such an invitation from the chief magistrate of a great nation is an honor which is almost a command. But General Grant, replying in a note to the President, said in substance: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my countrymen, or with the spirit of my religion, to spend Sunday in this way. I therefore beg that you will permit me to decline the honor." Instead of accepting, he attended public worship at the American Chapel.—[Boston Congregationalist

GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

A Grandfather's Story.

BY CLARA M. HOWARD.



WAY back in the twenties,
Sam seventy odd year ago,
Tore railroads were invented,
An' everything went slow,
Stage coaches were the fashion;
An' we hed our good ox teams
To haul the stuff to market
That now is pulled by steam.

Among the crowd of teamsters
That gathered at the bar
Of the stanch old Halfway Tavern,
Kept by good old 'Zekiel Parr,
Was one, a sturdy feller,
Who often kem that way
On his way tew Noo York City
With loads of grain, and hay.

I kin see him now before me,
As he stood thet stormy night
Sippin' at his glass o' cider,
In the firelight, warm and bright.
His hair was brown an' wavy,
His eyes an honest blue;
His smile was like a woman's,
An' his natur' brave an' true.

"Well, boys," settin' down his empty glass,
"What's the news about the kentry?
Hes the weddin' kum to pass?
Fer you know I'm quite a stranger,
'Tis six months or more since we
Last gathered here together,
In this pleasant hostelry!"

Then poured out a flood of gossip,
Jest and story went the rounds
Till the smoky oaken rafters
Echoed back the merry sounds,
All at once a silent youngster,
Who'd bin sittin' like a post,
Cried out, "Say, you, mister!
Hev you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them,
While the wind howled long and wild,
An' the bravest man among them
Grew as timid as a child.
An' they drew together closer,
Round the backlog's cheerful blaze,
While Tom, the tall young teamster,
Stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror,
And cried, "What do you mean?
What tale is this yer tellin'?
Where may the ghost be seen?"
"Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!"
Cried Zeke, the worthy host;
"But pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it!
What has his ghostship done?
Who's playin' tricks upon you,
Jest to see you brave men run?"
"There's never a trick about it;"



"I'LL PASS LONE ROCK AT MIDNIGHT."

Zeke gravely shook his head,
"'Tis some poor, lone, lost spirit
Can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"And you needn't talk of courage,
Fer the bravest man around
Couldn't face thet tall white figger,
An' before it stand his ground!"
Then a peal of merry laughter
Rang throughout the oaken bar,
Which made his listeners shudder,
And offended landlord Parr.

"I'll tell you what, good Zekiel,
I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' the ghost's acquaintence seek!"
Then spake again the silent youngster,
"Oh, that will be great fun;
For, despite his boasted courage,
We shall see this brave man run!"

But Tom, the merry teamster,
With his spirit undismayed,
Vowed that be it man or devil,
They should see the specter laid.

* * * * * * *

On the banks of Susquehanna,
Where the river makes a bend,
And the darksome forest branches
'Cross the water shadows send.
Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored,
A tall figure, clothed in white,
May be seen to stand and beckon,
In the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer,
With the sunlight breaking through
The tall pines clustered 'round it,
Shuttin' out the landward view;
But at night 'tis dark and gruesome,
E'en the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place for ghostly revel,
Or to hatch some devil's plot.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight—
Diamond-decked the wintry skies—
The lonely road along the river
In the deepest shadow lies.
An' a stillness, deep an' solemn
As the hush of death is there.
The snow lies white, untrodden,
Save for foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken
By the slow and measured tread
Of four big, brown-eyed oxen,
Fastened to the teamster's sled.



"CAUSED HIS MANLY FLESH TO CREEP."

It is Tom, the brave young fellow,
Who has vowed the ghost to lay,
And as his patient oxen
Slowly plod the frozen way,

With wondering eyes he scans the summit
Of Lone Rock's snowy crest—
Yes, there stands the tall white figger,
Object of their eager quest.
He gazes but a moment on it,
Then leaps softly to the ground,
Scales the rock, and stands beside it,
Turns the figger slowly 'round.

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you,
And no more tricks you'll play
On the teamsters. O, the cowards!"
And he drew the sheet away.
But the sight that met his vision
Caused his manly flesh to creep—
Not a ghost, nor yet a trickster,
But a maiden, fast asleep!

For a minit poor Tom trembled,
Half inclined to leave the field;
He, who feared no man nor devil—
All his courage seemed to yield
Before this white-robed girlish figger,
With her dark, dishevel'd hair;
With her midnight eyes wide open,
And her party feet all bare.

Calling back his recreant courage,
Down the snowy rocks he sped,
Clasping close the lovely specter,
Placed her safely in the sled;
Wrapped her well in robes and blankets—
For the night was bitter cold—
Walked beside the patient oxen,
Like a stalwart knight of old,

Hopin' he might reach the tavern
Ere the sleepin' girl awoke.

But the motion must hev roused her,
For she soon sat up an' spoke,
"Where am I? O, where am I?"
An' she giv' a frightened scream,
"Who brings me here at midnight!
Or is it but a dreadful dream?"

When he reached old Halfway Tavern,
Callin' loudly to mine host,
"I've passed Lone Rock at midnight,
And I've surely caught the ghost!



"TO THE SOUND OF DANCING FEET."

So come forth, good landlord Zekiel,
Do be quick, and bring your wife,
Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention,
Would you save the critter's life?"

* * * * * * *

Once again from top to bottom
Halfway Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke and all his helpers
Pass around the foamin' cup;
For a weddin' is in progress
An' there is no lack of cheer,
Tom's the groom—the ghost's beside him,
But he shows no sign of fear.

The inn is full of strangers,
Who hev come from miles around,
To see the fun and hear the story
How the purty bride was found.
The oaken rafters echo
To the sound of dancing feet;
Tom clasps close the lovely specter,
"Never yet was bride so sweet!"

Thus he whispers, "Annie, darling,
Just one year ago to-night
Since, upon the snowy summit
Of Lone Rock's dizzy height,
I lost my heart, but gained a treasure
Far more precious than my life—
Ah! you little thought, good Zekiel,
I should make your 'ghost' my wife!"

Now, Tom's children's children—
A goodly number he can boast—
Listen while their grandsire tells them
How he caught the purty ghost;
Grandma, listens, too, intently,
While the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlings,
'Twas the last time I walked in my sleep!"
HARVEY, Wis.

A Poetical Wife.

BY WILL HUBBARD KERNAN.

I was writing busily one morning when a young friend of mine came in and dropped into a chair, with a long, deep sigh.

"Tired, Ben?" I inquired, absently, adding, "There's the morning paper. I'll be at leisure presently."

"Oh, dash the morning paper! Dash the whole newspaper press!" I have euphemized his expletive a little.

"Why, what's the matter, Ben?"

"Matter! What isn't the matter? My wife says she's the coming Corinne of America."

I began to feel interested.

"You see, it is in this way. When your paper came out with her first effusion, she forthwith flew to the conclusion that she was inspired, and began pestering the editorial fraternity of the whole country with her rhythmical rococo."

"Oh, that's all proper."

"But she didn't stop there, durn it. One evening I went home, kissed her, asked if dinner was waiting, and she began:

"My love, the banquet soon will be
Spread with the best of food for thee;
And our new waiter from the sands
Of far-off transatlantic lands
Will help thee to a menu fine,
Including old Falernian wine."

"Must have been exasperating," I said in a condoling tone.

"Exasperating! Yes. You hit the needle pop in the optic. And she went on in the same strain until bedtime, winding up as follows:

"My dear, you know full well it shocks
Me through and through when in your socks
I see a hole; I have the yarn
This awful orifice to darn.

"After breakfast, as I was leaving the house, I heard a voice in the upstairs hall saying:

"Now, Jane, manipulate the broom
With dext'rous hand in every room,
Until——

"I fled. When I went home at half-past twelve that night, my wife met me with a frown and hissed fiercely:

"Out of my sight, thou laggard! Out of my sight, I say,
Seek thee another lodgment till the dawning of the day;
Here is my healthy broomstick—there is the open door;
Run, oh, recreant husband! as thou never hast run before!

"That made me mad."

"Naturally."

"Yes; so I began:

"This is my castle, madam; here will I stay, I vow,
Till rolleth the radiant sunbeams over the mountain brow;
And, listen, my own companion; if I cannot stay with thee,
I'll stop with Jenny, the housemaid——

"She said:

"'Well, we—will—see!'"

"Did that remedy the defect?"

"Yes; till morning, when she began again."

"How?"

"You see, my trousers were out of order, and I begged her to put a little patch under my coat-tails. That fired her off and she whizzed:

"Oh, for the rare and radiant Junes
Ere ever I thought of thy pantaloons;
Ere ever I thought that thy love so sweet
Would deign to ask me to patch the seat
Of thy——"

Just then the door opened; a pink and white vision of beauty appeared upon the threshold and began:

"Benjamin, mother is coming to-day,
And——"

"If that is the case, there's the devil to pay,"

moaned Benjamin, and vanished from my sight.

A Good Manager.

A bare-headed woman, with a faded and ragged dress, solicited alms the other evening of a gentleman who was crossing the City Hall Park. He came to a halt and asked:

"Is it for drink?"

"No, sir; it's for food."

"But I don't know how you live. I have to practice economy in order to have money in my pocket. You may be recklessly extravagant for all I know. How much money have you spent to-day?"

"Well, sir, I've made 7 cents run five of us on cold potatoes so far; and if I can get 3 more we'll top off with bread and water before we go to bed. Might leave out the bread, sir, if I can find a bit of tar somewhere to thicken up the water and deceive the children. Can you draw it any finer than that, sir?"

The man held out a dime as he passed by.—*New York Sun.*

BOSTON has a clergyman, Rev. Pitt Dillingham, who is only now recovering after a year and a half's suffering from the effects of vaccination.

Newspaper ARCHIVE.com

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE PLAN UPON WHICH IT IS ORGANIZED AND OPERATED.

Its Great Service to Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships—Description of the Machinery and Appliances Employed—The Life-Car, Boatswain's-Chair, and Breeches-Buoy—A Student Crew—Inadequate Pay for Gallant Men—The Chicago Station.



A LIFE-CAR.

THE perils of "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon great waters," have been proverbial since the days of Job.

In these days, when vessel building seems to have reached absolute perfection; when "iron is made to swim," in the form of mighty ships capable of carrying the entire tonnage of an ancient fleet; with hundreds of appliances for the prevention of disaster and for rescue in time of shipwreck, which were not even dreamed of a century ago; with all that human experience has taught and human ingenuity devised to lessen the perils of the sea, thousands of vessels are annually lost and multitudes of lives sacrificed to the relentless fury of the deep.

Though the bottoms of broad oceans are dotted with moldering heaps of Norway pine and English oak, once floating in the form of majestic ships, it is upon lonely reefs and desolate, rocky coasts that the greatest number of disasters occur.

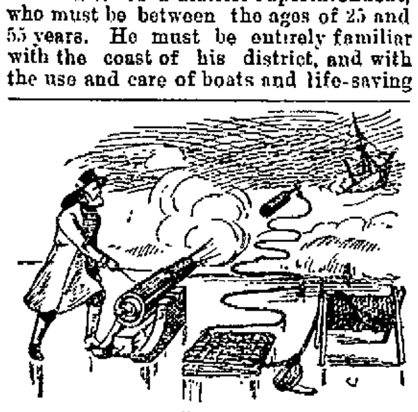
From time immemorial, at many points along the Atlantic coast, hardy fishermen from rocky headlands have watched the stormy sea for signs of a ship in distress. Their solicitude was not generally prompted by a desire to succor their imperiled fellow creatures, but rather to profit by securing valuable property from the impending wreck.

At present a more vigilant watch is kept, very largely by fishermen. Unlike their ancestors, the wreckers, these men are constantly keeping watch and ward to the end that they may effect the rescue of the crews and passengers of shipwrecked and distressed vessels, coming, through false reckoning or stress of weather, upon the coast.

These men are members of the United States Life Saving Service.

This service went into operation in 1871, and is an adjunct of the Treasury Department. The Superintendent, who is located in Washington, is S. I. Kimball.

The service extends to about 10,000 miles of sea and lake coast, and is divided into twelve districts, each under the control of a district superintendent, who must be between the ages of 25 and 55 years. He must be entirely familiar with the coast of his district, and with the use and care of boats and life-saving



SHOOTING THE LINE.

appliances. He acts as disbursing officer, paying off the crews quarterly. The salaries of the district superintendents vary from $1,000 to $1,800 per year.

There are 218 stations in commission—166 on the Atlantic coast, 7 on the Pacific, 44 on the great lakes, and 1 at the falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

Each of these (with the exception of ten on the coast of Florida called "houses of refuge") is manned by a keeper and crew of from six to eight surfmen. In the aggregate about 1,400 men are employed.

The Chicago or Lake Michigan district contains twenty-three stations. Those on the west shore are: At Michigan City, South Chicago, Chicago, Evanston, Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Two Rivers, and Sturgeon Bay. The Chicago station is a very important one, and will be the one specially described.

Keepers, to whom in common parlance the title of "Captain" is given, must be between the ages of 21 and 45, entirely able-bodied, good sailors, well skilled in all the duties of their positions, and experts in matters of salvage.

They are charged with the responsibility of selecting crews, of which they act as captains, and whom they lead on all occasions of rescue. They are intrusted with the custody and care of all Government property at the stations, keeping daily journals and making monthly reports to the department. Keepers are also inspectors of customs, and look after all dutiable goods on board distressed vessels. The law constitutes them the guardians of all wrecked property until relieved by the owners or their agents. The Secretary of the Treasury fixes their compensation at not more than $800 per annum. Only two are paid this amount, the others receiving only $700.

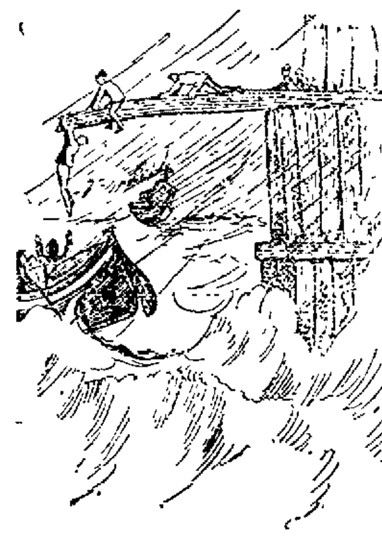
The surfmen are enlisted like soldiers, after a rigid examination, for a term of one year, and generally re-enlisted as long as they perform their duties properly. They repair to their posts on the ocean coasts about the 1st of September, where they remain until the 1st of May, or later, as the weather may determine. At the lake stations they go on duty in April and remain until the close of navigation, in November or December.

The pay of the surfmen is fixed by law at not more than fifty dollars per month, and all of them do not even receive this. They, of course, sleep at the station, but no extra allowance is made for them. They are obliged to procure, at their own expense, a handsome uniform, and pay for their board, which at Chicago costs them $15 per month. Besides, they are only paid for the time of actual service, from six to eight months, and in the lake districts are turned adrift in the beginning of winter, the very worst time to secure employment. They are allowed for injuries while disabled from accidents, but receive nothing in the way of a pension from the Government. The keepers receive $700 per year, but as they remain in charge of the station during the entire year are in reality but little better paid. Efforts to induce Congress to grant them pensions upon honorable retirement from the service by reason of



RESCUING A CREW BY MEANS OF A LIFE-BOAT.

age or disability, and to provide for the widows and orphans of such as have lost their lives in the discharge of their duty have been made, but unsuccessfully thus far. The life-saving crews are men of good character, and being engaged in hazardous and humane work, ought to be better paid and properly pensioned.



SCENE AT THE CRIB.

The name of the late Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from New York, is kept especially green in the memory of all members of the service. He did more for them in Congress than any man now living, a circumstance which they seem in no danger of forgetting.

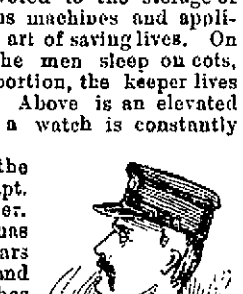


THE CHICAGO STATION.

The duty of the surfmen consists of daily practice and drill, caring for the station and all boats and other property, and keeping watch from an elevated lookout. On the Atlantic coast they patrol the shore at night, meeting and exchanging checks with the guard from the next station. This is a duty never neglected, and in cold and stormy weather is an exceedingly trying task, which has frequently resulted in the death of patrolmen. On the lakes no patrol is made except in "thick weather," and then only to a limited distance of from two to five miles, to a "key-post," where the patrolman registers his visit. In the event of his discovering a wreck or ship in distress he burns a large red light, of which he carries a supply, to notify the lookout at the station.

But the crowning duty of surfmen is in cases of rescue. Then it is that these skilled and careful, yet daring, men "take their lives in their hands" and go forth to save imperiled fellow creatures. This cannot be understood without a description of the various appliances employed for that purpose. This will be made by a reference to the Chicago station, from which the artist has made his designs, and which is a fair representative of the lake stations.

The Chicago station is situated on the lake at the mouth of the river. It consists of a two-storied frame building. The lower floor is devoted to the storage of boats and various machines and appliances used in the art of saving lives. On the upper floor the men sleep on cots, and in the rear portion, the keeper lives with his family. Above is an elevated look-out, where a watch is constantly maintained.



CAPT. ST. PETER.

The keeper of the station is Capt. Deles St. Peter. The Captain has been fourteen years at this station, and for twelve years has been its keeper. He has seen much of dangerous service during his life, having served in the army during the war. He can tell many thrilling stories of daring rescues and frightful calamities.

His crew consists of six men, well-built young fellows, all of whom seem to have a mania for reading when not engaged in the discharge of their duties.



LANDING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Each is allowed twelve hours' leave of absence every week, or twenty-four every two weeks.

The life-boat is a magnificent contrivance. It is 27 feet in length, 7½ feet in width. At each end it has circular elevated air chambers filled with cork. The keel is of iron and weighs 1,400 pounds. The object of the elevated chambers and heavy keel, is to bring the center of gravity below the surface when filled with water. By this arrangement, if the boat should chance to capsize, it will at once right itself, since it would require great force to keep the chambers submerged and the keel elevated. Besides this advantage the life-boat empties itself. This is accomplished by means of six check-valves. These valves serve to close as many metal tubes which run from the bottom of the boat through the hold to its open space. They open only one way, and permit the water to flow downward but not upward. They act automatically and will empty the boat in a very short time.

It is built of oak, and planked without with two layers of Honduras mahogany. Its weight is 5,000 pounds. It rests on rollers in a standing position, and can be launched in a moment's time. It is pulled with oars, but is also provided with sails, to be used when necessary and available. It will carry its crew and eighteen men besides, and has more than once been filled to its capacity.

There is a surf-boat of the same size, but it is not a self-righter and bailer. It is provided with broad-tired wheels, and can be drawn along the beach to the point where it is desired to launch it. A crew of seven men can pull this boat six miles an hour, if not against a heavy wind.

When a wreck can be reached by the life-boat, it is employed, and her passengers and crew rowed to the shore. Sometimes, however, owing to the extreme violence of the storm, the disabled ship cannot be reached. In such emergencies recourse is had to the life-car, boatswain's-chair or breeches-buoy.

The life-car is the invention of Captain James Francis, who is still living in New York at the advanced age of ninety years. It has been computed that since he devised it in 1841 over one thousand lives have been saved by its use. In recognition of his great services Congress granted him a medal worth, it is said, over $5,000.

This car is in appearance a small boat. It has rings on its upper side by which it is suspended to a rope reaching from the wreck to the shore. People on the ship enter it and are drawn ashore, and the operation is repeated until all are rescued. The boatswain's chair is simply a chair operated in the same way, carrying one passenger at a time. The breeches-buoy consists of a large circular ring, filled with cork, and in itself an admirable life-preserver. To this ring a wide pair of strong canvas breeches are firmly attached. Into these the person to be rescued thrusts his legs, and is run ashore on the rope, with little danger of being dislodged, no matter how furious the storm. All these appliances are worked from the shore by means of ropes connecting with pulleys on the wreck.

The method employed in getting a line



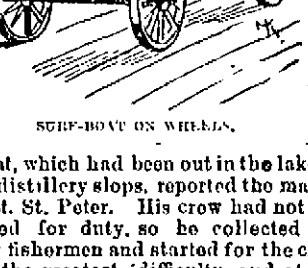
SURF-BOAT RESCUING CAPSIZED PARTY.

from the shore to the wreck is as follows: A small cannon with a bore of two and one-half inches is employed. It is charged with from four to eight ounces of powder, and carries a long iron missile weighing nineteen pounds. To one end of this is attached a slender cord, so folded that it will pay out rapidly and without tangling. This is fired at the ship with a view to hitting the rigging to the end the end that the crew may secure it and pull a heavier rope on board. When this is done it is attached to a mast, the pulleys placed in position, and the car, chair, or buoy, as the case may be, started on its life-saving journey. On the shore end, where no natural elevation exists, a plank contrivance is used to raise the rope above the ground so that the vehicle can be operated. A line can thus be thrown to a ship at a distance as great as 350 yards.

Three years ago the schooner America became disabled at Evanston and the life-saving crew, who are students of the Northwestern University located near by, brought the crew ashore on a rope to a bluff seventy-five feet above the level of the lake.

Many daring and notable rescues have been effected by the Chicago crew. In 1884 there was a disaster at the crib, or inlet to the water works at Hyde Park. Captain St. Peter and crew went to their assistance and succeeded in saving four, though ten lives were lost. One, a boy of sixteen named Claus Clausen, drifted on a plank to South Chicago and was picked up. He is at present a member of the Chicago crew.

On March 28, 1890, there was a terrific storm at Chicago, and thirty-one men who were working on the middle crib of the new water tunnel, two and one-half miles from shore, were placed in a position of extreme peril. A furious snow storm was raging which precluded their distress signals from being seen. A large



SURF-BOAT ON WHEELS.

tug boat, which had been out in the lake to dump distillery slops, reported the matter to Capt. St. Peter. His crew had not yet reported for duty, so he collected six daring fishermen and started for the crib. With the greatest difficulty, and at the expense of enormous labor, fourteen of the almost frozen men were safely rescued, and the contractors' tug boat afterward carried off the rest.

As a rule, the principal duties of the Chicago crew are confined to the harbor. Here, every season, a great number of small yachts and row-boats are overturned and the Captain and his vigilant crew are to be credited with the saving of many lives.

Owing to the inadequate compensation allowed the surf-men, the keepers have trouble in securing and retaining efficient men, and in the interests, not only of humanity but fair dealing, Congress should take action in the premises and provide better for the present and future welfare of the men upon whose heroic actions depend the rescue of so many imperiled lives.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

CHICAGO, Ill.

Darkness Had No Terrors for Them.

Miss Giddimiss was angry. Mr. Gettethere had actually attempted to kiss her and had known her only twenty-four hours.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "Why, I have known gentlemen for years who never presumed even to press my hand."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Gettethere, "but they could not have been so susceptible to beauty as I."

The compliment was like a stream of water on the blaze. Miss Giddimiss came very near smiling.

"I fear you are too susceptible," she said. "I cannot trust myself with you. You know mamma and papa are both out this evening, and since you have been so bold I'm really afraid of you. You won't insist on staying if I ask you to go, will you, Mr. Gettethere?"

"I certainly would not be so rude," he returned.

"I knew you would not," Miss Giddimiss added; "and so I am going to ask you—— Do you know that lamp is slowly but surely going out? Those stupid servants must have forgot to fill it."

Thus she interrupted herself.

"You were going to ask me——?" suggested Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, yes. It would never do for us to be left here together in the dark. I was going to ask you to say good-night to me."

"But I may stop until the last drop of oil is burned, may I not?"

Miss Giddimiss hesitated.

"Well," she said, with a half smile, "if you promise to behave yourself, I will permit it. I'm sure it won't be for long. How warm the room has grown!"

"May I raise a window?"

"Thank you. I wish you would.

The lamp, which was a high one, stood between one of the windows and the door. It was this window that Mr. Gettethere raised.

No sooner was it up than a strong draught swept across the apartment and carried the lamplight with it. The room was enveloped in darkness.

Miss Giddimiss sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Gettethere!" she exclaimed, "have you a match? Do re-light it. I am sure there is some oil left."

Mr. Gettethere had no match, but he, too, was sure there was some oil left. Until that oil was exhausted he had been granted the privilege of remaining.

Accordingly, he sat down beside Miss Giddimiss and informed her that he rather enjoyed a dark room.

* * * *

Two hours later there was a sound of a key in the front door.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

It was Miss Giddimiss who spoke, and though she whispered the words, Mr. Gettethere realized that she was very much alarmed.

"Light the lamp! Light the lamp!" she repeated, nervously. "It is papa and mamma returning. If we are found in the dark we are lost."

"But you know I have no matches," returned Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, how stupid you are! There are dozens in that little vase on the bottom shelf of the cabinet."—*Town Topics.*

Once Used as a Text-Book.

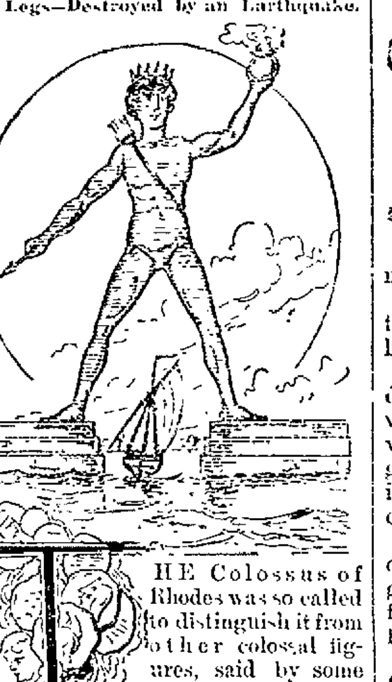
The New York *Times* contains an article upon old text-books used in that city. Among the most curious of these was a volume upon "Physicking," which was probably intended to fulfill for that time the function of the modern "First Aid to Injured" manuals. It was published about 1750. It contains prescriptions for various common diseases, which the student committed to memory for future use. The following have been selected directly from the old book: "Cough," it says, "can be cured in the Beginning with riding moderately on Horseback and only taking some Ground Ivy Tea, sweetened with Syrup of Horehound. If it be violent it will be proper to bleed eight ounces." In case of "fever of any kind it is always best to blister near the Place wherein the Pain lies and by a good bleeding." "Consumption," says the wise author, "is a Distemper slow and pure. Bleed two or three ounces every three Days: also apply strong Poultices under the arms in order to draw the Mischief that way. For inward medicine let him chew Sassafras Root. His diet should be an abundance of Turnips, Raisins and Licquorice. His drink should be Strong Beer." "For Griping in the Stomack drink a Gallon of warm Whey, and if possible a gallon of warm Water." "The Dry Gripes is the cruelest kind of Cholick, but are now (blessed be God) grown much rarer than formerly. Take three Spoonfuls of bears' oil or a Decoction of Peach Leaves. If these remedies should fail you must needs submit to a Tobacco Blister. The best way to prevent dry-gripes is not to meddle with Rum mixed with sugar or lime juice." The following is given as a sure means of bringing a person out of an epileptic fit: "Burn often under the nose chicken feathers, or else leather or rubber, or even the hoofs of any animal." "After every attack of fever and ague bleed eight ounces and take a purge of Indian physick." Here is consolation for a rheumatic: "Bleed ten ounces from the wrist. Next day take a vomit of Indian physick. After this boil a shin of beef in a gallon of water. Put in a pound of garlick and stew to three pints. Take a quarter of a pint morning and evening for three days, when (by the gracé of God) you will find relief." According to the *Medical Record*, many of the suggestions above given are, after all, not so far removed from what our modern therapeutics teaches.

A LITTLE railway just opened between Lynton and Lynmouth, in England, has the steepest incline in the world—a uniform gradient of 1 in 1¾. The line is only 900 feet long, and was built to give passage over a cliff nearly 500 feet high separating the two places. Water is brought from a distance of a mile to the summit of the cliff, and is drawn from the reservoir to move the cars, two of which are connected together by a wire cable and sufficient water-lord applied to the descending one to drag the other up the incline.

COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN WONDERS.

A Brief History of the Gigantic Figure—It Was One Hundred and Fifty Feet High, and Ships in Full Sail Passed Between Its Legs—Destroyed by an Earthquake.



THE Colossus of Rhodes was so called to distinguish it from other colossal figures, said by some writers to have numbered over one hundred, which, during the days of its prosperity, were set up in the "City of the Sun," as the capital of the Island of Rhodes was poetically called. The Colossus came third in the list of the seven wonders of the world, and was consecrated to the sun, the deity of Rhodes. It was made of brass, cast in sections, and is said to have been the work of Chares of Lindus, a pupil of the great Lysippus. It was 20 cubits (supposed to have been 150 feet) high, and cost the city about 300 talents, or $350,000 as we reckon money nowadays. Over twelve years' work was spent on this early monster, which with all its grandeur was destined to a very short career. Fifty-six years after its completion, in the year 224 B. C., according to Pliny, this gigantic emblematic figure was thrown down by an earthquake. The Colossus stood at the entrance to the harbor, with each of its mighty feet on solid stone foundations, ships in full sail passing and repassing between the gigantic legs. Deleperre, the historian, says that it was not erected at the entrance to the harbor, as stated by Pliny, but that it stood on an open space near the Pasha's seraglio. Still another writer says that it was reconstructed during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and that after the Island of Rhodes had been conquered by the Caliph Othman, in the seventh century of our era, it was taken down and the metal sold to a Jew, who transported it to Syria, a caravan of 980 camels being necessary to carry his purchase.

Changing the Motto.

That men are often aroused to perform noble deeds in times of great public exigency by noble sentiments forcibly expressed is a fact of general acceptance. Patrick Henry's fervid appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," doubtless stirred many a patriot to brave the one while striving for the other.

But there are many worthy men of practical minds to whom sentiment is of little value in comparison with present advantage, and with whom the discharge of duty is a matter-of-fact affair, to be purchased with as little self-sacrifice as possible.

Michael Pinkind, a resident of the eastern shore of Maryland, by occupation both a farmer and a fisherman, was enrolled, during the war of 1812, in the local militia, and when not needed for active service was, with his neighbors, permitted to remain at home, engaged in the pursuit of a livelihood. When the British fleet anchored off St. Michael's, and threatened the bombardment of the town, the militia were hastily called to assemble for its defense.

The officer whose duty it was to notify the warriors came to Pinkind's house on a day when he was absent, looking after the fisheries in the Choptank River. As he could not be followed to his place of labor at that time, the officer informed the fisherman's patriotic wife that Michael was needed at the front, and she, with great indignation at the invasion of the eastern shore by the British, assured the officer that her husband would be found at the post of duty on the day following his return home.

She then went to work to overhaul Michael's raiment, and make him present as martial an appearance as possible.

When he returned home next day, Michael received from his faithful wife the call to arms, and by her was presented with his uniform. His best suit had received a thorough renovation, and upon the back of the coat was stitched in prominent characters the motto, "Victory or Death!"

Michael regarded the motto dubiously for a moment, and then anxiously inquired, "Polly, can't ye make it '*Victory or Cripple?*'"—*Youth's Companion.*

Horse Meat for Eating.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the *Nineteenth Century*. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef, is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advance price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."

THE PHANTOM HORSE.

BY M. M'ALLISTER.



O some times comes to soul and sense,
The feeling which is nothing less
Than a recall about us lies
The realms of spiritual mysteries.

Seated around the cheerful fire in an old-fashioned farmhouse were a company of friends, one winter evening, engaged in the delightful pastime of telling ghost stories.

"I can tell you a little experience I once had, which may seem incredible to you, but it is true, nevertheless."

"Tell it, tell it," cried they all as they drew their chairs nearer to the hearth.

"A few years ago, when I was a student at college, I went during one vacation to visit an old school-mate who had recently married the loveliest girl in the world. He was very anxious I should make them a visit and become acquainted with her.

"When I arrived at his home late one afternoon he was absent, having gone on some business to a village a few miles distant, but his wife expected him home that night.

"The hour of his return being uncertain, and being rather tired after my journey, I was shown to my room about ten o'clock, but had no sooner closed the door than I heard a horse come galloping up the graveled drive that led to the barn. I immediately returned to the sitting-room.

"'I am glad you had not retired,' said the wife; 'John will be anxious to see you to-night.'

"The darkness was so intense she had kept a lantern ready lighted all the evening, and was now about to start to the barn to meet her husband when we heard something fall heavily on the kitchen floor.

"'Well, he is in a hurry to-night, and he has brought his saddle into the kitchen as usual for safe-keeping.'

"Then opening the door, we both ran out, gayly laughing in our glad anticipation, but all was silent: there was no one there.

"'We were mistaken: he hasn't come in yet. We will take the light and go out to meet him.' Seizing the light we both hurried out into the darkness.

"But all was quiet: not a sound could we hear. The young wife led the way, saying, 'he must be feeding Sancho.' She walked around to the stall. It was empty. The horse we had heard come galloping in the yard was not there.

"'John! John! Where are you?' cried the frightened young wife. There was no answer.

"'What can it mean?' she gasped, as she turned her white face toward me.

"I must confess I had begun to feel quite nervous myself by this time; but I laughed at her fears as best I could, saying there was a loose board somewhere that the wind was sporting with.

"But she was not to be calmed so easily; she would not allow me to leave her that night, and I don't think I could have left had I tried. We sat all night, anxiously listening to every sound; but the one for whom we waited never returned to his happy home again.

"As soon as daylight appeared, to satisfy the anxious young wife, I aroused some of the neighbors and started to the village to see what had occurred to detain my friend.

"I, as well as she, was now fully convinced that something serious must have happened.

"We had reached a spot where the road approached to the very verge of a precipice, when a terrible sight met our eyes. At the bottom lay the mangled remains of a horse and rider.

"In the darkness the horse had evidently missed his footing, and both had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"No words can describe the agony of the bereaved young wife, nor is it necessary.

"But what were the sounds we heard? I forgot to say that first we heard the whinny of the mate to the horse that was killed, and which was in the barn, and always recognized the return of the other one in that way.

"Who is able to explain the mystery?"

Not one in that group was able to do so.

Victim of an Umbrella.

In the hands of some people the umbrella is a deadly weapon. One day, just before nightfall, when suburban folks rush home from the city in crowds, an intelligent-looking young woman joined the throng headed for the station. Her umbrella was open in her hand, and the way she handled it straightway attracted notice on all sides. Somehow she managed to knock nearly every umbrella she met from its owner's hand, until, having reached the entrance steps she suddenly closed her own, much to the detriment of the bonnet of another lady who happened to be at her side. She then began fumbling for her purse, holding the umbrella in the meanwhile in the hand she was moving, so that the ferrule described an arc of about forty degrees. Having found a dime, she marched to the ticket office, and then, while slowly gathering up her change, stood with the umbrella tucked under her arm and protruding across the passage, thus obstructing all movements for others. At last the ticket was safe in her purse, and she passed on. With that umbrella still tucked under her arm she walked leisurely along, while a man behind her dodged the umbrella's ferrule as best he could. Suddenly she stepped on her dress and stopped. Of course the umbrella jabbed the man in the face. With a sweet "I beg your pardon," she shifted it so that it stuck out sideways and tripped up a man who was hurrying past her. Finally, with no other mishap than catching the handle of the umbrella in a little girl's hair, the lady seated herself in the car, the umbrella protruding just enough to trip up every unwary man who passed her.

A Real Soldier to Play With.

Child's nurse (to her sweetheart as she hears her lady coming into the kitchen unexpectedly)—Hurry, August; begin playing with the children quick."

"Why, Anna," exclaims the mistress, "what is this I see?"

"Oh, madam, you know the dear children were so anxious to have a soldier to play with that—you see—well, I went out and got one of them."

IT is only when a man is complimented that he thinks he is seeing himself as others see him.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A PLANE-DEALER—the carpenter.

GOOD material for bathing suits—watered silk.

AT the concert: "I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."

"GEORGE, what is meant by the 'dead of night?'" "It would mean that cat of Tomkins, if I could aim straight."

"IS THERE anything that will bring youth to a woman?" asked a writer. Well, a leading smile from her might bring him to her feet.

TALENTED boy—Papa, may I get my paints, and paint a picture? Practical father—Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and whitewash the cellar.

MR. GUZZLETON (going out)—You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria. Mrs. Guzzleton—No, I suppose you can do all the "setting-up" that is needed yourself.

"IT isn't her own dress that turns a woman's head, fond as the sex are of finery." "No?" "No, it is the dress of another woman who passes her on the street that turns her head."

DEACON EBONY—I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got into a select neighborhood? Brudder Black—I hab, for a fac', Deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection ob chickens in mah life.

CONTRIBUTOR—Have you examined my story? Editor—Yes; I've weighed it and found it wanting. "Then why didn't you return it to me?" "It was wanting in postage to the amount of sixteen cents."

LOVING mother—See that boy of mine run! A minute ago he said he couldn't go to school, being so lame from a stone-bruise. Another boy (flying past) Don't yer see the head of the circus procession down yender?

MRS. SLIMDIET—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he recommend any special diet? New boarder—No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding-house.

MRS. O'KELLY claims to be a literary lady because she cleans the office of a magazine editor and sells the contents of his waste-basket to the junk-man. She says no one dare deny that she is a polisher of literary stock and a dealer in literary wares.

A STRANGER in the city seeing an urchin on Broadway patted him on the head and said: "Can you tell me where 14th street is, little boy?" The gamin stared seemingly incredulous at the gentleman and then, shrieking hysterically to a distant comrade, "Hey, Chimmy!" he yelled, "here's a feller what don't know where 14th street is!"

AT a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee-room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way." Back went the waiter and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

AT the close of a fair in South Boston the other evening the unsold articles were offered at auction, and a round lot of cream pies were knocked down to a gentleman who seemed particularly anxious to get them. "My wife made these pies," he said, "and gave them to the fair; but as she never makes any of this quality except to give away, my only chance is to buy them." And then he sat down and consumed a couple in silence.

She Got a Pointer.

Two men were playing a game of euchre in a drawing-room car on the Erie road, and a little woman who had a seat near by watched the game with great interest. Finally, as a certain play was made, she asked:

"Did he take the trick with the king of hearts?"

"Yes'm."

"He took your queen with his king?"

"Just so, ma'am."

"But a queen is higher than a king."

"Oh, no, ma'am, the queen ranks one below the king."

"Is that so everywhere?"

"Yes'm."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"Not the slightest. Do you play?"

"Not much. My husband set out to learn me, but I took all his kings with my queens, and he got mad, and quarreled about it, and, and——"

"And you don't play any more?"

"N—no, sir, but I'll telegraph him within the next ten minutes that I was wrong, and that all is forgiven, and that I'll return and let him even take the bowers with ten spots if he wants to!"—*New York Sun.*

Why He Was Annoyed.

O'Geoghegan entered the house the other day in an unusually ugly humor.

"See here, Ellen," he began, "do I give you the impression of a rip-staving idiot?"

"No, Henry!"

"Wouldn't you take me for an escaped lunatic now?"

"Why, of course not; who said so?"

"Well," replied O'Geoghegan, "I just wanted to know. I had barely got down to my office this morning when an agent tried to sell me a daft motor, I believe he called it. Ten minutes later a woman came in and actually forced me to buy shares in a church-fair crazy-quilt. At lunch, because I told the waiter I wasn't feeling well, he brought me noodle soup and cracked wheat—and, and—now when I come home you ask me what makes me so mad!"—*American Grocer.*

The Woman Who Sat Sideways.

A woman, who may have come from Perrysburg or somewhere, got on a street-car yesterday at my corner. The car was full of passengers of her own sex, but there would have been a seat for her but for one woman who persisted in sitting sideways and ignoring the presence of the passenger who was hanging on the straps. The newcomer looked long and earnestly at the one who was sitting sideways, then stooping a little, said sympathizingly:

"Got a boil, I reckon!"

Although there were not many men present to snicker, the bell rang instanter and one enraged feminine left the car.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE Imperial Telegraph Department, of Berlin, finds that underground wires are much less affected by atmospheric electricity than aerial wires, 388 interruptions from storms having been recorded in 1888 for underground wires and 2,375 for aerial wires. In cities telephones seem to be protected from lightning in some degree by the network of wires above the house-tops.

IT improves your memory to lend a friend $5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.

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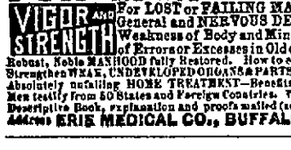
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GOSSIP OF THE TRACK.

Cinders of News as Found Floating in the Air Around the Busy Centers.

Ed. Longfield will pitch for the Fort Wayne Stars, to-morrow.

Ed. Lynch will go to Peabody this evening to spend Sundsy.

Engines No. 230 and 146 are in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

The American Wheel works is shut down to-day to make repairs.

T. Archer, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is off duty on a vacation.

J. D. White, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty to-day.

David Fox has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

C. Barnes, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is at Garrett to-day.

New engine, class S., No. 80, has been turned out of the Pittsburg shops.

W. Wartenbe is now running a nut machine in the Pittsburg car shop.

H. Strasser, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after an illness.

H. J. Gardner has accepted a position as fireman on the Grand Rapids road.

T. Delano has been transferred from the Pittsburg round house to the copper shop.

Master Mechanic G. L. Potter, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Chicago last evening.

John Burk has accepted a position in the machine department of the Pittsburg shop.

B. Reidt, engineer on the Grand Rapids road, has reported for duty after an absence.

J. McClellan and Phil Rocholl, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day.

F. Scherer, cabinet maker in the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty on account of sickness.

J. H. Sullivan, engineer on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

E. Klinedinst, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

C. A. Prince has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after a few days absence.

Wm. Conolly, of the Wabash machine shop, will spend Sunday at his home in Logansport.

William Roach, of the American Wheel works, will play with the Dead Knots base ball team to-morrow.

August Brill, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of a large casting falling on his foot.

John McCarty, employed by Contractor Maran, of the Fort Wayne road, has gone to Rock Point, Pa.

Thomas Gorman, of the Wabash boiler shops, will spend Sunday at Roanoke, the guest of friends.

Engineer J. C. Kensill, of the Pittsburg road, is off duty account of the serious illness of his daughter.

F. Schram, machinist in the Pittsburg round house, went home this morning on account of sickness.

Fred Schultze, of the electric works, had one of his hands fearfully lacerated in machinery yesterday afternoon.

Engineer Amiel Jamay has reported for duty on the Pittsburg road after an absence on account of a sprained foot.

James Trythall, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, will preach at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening.

P. Moran, the contractor, who is building the new double track of the Fort Wayne road, left for Pittsburg last night.

C. C. Ellenwood, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, accidentally got his eye burned last evening, and is off duty to-day.

Wm. Schuts, of the electric light works, accidentally got his arm crushed the other day and is off duty in consequence.

Thomas Mack has resigned his position in the Pittsburg car shops, to accept one under Foreman O'Leary in the Pittsburg yards.

The New York railroads have formed an association to enforce the demurrage rate in places where there are competitive freight offices.

The new Order of Railway Conductors will have its headquarters at Elmira, N. Y. Its membership is said to have already reached 2,000.

A special train bearing the Knights of Pythias of New Jersey from the encampment at Milwaukee, passed through on the Pittsburg road last evening.

The Chicago roads, as agreed, withdrew from the sale of tickets at the hotels in Chicago yesterday. A road which sells tickets in a hotel hereafter will be fined $100. As some of the clerks in the hotel offices have been taken care of by the roads, there is less bluster over the matter than was looked for.

George Huber has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after being off several days on account of the sickness of his wife.

Doc Sweringen, wheel inspector in the Pittsburg shops, left for Rome City this morning, where he will spend Sunday, boating on the waters of Sylvan lake.

A. A. McLeod, the new president of the Reading railroad, began his career as a railroad man by dragging chains for the surveyors of the Northern Pacific terminal at Duluth.

So many iron works are shut down that the car works all over the country are experiencing considerable trouble in getting iron sufficient to keep their full forces of men at work.

The Salavator and Dortmunder base ball teams will play a game of ball at the east end grounds to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Coy and Starke will be the battery for the former and Waldschmidt and Cutshall, for the latter.

E. V. Debbs, grand secretary of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, gives the following estimate of the strength of the different trainmen's organizations: Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 20,000; Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, 18,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, 16,000; Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, 6,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, 2,000. The last four bodies are federated, and number 42,000 in all.

America has now and has had for years a a surplus of clerks, book-keepers and salesmen, a great many whom struggle along from year to year on wages that would appall the average mechanic, says the Boston Journal. What the country wants is fewer men in the ranks of these soft-handed occupations and more and better native craftsmen. The wonderful success which is attending the manuel-training experiments demonstrates how keenly this need is realized.

In speaking of the fact that there had been twenty-one foreclosure sales of railways this year, against eight in the first six months of 1889, a railroad man remarked to an Indianapolis Journal reporter that these forced sales by no means reflect the condition of the railroad interests of the country, as they were never more remunerative or less likely to come under the hammer. The foreclosures of this year, as a rule, are the culmination of financial difficulties extending through years, and in some cases the ending of long periods of receiverships. Some of the roads were weighed down by excessive capitalization and others run through sparsely settled country where there was not enough business to pay the expenses. There are a half dozen more roads to be sold this year which have been drifting for years in a bad way.

"Don't Care to Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

A West Virginia girl trapped enough muskrats to be able to buy a watch.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

To Resorts East and West.

Low rate excursion tickets are now on sale via the great Wabash Line and its connections to Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Alexandria Bay down the beautiful St. Lawrence river, through the Thousand Islands to Montreal, across the White Mountains to the sea. A wide choice of route to all New England summer resorts; tours around the great lakes, interchangable western tours through Colorado, New Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, California and the northwest. Information relative to any of the above trips cheerfully given upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
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There are a dozen women notaries public in New York City.

HONEST MEDICINE

—FOR—

HONEST MONEY.

No other remedy is so effective in purifying the blood as

ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

BOILS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, TETTER, SALT RHEUM and OTHER ERUPTIONS on the exterior, tell of a disordered condition of the blood within. If you have these indications don't delay, but take

Rogers' Royal Herbs!

At once. It cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. It strengthens and builds and takes away that tired feeling. A visible change is felt after the first few doses. Another thing that commends it is, that the most sensitive stomach can retain it.

TAKE IT NOW.

Price $1. By Druggist.

PREPARED BY

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES COMPANY, BOSTON AND HYDE PARK, MASS.

A PAYNE-FUL VICTORY.

The Fort Wayne Club Defeats the Payne Amatuers.

Yesterday afternoon the Fort Wayne base ball club won its first game for some time. It was a contest between our boys and the Payne, Ohio, team, and the game took place at that town. The score was 13 to 1. Batteries—Bruton and Brandenburg for Fort Wayne; McCarthy and Malone for Payne.

BIG GAMES.

The big league games yesterday resulted as follows:

Brotherhood—Boston 12, Pittsburg 5; Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 11; New York 2, Chicago 7; Brooklyn 15, Buffalo 5.

National League—Boston 6, Chicago 0; Philadelphia 10, Cleveland 2; New York 11, Pittsburg 7; Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 9.

American Association—Toledo 8, Brooklyn 9.

NOTES.

A pretty game is anticipated to-day.

Anderson defeated Muncie yesterday. The winning club made only twenty-three hits off the Muncie pitchers.

The following is the attendance of the major leagues yesterday: Players' league—Boston, 978; Brooklyn, 326; New York, 1,637; Philadelphia, 928; total, 3,869. National league—Brooklyn, 2,663; New York, 307; Philadelphia, 1,614; Boston, 4,142; total, 8,726.

HIS IDEA OF WOMEN.

What a Prominent English Author Thinks of American Ladies—A Comparison with European Girls.

A well-known English author, who was recently in the United States, was entertained by a gentleman and lady of wealth, residing on Fifth Avenue, New York. In the course of the dinner the conversation turned upon American women, when the English gentlemen said:

"Nowhere in America do you find such complexions and nowhere such health as we see in the faces and forms of English girls. I have noticed this in every city that I have visited. American ladies look tired, weak, faded. They lack color and they lack life. Existence seems a burden to them, not a pleasure. You in America, do not notice, because you are here, while I can see it very plainly.

We may say that this English author was prejudiced, was conceited, was bitter, but we cannot say that he was wrong. American ladies are not so strong, so healthy, so brilliant, as they should be. Their complexions are not so clear nor their eyes so bright as could be desired. Doubtless the climate has something to do with this, but it is unquestionably true that by proper care, and a judicious use of the right means; these things can be overcome. Any lady who feels tired despondent or weak can readily overcome these troubles by a proper use of a little pure whiskey taken in water. Bear in mind, however, that it should be the best whiskey, as anything else is injurious, and also remember that the best physicians and chemists in America unhesitatingly declare that Duffy's Pure Malt has no equal. The effect of this whiskey is to build up the system, to improve the complexion and to give brightness and vigor in the place of weakness and languor. It is being used by the leading ladies in the land, and its popularity proves its value.

POLICE COURT.

Miss Chamberlain Again--Two Crooks Charged With Larceny.

There was a lively police court this morning and the lobby was well filled with spectators. The cases were as follows:

George Williams was arrested by Officer Kramer near the railroad for intoxication. Jail eleven days.

James Meyers, an old man whose garb indicated that he was a painter, was arrested by Officer Tremmel for trying to sleep off a drunk in B. L. Auger's barn. The old man said he had been laboring hard all day and was only tired. His Honor cast one inspiring look at the prisoner to re-assure himself that the said old man had been laboring harder to concoct a story than anything else and sent him to jail for eleven days.

Wm. Allen and James Pluey were arraigned for preliminary hearing on the charge of larceny. They were caught in the act of stealing a watch from an unsuspecting farmer, named George who resides on the Huntington road. The stealing took place in the saloon of Russell George, on West Main street. The fellows were spotted by H. S. Herrod, a bystander, who notified Officer Harkenrider and succeeded in having the crooks placed under arrest. The prisoners proclaimed their innocence, but the mayor bound them over for preliminary hearing Monday.

Adam Stolridge and Eliza Chamberlain were arraigned together. Officer John O'Connell made the arrest. The woman was fined $21.50 which she paid and Stolridge got seventeen days in jail and a fine of $16.50. The mayor said to Stolridge: "If I hear of any more of your unmanly actions you will not get off so easy again."

YES, THIS SUMMER,

The Natural Gas Mains to Be Laid in Bloomingdale.

"Are we going to have natural gas mains laid in Bloomingdale this summer?" asked a resident of that part of the city to-day; "if not we should like to know it, as the time is at hand to buy coal."

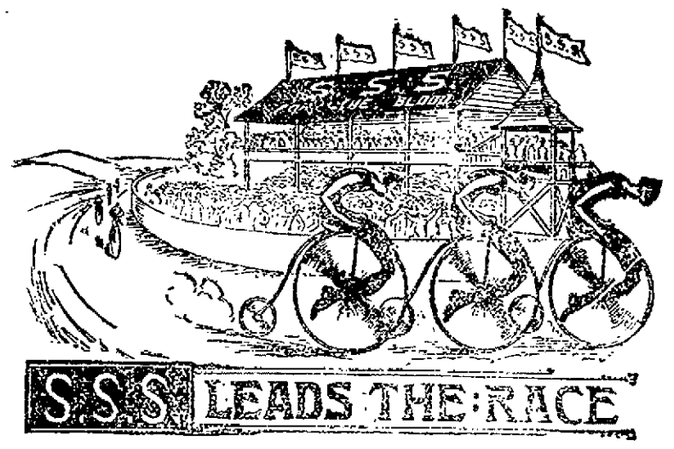
The prospect has not been flattering for the extension of natural gas mains in Bloomingdale this summer. At present not a pipe is laid or distributed, a fact that led many to suspect that the Salimonie company had postponed their contemplated improvement another year. Such a move would be deplored, inasmuch as many of the houses in Bloomingdale have been piped for the new fuel and illuminator.

A SENTINEL reporter called on President H. C. Paul to-day. That pleasant gentleman assured his visitor that the extension would be made this summer by all means and that all reports to the contrary were untrue. This will please the residents of Bloomingdale.

All who are interested in the cheapest and best cure for Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic and all other bowel trouble will secure a bottle of Father's Balm. 1-eod-6t

Remember that you can get a $50 suit of clothes, made to order, for your minister, if you only send in enough coupons out from THE SENTINEL. It can only be found in this paper. 24-tf

Prescriptions accurately dispensed, charges moderate, prompt service.
GROSS & PELLENS,
Prescription Druggists,
94 Calhoun street, cor. Wayne.



ALL THE OLD POTASH, MERCURY, AND SARSAPARILLA MIXTURES LEFT FAR BEHIND. S. S. S. never fails to cure. This magic remedy builds the system up instead of tearing it down. If you have ever had Blood Disease, don't fail to take S. S. S. If you have taken Mercury and Potash, get it out of your system by using SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.)

Arsenic and Potash Three Times a Day for Twenty-Five Years.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., April 13, 1889.

I have been taking S. S. S. (SWIFT'S SPECIFIC), and feel it to be my duty to state its results, that others who are similarly afflicted may profit by my experience, and be relieved of their sufferings. I had suffered for a long time with what the doctors called [illegible] a disease of the skin, forming scales and [illegible] I took 30 drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic every day for 2 years, besides [illegible] lines of medicines, without a cure. I have been taking S. S. S. for about two months, and the eruption and unpleasant symptoms have all disappeared, and I feel and know it is going to effect a permanent cure. I will do for others, for there are thousands of such cases all over the country who need relief and treatment. I have lived here in my present business for 22 years. R. R. ROUSE, Dealer in Machinery, 31 and 33 West Maryland Street.

☞ Send to us for our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

A MARVELOUS PREMIUM.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK, SECURES IT.

Nearly $600,000 Paid by Members of one Family for Insurance in the Mutual.—The Most Stupendous Transaction Known in the History of Insurance.—"It has Never Been Done Before; It Never Will Be Done Again."

—E. C. POTTER & CO.—

No. 799. New York, Dec. 24, 1889.

BANK OF NEW YORK.
National Bankers Association.

Pay to the order of L. C. HOPKINS, Genl Executive Agent

Five hundred and Seventy Eight Thousand, Three Hundred and Forty Five ——— DOLLARS.

$578,345 00/100 — 29 DEC 28 1889. — CERTIFIED, Payable through New York Clearing House, N. Y. A. — E. C. POTTER & CO.

The above check was received by the Mutual Life Ins. Co. of New York, for Insurance effected upon the lives of five members of the illustrious Havemeyer family of the City of New York. The Policies selected were the 10 year guarantee contracts of the Mutual Life's with the annuity feature added. Each policy was for the sum of $100,000 and the insured chose to make but one payment, thus commuting the cost. The insurance covered by the above mentioned premium payment of $578,345.00 was upon the lives of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, the well known Merchant of this City, and Four members of his family. Mr. Theo. Havemeyer, is the Austrian Counsel General and a Gentleman of wide influence and of great business sagacity. Mr. E. C. Potter, whose signature is appended to the check, is the son-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer, and is one of the most prominent of bankers and brokers operating upon the stock exchange. There are two significant points for consideration in connection with this Insurance.

First, that the Messrs Havemeyer seeking a profitable and safe investment of a vast fund, selected Life Insurance as offering more advantages and greater security than any other form of investment. Second That they had such faith in the management and stability of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, that they willingly entrusted to its care nearly $600,000 in cash without any security whatever, and only the PROMISE of the company to pay.

The particulars of the life insurance contracted for by the family of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, with the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, by which that institution received a single premium payment of $578,345.00, will excite wonderment and surprise in the world of underwriting, and set the general public to thinking of the possibilities of life insurance as an investment.

The idea of a party with six hundred thousand dollars of spare cash on hand, putting it all into life insurance.

Why didn't they build houses or purchase stocks, or do a dozen other things with it? Life insurance for an investment! That's all very well, some people think, if you must do it. But here are five members of one family engaged in merchantile pursuits, fully alive to the value of every financial scheme of importance in this or any other country, who after examining every tempting investment, came to the conclusion that the safest, most profitable and altogether desirable one, is that offered by the MUTUAL LIFE.

Then think of the fact that all this money, far exceeding half a million dollars, is placed in the hands of the company without other security than its promise to pay. If that is'nt an evidence of confidence, what could be?

IT'S THE LARGEST, STRONGEST AND BEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. Its assets are thirty millions greater than those of any other American Life Insurance company. Over eighty millions greater than those of any life office in Great Britain, and sixty millions greater than the entire funds of the bank of England, which is the largest banking institution in the world.

The Mutual Life Issues Every Desirable Form of Policy.

For further information, which will be cheerfully given, address or call on

D. C. FISHER, Agent, 32 EAST BERRY ST.

FERGUSON & GRANT, General Agents for Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

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A Package (liquid) 25c. makes 5 gallons. Every bottle guaranteed. No trouble. Easily made. We extend to ladies and gentlemen only a cordial invitation to try a Sample Glass from the fountain, at the Boston Tea Store, FREE of Charge on Monday and Tuesday of this week only. Do not miss this treat.

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WAH-KEE'S LAUNDRY,

No. 8 W. Wayne,

203 CALHOUN STREETS.

Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
Drawers	8
Undershirts	7
Night Shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
Neckties	3

Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor,

Is now receiving his large and well selected stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Which are the nobbiest every brought to this city. He intends making suits in the LATEST STYLES and at very low prices this spring and summer, and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

No. 15 W. Wayne Street.

DR. R. DEPPELLER,

Uroscopic Water Doctor

(Successor to the late Dr. A. Goeritz.) has permanently located at the old office.

No. 18 East Columbia St. Fort Wayne

The Doctor will treat the following

Chronical Diseases:

Ulcers, Fever Sores. Piles, Paralysis, Diseases of the Eye and Ear, Asthma, Throat, Diseases, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, Consumption in its Early Stages, Scrofula, Epilepsy, Salt Rheum, Nervous Headache, Rheumatism, Spinal Affliction, Dropsy in all its forms, Catarrh, Diseases of the liver Skin and Kidneys.

The Doctor will be pleased to see his old and new friends who may desire to consult him professionally. Be sure and bring a small vial of water. Julio-dawlmo.

A full and complete line of

Spectacles and Eye Glasses,

To suit all sights and at prices to suit all purses. may be obtained from

MEYER BROS. & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists, No. 2 Keystone Block and 9 W. Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Prices from 25c to $2.50 per pair. The eyes carefully tested and suitable glasses fitted.

PENSIONS ! PENSIONS !

The law just passed, gives to all soldiers, disabled in service or since, to all widows, children and dependent parents a pension of from $6 to $12 per month. Apply at once through

JAMES E. GRAHAM,
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HAS PUT IN HIS

BARBER SHOP,

Opposite the Rich Hotel, the third chair, and is prepared to do first-class work. Drop in and get first-class shave. Ladies' and Children's work specialty. 6-1m

Best and Choicest Meats.

GOTTLIEB HALLER,

Of the Popular South Side Market, 366 Calhoun St., Branch 277 Hanna St.

Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

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Merchant Tailors,

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Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

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PUPILS WANTED.

Anyone interested in Art Culture will do well call.

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MRS. L. WEBB BANNISTER,

OF NEW YORK,

Teacher of Voice Culture and Instrumental Music, is now filling the hours for the Fall Term, beginning Monday, Sept. 1st. Please call at music rooms, 108 E. Berry street, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and enter your name as soon as possible. 6-26-1y

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

RIVERS & SON,

General Contractors For All Kinds of

PAINTING and DECORATING,

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Leave Orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

BAKER'S FAMOUS HEADACHE SPECIFIC

WILL CURE THE WORST HEADACHE in from 10 to 20 minutes. The only reliable and safe remedy sold by druggists. Not a half hour after reading this need anyone suffer with headache. It cures when all other remedies fail. TRY IT. Prepared only by GEO. A. BAKER & CO., Mf. Pharmacists, South Bend, Ind.

Sold by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St.

CALIFORNIA.

An exceptionable favorable offer is being made by the John Brown Colony of Madera, California. Opportunity for the fullest investigation furnished and you cannot fail to find it the safest and most profitable plan ever proposed. Lands cultivated on the most reasonable terms for non-residents. Write the home office or address HAY & WALLICK, 83 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as



NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

WE ARE WITNESSES!

DR. TALMAGE'S OPEN AIR SERMON AT BEATRICE, NEB.

The Logic of the Skeptic Is Met by the Overwhelming Testimony of Millions of Christians and Proved to Be False.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 6th. Dr. Talmage preached here in the open air to an immense congregation which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses" (Acts iii. 15). Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water] was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day.

People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are twenty-five thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Nor prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a waterlily is a night shade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilarations as they cried: "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

> Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
> No! When I blush, be this my shame:
> That I no more revere His name.

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage and childlessness saying: "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliss's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say, "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say: "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guesswork. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it.

Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Prof. Henry of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings spread by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it! It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and Heaven.

When Mme. Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Mme. Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Mme. Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ now comes to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee Heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, July 13, may be found in Luke 14: 15-24.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our Lord uses here an illustration which all men can understand. It is the story of a feast spread, such as all might desire to enjoy and which all men seem to be just waiting to enjoy. But now, when the doors are thrown wide open, each man turns and goes his devious way. How shall we account for such perversity? There is no accounting for it. It is the enigma of human history, the strangest, saddest thing connected with mortal existence. We cannot explain it; we need only try to mend it. God help us do so in the lesson of to-day!

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

When. Jesus seems to be again in Perea, and, as often, is discoursing at table.——One of them. Probably a Jew, as we might judge from the exclamation.——That sat at meat. One word in the Greek, reclining-together. —— These things. What Jesus had just been saying about making a dinner for the poor.——Blessed. Or happy.——Kingdom. The good time coming of divine rule to which Israel was ever looking forward.

Unto him. As needing instruction.——A certain man. Doubtless not the king described at Matt. 22 : 2. Compare.——A great supper. A rare treat. Bade many. Large companies were invited to these feasts.

Sent his servant. It is customary in the East to send a second summons. Several things conspire to make this necessary. (1) The houses are not large enough to accommodate the guests while they wait. (2) It is impossible to tell beforehand just when the feast will be fully prepared. (3) Even if the hour of the day were approximately known before hand, time-pieces are not kept, and announcement would be necessary.——Come. Like the bell summoning to the table.

With one consent. Or, from the first on.——Make excuse. Or beg off. It is this same word that occurs in the passage, Heb. 12: 25, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."——A piece of ground. A real estate venture.——Have me excused. Implying a previous invitation and corresponding obligation.

Five yoke of oxen. A large business transaction, a wholesale merchant, so to speak. But why such large purchases at the very instant when the call to the banquet was momentarily expected.——Prove. Or, try.

Married a wife. Social engagements. Sometimes the wedding ceremonies were very elaborate and prolonged——Cannot come. This one seems to speak as if the mere mention of his nuptials is sufficient excuse.

I say to you. Solemn statement.——Bidden. Those who had refused.——Taste. A strong expression.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. So easy to say. It sounds very much like one of the good sayings that, on unmeaning lips, presently become cant. "Roll on, great and glorious gospel!" cries the camp-meeting devotee, and, in the ecstasy of his present emotion, he does not see the collection box under his nose. Not he; his eyes are shut and he is faraway. He is like Sam Jones' little steamboat, that always stopped running when it blew its whistle, so tremendous was the blast. If this man thought so much of the bread of heaven, why was he not partaking of it here and now? "For this is eternal life, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

With one consent began to make excuse. Here is one place where all the world is agreed. It is unanimous in its excuses. O, if only the church were as united for aggression as the world is for defense. And yet what miserable apologetics! We try to find a reason for the excuses urged. We never shall be able. They were absurd on the face of them. And here is the point of the parable, the miserable inconsistency of men, their wretched folly regarding eternal life. Too busy to eat. Too hurried to be saved. The Roman actor cried, "O, Cœlum!"—O, Heavens—and pointed downward. His fastidious auditors hooted the solecism. Behold men to-day talking about their highest interests, and then pointing to the earth. Was ever greater vanity!

Come, for all things are now ready. It is as some one has said, "supper time now." Supper now ready! Last call for supper! Have we a better picture than this of the present crisis in the Christian dispensation? The gospel feast is spread, the doors are open, the whole world is invited. Why, then, are not all eating? Some one is not ready. If it is not the host, who can it be but the guest? Hear him. "I have bought a piece of ground." "Land poor," indeed, since he will allow it to render his heaven forfeited. "Five yoke of oxen." And he is letting them drag him downward. He is not the only man on whom business has a heavier draft than religion. "Married a wife." As if the wife were not invited, too. What better wedding banquet than the gospel feast? Heaven all ready. Only poor, hungry man unready.

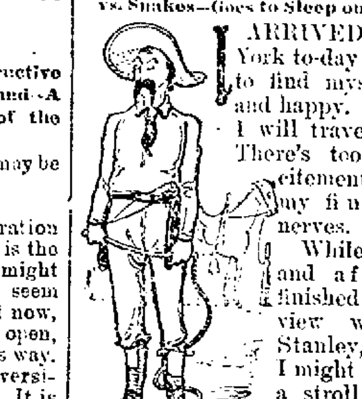
Go out quickly. It is time for celerity. Quickness of movement is desired. "The King's business requireth haste." You recall that word of the angel at the tomb's mouth, "Go quickly and tell his disciples." A lagging, loitering embassage could not have executed that command. There were the disciples in the depths of despondency. They needed help right away. The messenger must go quickly. We have been much impressed of late in re-reading the tenth of Acts, where Cornelius and Peter, the Gentile and the Jew, are brought together. "And now send men to Joppa," said the angel, "and call for one Simon." The messengers have hardly departed ere Cornelius has with remarkable promptness despatched his men on their enjoined errand. Now see the importance of their celerity. Traveling rapidly, they are the next day right at the gate when Peter, awaking from his own trance, is asking himself the meaning of it. And for an answer "the Spirit said unto him, Behold three men seek thee." God had made things ready at both ends of the line, and quick movement was necessary that connection might be made. Now he points to a heathen world prepared, and says, "Go quickly." To go idly, indolently, may be to lose all.

Compel them to come in. It is a time for urgency. We are to lay, as it were, swift and strong hands on men, and compel them to come in. Now, what do we mean by this? Compulsory Christianity? Yes and no. Not that sort which, practiced by the old Gallic chiefs, brought in a nation in a day by the stroke of the king's pen, and, as it were, by order of congress. Not that sort which, practiced, alas, to-day, registers the unwitting, oft unwilling infant as subject, so to speak, by order of its parents. Not this, nor that. But a compulsion of persuasion, a constraint of love. We think this man to be not far from the kingdom, and we invite him to go with us in the way of discipleship. Not he! We are offended at his bluntness, and we drop him from our prayer and endeavor. We are not compelling such a one to come in. Here is a teacher laboring along with seemingly an unimpressible pupil, here is a pastor following up a careless parishioner, here a Christian worker keeping on and on with a friend beloved, using one tender entreaty after another until at last the heart is yielded—this is Christian compulsion. Christ bids us use it.

Next Lesson—"Taking up the Cross," Luke 14: 25-35.

BILDAD'S RETURN.

The Eminent Statesman Crosses the Deep and Loses His Hat Thereon—Providence vs. Snakes—Goes to Sleep on the Ship.



I ARRIVED in New York to-day and am glad to find myself all well and happy. Don't think I will travel any more. There's too much excitement in it for my fine-strung nerves.

While in London, and after I had finished my interview with Mr. Stanley, I thought I might as well take a stroll out in the country and see if the farms in any way resembled our good old homes in America.

While on this little tour of inspection a very singular occurrence took place. I will relate it for the interest of those who will take an interest in it.

I was walking along the road, quietly watching the birds and trees and flowers, when I noticed a large snake at the side of the road. Naturally, I started to run. It followed. I had nothing to kill it with, and I thought it a good idea to let it follow me back where there were some people to help with it.

So I started out on a little easy trot, and the snake followed within three feet of me, but did not offer to spring at me.

There was a large stone in the path ahead of me, and when I stepped over it, in some way I fell so as to sit down exactly on the stone. The snake was just coming over the stone, and I cut him in two.

I don't know but that the jar was rather severe upon me, but withal I was very well satisfied, inasmuch as I was rid of my tormentor.

I decided not to monkey around in the country any more, lest were I to again get into such a fix providence might not relieve me as quickly and curiously as on this occasion. So I started right for the ticket window and arrived there just twenty minutes, by my Waterbury, before a train would take me to the water's edge.

After purchasing my transportation and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair I felt better.

I lost my hat on the way over, and asked one of the sailors to jump into the water and get it for me, but after he said "What do you take me for, sonny?" in a dangerous tone of voice, I thought I would come to New York bareheaded, rather than raise another kick about it.

An old fellow who seemed to take a great deal of interest in me offered to lend me an old hat to wear till I got where I could buy one, but I gave him such a contemptuous glance from my dark, expressive eyes that he nearly fainted, and on recovering himself knocked his hat off and I watched it leisurely sail down and settle upon the foaming crest of the deep blue.

He looked sorrowful, and I suggested that he should wear the ole hat he had offered me.

After this I got a pin and made a pin-hook out of it, got a spool of thread and busied myself for the rest of the forenoon in trying to get the hat. About 11 a. m., after the sun had nearly melted my head, I suddenly thought that perhaps that hat was 1,000 leagues away by this time, so I went in to bathe the feverish top of my head.

During my convalescence I thought I would write to you, dear Mr. Editor, so that you might sympathize with me. You know how it is, brother, when you feel like it will soon be over. You think of the many little crooked acts that perhaps you have never given consideration before. Perhaps you have cheated your neighbor out of seventy-five cents. Perhaps you have looked on the wine when it was red. Then somebody else looked at it and it wasn't there. Where did it go? This question comes home with striking significance.

My fellow men, prepare yourselves for such emergencies.

I thought of my home, of my family, of the hole my absence would make in the family circle, of my girl pining away day by day, losing three pounds a week; I thought of my wife and dear children. Let me see—did I mention a girl? It was a mistake. What girl was it?

It's hard to tell.

Well, I have got this business all tangled up. I must have a little sleep. Will call again.

JIM BILDAD, the Shuhite.

It Wasn't a Bluff.

I was talking with the landlord of a small but tidy hotel, in a town in Illinois, when a trampish-looking fellow about 30 years of age entered the office and walked directly up to us and asked:

"Which of you is the landlord?"

"I am," answered the host.

"Well, I am out of money, hungry and ragged, and have got to make a strike. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Lend you $5?"

"That's what I said."

"Not much."

"Then I will blow my brains out right here and now!" said the fellow as he pulled a pistol from his hip pocket. "If you don't think the muss, the inquest, and what the papers will say won't hurt your house more than $5 worth, why, don't give me the money. Give you thirty seconds to decide."

"Here's your five," said the landlord, after looking the man over.

He took it with a "Thank you," and went off, and a week later, when at Des Moines, I entered my hotel to find a man dead on the floor and a Coroner's inquest going on.

"Who is he?" I asked of the landlord.

"Don't know. He came in about an hour ago and struck me for five, saying he would blow his brains out if I refused. I ordered him out, and there he lies. I thought he was bluffing, but he had a full hand and played it."

—*New York Sun.*

ONE of the state foresters of Prussia estimates that the forests of Europe cover the following areas: Germany, 34,596,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,600; Austria-Hungary, 46,951,700 acres; Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France, 22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,769,000 acres, and Engand, 2,471,000 acres.

MRS. EVANS GORDON is winning great praise in India as a tiger-slayer. When it comes to a question of the lady or the tiger, the tiger loses every time.

THE Philadelphia *Times* intimates that the mosquito believes in free hides. This is a mistake; he exacts a heavy tariff on them.

No Land on Which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing West and fertile South where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave dank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

No Wonder he Was.

Snifkins—Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—?

Bimley—No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.—*Lawrence American.*

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No Fear of Faculties.

Ambitious Youth—Oh, if I only had a little money! I'd enter college at once.

Friend—Enter college? Maybe you could not get in without a long course of preparatory study.

Ambitious Youth—Nonsense! Haven't I just passed a civil service examination for fourth assistant spittoon cleaner?—*New York Weekly.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

He Conversed in His Sleep.

"George, in your sleep last night I heard you say, 'Guffey, give me five dollars' worth of chips?'"

"Oh, yes; Guffey keeps a kindling store."

"Well, we are greatly in need of kindling to start fires, but we don't want five dollars' worth, George."—*Times-Democrat.*

"DIRT defies the king." If the old proverb be true, SAPOLIO is greater than royalty itself. Try it in your next house-cleaning. Grocers keep it.

What a Fall Was There.

"Mamma," said a Chicago lad, "did little brother come directly from Heaven?"

"Y-yes."

"And landed here in Chicago?"

"O course."

"Well, he took a mighty big tumble."—*Boston Post.*

WE moved here recently, and the druggist said he didn't have any Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, but when I said I wouldn't have any other, he said he would get some in a few days, and so he did. I know what Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers will do, and will not give my children any other.—*Mrs. J. D. Blair, Burton, Cal.*

He Wanted a Motto.

Prospective Saloon-keeper—Say, I want to hang a motto up in my new saloon. Can't you suggest something that would be fitting and appropriate?

Jones How would you like something from Shakspeare; for instance, "As You Like It."—*Texas Siftings.*

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption. Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Same Thing.

De Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West.

Esmerelda Longcoffin—What was it?

De Smith—I was in a train when it was robbed.—*Texas Siftings.*

A pocket match-safe free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

THE first Doctor of Divinity is said to have been "O. Fiddle, D. D."

Confirmed.

The favorable impression produced on the first appearance of the agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs, a few years ago, has been more than confirmed by the pleasant experience of all who have used it, and the success of the proprietors and manufacturers, the California Fig Syrup Company.

Not an Upright Judge.

Cully Chawedup (in the dock)—We're good fer six month's dis mornin'. De Judge is in a horrible temper.

Frayed Nosie (third offense)—How yer know? Yer ain't been takin' to 'im, has yer?

Cully—Naw, but I seed him cuttin' his lawn just before I was nabbed last night. —*Life.*

BEECHAM'S PILLS cure Billious and Nervous Ills.

A GOOD name is more to be desired than great riches, but the latter captures the girls the easiest.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

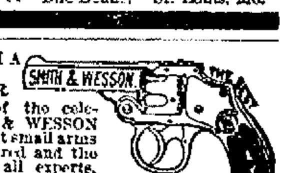
BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER purchase one of the celebrated SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibres 32, 38 and 44-100. Single or double action, Safety Hammerless and Target models. Constructed entirely of **best quality wrought steel**, carefully inspected for workmanship and stock, they are unrivaled for **finish, durability and accuracy.** Do not be deceived by **cheap malleable cast-iron imitations** which are often sold for the genuine article and are not only unreliable, but dangerous. The SMITH & WESSON Revolvers are all stamped upon the barrels with firm's name, address and dates of patents and are **guaranteed** perfect in every detail. Insist upon having the genuine article, and if your dealer cannot supply you an order sent to address below will receive prompt and careful attention. Descriptive catalogue and prices furnished upon application.



SMITH & WESSON, Springfield, Mass.

Mention this paper.

The Soft Glow of The **TEA ROSE** Is Acquired by Ladies Who Use **POZZONI'S** MEDICATED **COMPLEXION POWDER.** TRY IT. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

The "Little Beauty" A $5.00 Scale for $1.00



Capacity 1-4 oz. to 4 lbs. Steel Bearings, Brass Scoop and Beam. For Housekeepers, Offices or Stores. Weight packed, 5 lbs. Sent by express. A $65.00 Sewing Machine $18.00. A 900-lb. Platform Scale... 15.00. A $125.00 Top Buggy..... 65.00. A 2-Ton Wagon Scale..... 40.00. A 5-Ton Scale and Stock Rack 75.00. A $50 Feed Mill........ 30.00. A $40.00 Road Cart...... 15.00. A $15.00 Single Harness... 7.50. A 240-lb. Platform Scale.. 3.00. Price List Free. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

LEWIS' 98% LYE! POWDERED AND PERFUMED. (PATENTED.)



The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Will make the BEST Perfumed HARD SOAP in twenty minutes *without boiling.* It is the best for disinfecting sinks, closets, drains, washing bottles, barrels, paints, etc.

PENNA. SALT MANUF'G. CO., Gen. Agts., Phila., Pa.

BEECHAM'S PILLS PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS

Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

THE FIRST DOSE WILL GIVE RELIEF IN TWENTY MINUTES. *BEECHAM'S PILLS TAKEN AS DIRECTED RESTORE FEMALES TO COMPLETE HEALTH.*

For Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

they *ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening* the muscular *System,* restoring long-lost *Complexion,* bringing back the *keen edge of appetite,* and arousing with the *ROSEBUD OF HEALTH* the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the *Nervous and Debilitated* is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. *Sold by Druggists generally.* B. F. ALLEN CO., 365 and 367 Canal St., New York, Sole Agents for the United States, *who (if your druggist does not keep them)* WILL MAIL BEECHAM'S PILLS on RECEIPT of PRICE, 25cts. A BOX. (MENTION THIS PAPER.)

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BE UP TO THE MARK

TRADE CELLULOID MARK.

NEEDS NO LAUNDERING. CAN BE WIPED CLEAN IN A MOMENT. THE ONLY LINEN-LINED WATERPROOF COLLAR IN THE MARKET.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Good As Gold

So enthusiastic are thousands of people over the benefits derived from Hood's Sarsaparilla that they can hardly find words to express their confidence in and gratitude for this medicine. "Worth its weight in gold" is a favorite expression of these warm friends. If you need a good medicine to purify your blood and build up your strength, try

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PENSIONS PATENTS and Government claims of all kinds prosecuted by THOS. McSHEEHY, Attorney at Law, Washington, D. C. and Fremont, O.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

PENSIONS NEW LAW. 300,000 soldiers, widows and relatives entitled. Apply at once. Blanks and instruction free. SOULES & CO., Att'ys, Washington, D. C.

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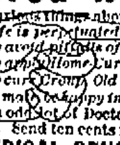
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WM. FITCH & CO., 102 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., **PENSION ATTORNEYS** of over 25 years' experience. Successfully prosecute pensions and claims of all kinds in shortest possible time. NO FEE UNLESS SUCCESSFUL.

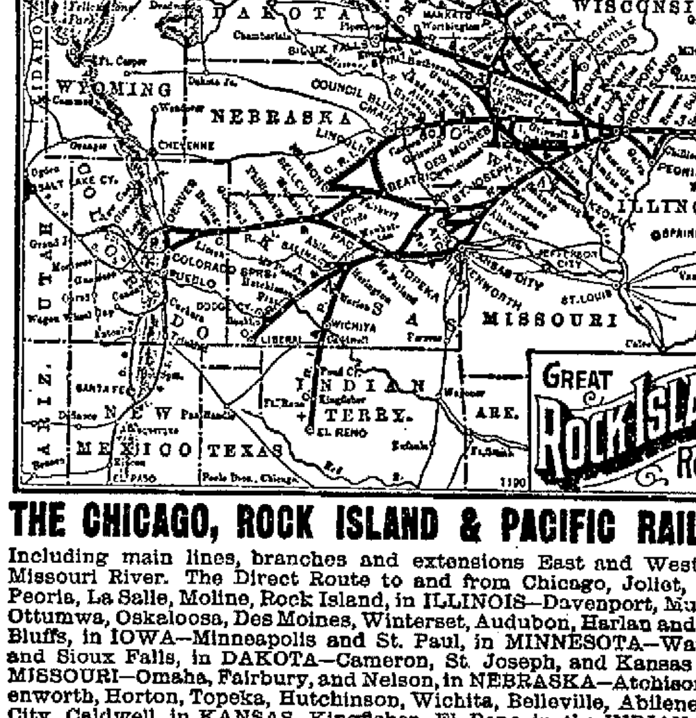


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If You Want to Know 1,001 curious things about the human system, *How life is perpetuated, health saved, disease induced, How to avoid pitfalls of ignorance and indiscretion, How to apply Home Cure to all forms of disease, How to cure Croup, Old Eyes, Rupture, Phimosis, etc., How to marry be happy in Marriage and have prize babies,* and an odd lot of Doctor's Droll Jokes, profusely illustrated. Send ten cents for new Laugh Cure Book called **MEDICAL SENSE AND NONSENSE,** Murray Hill Pub. Co., 129 E. 28th St., New York.



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Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment, between CHICAGO and DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via KANSAS CITY and TOPEKA or via ST. JOSEPH. Through Coaches, Palace Sleepers, NEW AND ELEGANT DINING CARS, and FREE RECLINING CHAIR CARS. California Excursions daily, with choice of routes to and from Salt Lake City, Ogden, Helena, Portland (Ore.), Los Angeles and San Francisco. Fast Express Trains daily to and from all towns, cities and sections in Southern Nebraska, Kansas and the Indian Territory. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Cascade, Glenwood Springs, and all the Sanitary Resorts and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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The Oldest Medicine in the World is probably DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S CELEBRATED EYE-WATER. This article is a carefully prepared physician's prescription, and has been in constant use for nearly a century. There are few diseases to which mankind are subject more distressing than sore eyes, and none, perhaps, for which more remedies have been tried without success. For all external inflammation of the eyes it is an infallible remedy. If the directions are followed it will never fail. We particularly invite the attention of physicians to its merits. For sale by all druggists. JOHN L. THOMPSON, SONS & CO., TROY, N. Y. Established 1797.

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ROOT & COMPANY.

We are again in receipt of a new line

Hem Stitch Flouncings

45 inches wide, which we place on sale at these low prices,

35c., 40c., 45 and 50c. a yard.

ONYX

Fast Black Hose.

Saturday we will offer an extra bargain in Ladies Hose, the celebrated Onyx

at 25c. a pair.

NEW BLOUSE WAISTS

For Ladies' 50c., 75c. and $1.00.
For Misses' 46c. and up.
For Boys' 25c. up to 90c.

VENTILATING CORSETS.

Ladies will find a new assortment ready for Saturday

at 50c., 75c. and $1.00.

Sizes from 18 to 30, extra sizes can be furnished on short notice.

Black Velvet Ribbons

IN ALL WIDTHS.

DRESS GOODS

REDUCED TO COST.

One Lot Brown Muslin—fine, worth 7c, for 4½c. One Lot Heavy, worth 7c., for 5c.

ROOT & COMPANY

The New Randall House
BARBER ✣ SHOP!
Is First-Class.

Elegant baths. Try new needle Spray Bath 25c. Shaves 10 cents. All toilet articles imported. We invite our old customers and friends to call.

HARRY WESTERMAN, Manager.

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MENU.
Spring Chicken,
Strawberry Short Cake,
Home-Made Pies, Cakes.
Ice Cream, Iced Milk, Milk Shake,
Hot Coffee, Cream,
Choice Cigars.
No. 99 Calhoun Street.
JOHN F. CLINE, Proprietor.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.
The Pension Agency of
MILLER AND DOUGALL.
will prosecute speedily the claims of soldiers, widows, dependent fathers, mothers and children, under the new law.
They have made arrangements to have papers executed in the evening as well as in the day time. Office open from 7 to 9 p. m., Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's. Bring your discharges or write for information to us at room No. 4, Foster block, Fort Wayne, Ind. 7-tf

Dr. Wilbur's Eye Water.
If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Detzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. B. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.
☞This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated occulist, in his practice for fifteen years apr30-d&w-3m

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OF CHICAGO.
The Famous Mind Reader of the World.

Tells the past, present and future, without asking questions, from the cradle to the grave. Also gives full name and picture of your future wife or husband, gives advice in love and law suits and all branches of business, don't be humbugged by fortune tellers, but call on the madam at once, she does her work on scientific principles. Rooms at
83 E. Berry street.

1-4 Off!
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1-4 Off on Summer Coats and Vests.
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25 Per Cent. Reduction on All Warm Weather Clothing.

Friend's Enterprise,
One Price Clothiers,
62 and 64 Calhoun street,
Cor. Berry.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Notice.

Parties leaving the city during the summer weeks can have THE SENTINEL sent to their address at 10 cents per week.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dr. B. S. Woodworth is able to ride out.

Herman Tapp, the contractor, is at Pittsburg.

W. H. Watt left for Springfield, Ohio, last evening.

Mrs. Rev. VanSlyke is at Haw Patch to remain over Sunday.

J. T. Leary, of the Pennsylvania offices, has gone to Chicago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, of 84 Fourth street—daughter.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a regular meeting to-morrow.

Rabbie Guttmacher attends a convention of Hebrew ministers at Cleveland, to-day.

F. C. Meyer and family, of Douglass avenue, are at Rome City to camp out a week.

H. W. Carles has placed a telephone in his grocery, corner Berry and Harrison streets.

Judge and Mrs. Allen Zollars are spending a few days at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw.

Mrs. Ed. Evans and Mrs. Albert Bond, will leave for Bay View, Mich., on the 15th inst.

The annual meeting of the Tri-State Building and Loan association, will be held next Tuesday.

Dr. Maurice Rosenthal left for New York City last night. He will sail for Europe on the 18th inst.

E. O. Poole has been quite sick at the home of his son, Frank Poole, of West Creighton avenue, for a few weeks.

Sedwick Lehman, of Chetapa, Kas., is visiting his brother, Isadore Lehman, proprietor of the Jabobs shoe store.

Capt. H. C. Eastwood will have charge of the hotel restaurant at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw, during the assembly.

Salem J. Hartshorn left for White Pigeon, Mich., to-day, accompanied by his brother, S. F. Hartshorn, who has been visiting him.

B. Stinocker, the Fairfield avenue butcher, fell off a chair last evening and fractured his right arm. He now carries that member in a sling.

The marriage of Newton Richards, a young merchant of Roanoke, to Miss Emma Kelsey, living southwest of the city, took place a few days ago.

Theodore Brase, the young teamster who suffered a sunstroke the other day, is better. Dr. Nieswonger, the attending physician, pronounces him out of danger.

Trustee J. F. Keyser, of Lafayette township, has detailed Architect H. W. Matson to prepare plans for a new school house, to be built under his supervision.

Contractor Hilgeman has received the contract for building a new residence at the corner of Webster and Tabor streets, in Williams' addition, for Wm. Meyer, of the firm of Meyer & Niemann.

The Cincinnati Enquirer devotes a column to an important case in which a blind boy had his sight restored through a new treatment by Dr. S. C. Ayers. The doctor formerly resided in this city.

Dr. C. B. Stemen and family returned from Delphos, Ohio, this afternoon, where they attended the birthday celebration of the doctor's venerable father, who has attained four score and three years.

Miss Mary Kinnaird, of West Williams street, has returned from Wichita, Kas., where she was visiting the family of her brother, Robert Kinnaird, who was formerly general passenger agent of the "Muncie" in this city.

Last Thursday evening a large number of Sisters of Providence arrived over the Wabash from Saginaw, Mich., en route to Terre Haute. Among them was Sister Margarita, the daughter of ex-Marshal C. Kelly and wife, of this city.

James Foley, general agent for the Columbus, Sandusky and Cleveland railroad, and resident of Columbus, Ohio, is int he city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Micheal Klinkel. He is a cousin of Mrs. Klinkel. He will remain until Monday.

Susan Lehr, aged eighty-three years, died at the City hospital last night of old age. The deceased was the mother of John G. Lehr and was an old resident here. She was a widow. Her birthplace was in Pennsylvania. The funeral will be announced hereafter.

Harry Tarmon, a young artisan of promising ability, has established a work shop at the rear of Harry Achenbach's establishment, 212 Calhoun street. Mr. Tarmon has just perfected an invention for the artificial graining of wood, on which he will soon apply for a patent. The machine shows genius.

Frank Bash, of Port Townsend, Wash., is the guest of Chas. Bash and family. He reports the Fort Wayne colony in that city on the wave of prosperity, especially T. J. Nolton, who left the hardware business in this city to locate there. Mr. Nolton has been enjoying extremely prosperous times at Port Townsend, for, besides being at the head of a bank, he owns some valuable real estate interests.

Mrs. Wm Bash has gone to Mackinaw.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., meets to-night.

C. A. Munson will spend Sunday at home in this city.

G. L. Popp left for Covington, Ohio, to-day for a two weeks' visit.

William Dunn, of Louis Wolf & Co., is east for a month's vacation.

Secretary J. I. White, of the Bass foundry, is visiting in the east.

Father Creagor, of Elkhart, is a guest at the episcopal residence to-day.

Gart Shober is getting $50 a week for playing a cornet in a garden at Galveston, Texas.

George Oppelt has returned from attending the Knights of Pythias encampment at Milwaukee.

The Dortmunder and Kaiser base ball teams will play at the Kaiser grounds to-morrow afternoon.

J. F. Wing, the architect, was at Chicago yesterday, to purchase mantels for Bass' suburban palace.

Miss Mamie Pasha, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her uncle, Mr. M. J. Beaubien and family, of Monroe street.

A. W. Hoffman, of Ashland, O., representing the Ashland Bustle and Suspender company, is in the city to-day.

The Emmett club held a meeting last evening and initiated Carl Weber into the dramatic mysteries of the organization.

J. D. Williams leaves for Kansas City to-night in the interest of the Kerr Murray works. He will be absent several days.

The Logansport Pharos says: "Prof. Joost and daughters, of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ferguson."

Miss Lilian Wenninghoff, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wenninghoff, has left for Indianapolis on a two weeks visit with friends.

Harry Hammil, George McKinnie and Will Wilson have arrived home from Cleveland, where they attended the Elks' convention.

Frank Bond, messenger at the Old National bank, is confined to the bed by sickness and his duties are being performed by Amos Richey.

Sim Mahurin, the architect, will have his new residence on south Fairfield avenue commenced next week. The contract will probably be let Monday.

Master Arthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ervin, of West Wayne street, left for the country near Academy to-day, to spend a vacation with his grandfather's folks.

Mrs. Hattie M. Trick, the enumerator of Pleasant township, has submitted the returns to Postmaster Higgins, who forwards them. The townships are nearly all in.

Walter Carver, the bass singer of this city, is traveling for a Chicago music house, and the last heard of him he was doing New Hampshire. He is meeting with good success.

The officers of the different Catholic societies will meet to-morrow to map out arrangements for the Knights of St. John's national convention, to be held in this city next year.

Mrs. William C. Gordon, a wealthy widow, and William C. Evers, a young man about the house, were fatally burned yesterday at Warsaw by an explosion of a gasoline stove.

Justice France bound over John Shumacker, the crook, in the sum of $300 to await trial. Shumacker stole a coat and vest from the home of Mrs. Bushor, on Holman street.

Charles G. Pfeifer has had plans drawn by Wing & Mahurin for a fine residence in the addition which has his name. The house will be of Romanesque design and will cost $4,500.

Rev. James Stuart Ainslie arrived from New York this afternoon and will commence his ministry at the Congregational church to-morrow. The gentleman is a fine pulpit orator and will prove popular with our people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dooley, of Chicago, will spend the Sabbath with Fort Wayne relatives. The couple were recently married and are out on a little wedding tour previous to setling down for the summer at Grand Rapids, Mich.

E. F. Ziegler, of 47 Huron street, was struck on the head by a falling piece of timber to-day. The concussion was so severe that the man was unconscious several hours. A scalp wound was inflicted, making medical attendance necessary.

L. J. Maier, who was arrested last Monday on the charge of violating the internal revenue law, was bound over in the sum of $200 yesterday by United States Commissioner Leonard. Mr. Maier is no doubt ignorant of the fact that he committed a violation.

The Trades and Labor council last night, decided to celebrate labor day, and a committe consisting of Edward Miller, Frank Joerns, Frank Crawford, Phillip Rapp and H. Rombke, was appointed to meet on Sunday and formulate a program for the day, the same to be discussed at an adjourned meeting to be held next Thursday night.

A colored camp meeting is in progress at Robinson's grove near Monroeville. It commenced to-day and continues for nine days. There are present some of the most talented colored divines of the country, among whom are Rev. King Williams, of Oberlin, O.; W. H. Brown, of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Revels, the great camp meeting revivalist of Cleveland, O.; N. N. Pharis, the great camp meeting singer, of Adrian, Mich., and Blind Tom, who leads the chorus of singers.

H. G. Olds returned from Bear Lake to-day.

Miss Lulu Reiling left for Toledo to-day to visit.

Judge A. A. Chapin left for Rome City to day.

The Nonpareil club will go to Huntington to-morrow.

C. E. Benson, of Muncie, a newly appointed umpire, arrived to day.

Mrs. Henry Matsch has returned from Allegheney City, Pa., to this city to reside.

Mrs. Carrie B. Sweet and children, left yesterday for Grand Rapids to reside.

Messrs. Chas. Bond and J. M. Barrett left for Petoskey to-day to join their families.

Editor S. E. Morris, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, arrived in the city to-day to remain over Sunday.

Roy Manner, of Coldwater, Mich., the trainer of the famous trotting horse, Red Bell, is in the city.

H. J. Seibold left for Atlanta, Ga., to-day to represent the Keller Medicine company with a display at a dental convention.

G. E. Fisher, Detroit; A. B. Hame, Cincinnati; J. Mayer, Cleveland; G. F. Gookin, Boston, are among the guests at the Wayne.

On the 22nd of this month will occur the marriage of Mr. Nicholas Miller to Miss Zuber. They both reside in Pleasant township.

The employes of the Peters box factory ran an excursion to Rome City today for the benefit of their late fellow-employe, Phillip Dubois, who died Thursday.

Pitcher Dunning and Catcher Whalen, the new battery for the Fort Wayne team, arrived to-day and it was the intention to play them with Anderson this afternoon.

The Indiana Stenographers' association will hold an annual meeting at Warsaw August 26-7-8. Mr. Wils McDermut predicts a large attendance from this city.

R. Toquet, Kalamazoo; Jay Cook, Montpelier; F. H. Glanton, Huntington; M. Sieberling, Kokomo; H. Crochen, Lagrange, are the guests at the Hotel Pearse.

Mrs. Minnie Zwick, an estimable old lady of Adams county, died last night. The deceased was a sister of William Fahlsing, of this city, who will attend the funeral next Tuesday.

Sylvan Point is a popular quarter at Rome City. Prof. A. B. C. Biewend has a cottage there, and among other new cottages in course of building are those of Sam Harmon and Herman Berghoff.

The business college of McDermut & Whiteleather will close next week for a six weeks' vacation. Messrs. McDermut and Whiteleather will instruct classes in shorthand and type writing at the Warsaw assembly this year.

Henry Chum, the colored man who was placed under arrest yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson and later released, was arrested by Officer George McCrory for trying to break into a house this morning. The black prisoner was sent to jail pending an investigation.

This morning at the the city hospital, where she has been for two years past, occurred the death of Mrs. J. G. Lehr, aged 83 years. She was born February 19, 1807. Two sons and one daughter, G. G. Lehr and T. J. Lehr, of Crawfordsville, and Mrs. Bloemker, of this city survive her. The funeral occurs tomorrow at 1:30 from her late residence, 91 West Washington street, Rev. Schaaf officiating.

The following real estate transfers have been filed: Peter Rumsey to Mary I. and James Wells, lot 16, Rumsey's sub-division of Ewing's out lot 3, $200; Peter Rumsey to Sarah J. Overly, lots 17 and 18, same, $400; Samuel P. Sturgis to Patrick J. McDonald, lot 7, Ewing's addition, $3,400; Eliza H. Hayden to Clara E. Herber, lot 361 Hanna's addition, $800; John Porter to Minnie A. Meier, lots 148-9, Archer's addition, $2,100.

A very pleasant surprise was given to Mr. J. V. Neher last evening at his home, 465 South Lafayette street, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth. A large crowd was present and the evening was spent in an enjoyable manner. Among those present were the following: Joseph Neher, George Frey, Ed Kuch and W. Rohyans and wives; Misses Mary Silbut, Rosa, Anna and Elizabeth Kramer, Jennie Donaly, Sadie Johnson, Ida Miller, Katies Smith and Anna Loose; Messrs. Otto Miller, N. Folz, E. Etchen, H. Gard, John Koehl, John Grush, August Grush, John Linker, Ora Lewis, Frank Nehr, Nathan Euch, John and Chas. Loose and Thomas Crawford.

This gossip is taken from the Monroeville Breeze: "Miss May Bolyard visited friends at Fort Wayne, last Tuesday.—W. Leonard, an attorney from Fort Wayne, was in town last Friday.—Mrs. S. Wass and Dovy Allegear are visiting relatives at Fort Wayne, this week.—Harl Peckham and wife of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in town.—Mr. Frank Walters pleasantly entertained three young ladies from Fort Wayne, ast Saturday.—Effie V. daughter of J. D. Friedline and Lulu E. daughter of L. Krates are attending the normal term of the M. E. college at Fort Wayne, Ind., commencing June thirtieth.—S. F. Bowser of Fort Wayne, was in town last Monday, and purchased a fine match team. —David S. Rodelsheimer went to Chicago, Tuesday. He was accompanied as far as Fort Wayne by his wife.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—For Indiana: Fair, except showers in extreme northern portions; southerly winds; warmer.

Will S. O'Rourke and wife, of Chattanooga, Tenn., are in the city to be at the bedside of Mrs. Garvey, of 26 Douglass avenue, who is quite ill. Mrs. Garvey is the mother of Mrs. O'Rourke.

Great Reduction on Cheese.

Best quality Ohio Factory Cheese, 8c.
Best Butter, 11c.
Good Jar Butter, 8c.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Breakfast Bacon, 8c.
Sugar Cured Hams, 11c pound.
Best Shoulders, 7c pound.
FRUIT HOUSE.

H. W. Carles, the enterprising grocer, 40 West Berry street, has added a new telephone to his place of business so that his many customers can call up No. 330 and give their grocery order which will receive prompt attention.

LOOK.

Fifty-Three Lots in Old Orchard Addition at Prices and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

This addition lies just north of the Wabash railroad, on the west side of Broaday, with natural gas pipes on west and north sides, water line and hydrant on front; Broadway to be paved; street cars passing every five minutes, and an electric tower on northeast corner, throwing a flood of light over the whole addition unequaled by the most brilliant displays of Luna herself; in fact this is the ne plus ultra of additions and just the place for elegant and comfortable homes. Call early at 22 Bank block for lots.
HAYDEN & GRIER, Agents.

Sugars at Old Price--No Advance.

Choice White Extra C, 6c.
Standard Coffee A, 6¼c.
Powdered and Cut Loaf, 7c.
Best Granulated, 7c.
FRUIT HOUSE.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOR SALE—A horse, harness and dray, inquire for C. O. Troxell, at Manning's Mill, Columbia and Barr streets.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.
Great Clearance Sale of Summer Goods.

All our Calicoes 7 and 8c quality, 5c.
Ginghams, 10, 12 and 15c quality, 9c.
White Goods less than cost.
Embroidries less than cost.
Muslin Underwear, 20 per cent. off.
Ladies' Black Hose, 10c quality, 7c.
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 12½c quality, 8c.
Ladies' Ribbed Silk Vests, 98c quality, 69c.
Outing Flannels, 10, 12½ and 15c quality, 8½c.
Turkey Red Table Linnen, 25c goods, 18c.
18c.
All our 50c Corsets, 42c.
All our $1 Corsets, 83c.
All our 79 and 89c Corsets, 65c.
All our $6 Lace Curtains, $4.29.
Gents' Fancy Striped Underwear, reg. price $1 a suit, now 75c.
Gents' Balbriggan Underwear, $1.50 quality, $1 a suit.
Gents' Domet Flannel Shirts, 35c quality, 25c.
All other goods at equally low prices.
MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Pension Applicants,

Bring your claims to me; papers executed free of charge. Office open every evening at No. 26 Bank Block.
july7 6t JAMES E. GRAHAM.

TELEPHONE 87.
ICE. ICE. ICE.

By purchasing coupon books we will sell our Artificial ice during the season 1890, commencing July 14th, at the following prices:

	per hun.
Less than 75 lbs at one delivery	50 cts.
From 75 lbs to 200 lbs at one delivery	40 cts.
From 200 lbs to 500 lbs at one delivery	35 cts.
From 500 lbs to 1,000 lbs at one delivery	30 cts.
From 1,000 lbs and over, at one delivery	25 cts.

The coupon books are of $5 and $10 valuation and enable us, as well as the consumer, to keep an easy account of purchases.
tf FORT WAYNE ARTIFICIAL ICE CO.

Saturday Night Train.

Commencing Saturday, July 12, the G. R. & I. R. R., will run a special train to Rome City, leaving Fort Wayne at 7 p. m., returning leaves Rome City at 5 o'clock Monday morning. 9-4t

An Easy Way to Present Your Minister With a New Suit of Clothes.

THE GLOBE One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers,

Will present to the most popular minister a HANDSOME BROAD CLOTH SUIT OF CLOTHES. This includes Bishops, Priests, Rectors and Ministers of ALL denominations. The Minister receiving the largest number of Coupons will HAVE MADE TO HIS MEASURE a handsome Broad Cloth Suit, costing $50.00.

I vote for.....

of ..... Church.

Anyone can vote and as often as they please, by using coupon cut from this paper. Ballot to close Aug. 15. Cut this out and send to the

GLOBE,
One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers, Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

Good Music. Latest Music.
KINSELL CORNET BAND.
Best ✣ Uniformed ✣ Band ✣ in ✣ the ✣ State.
For Terms, Address,
E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,
may3-sat 1st Roanoke, Indiana.

The Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Most eligibly situated six miles from the City, offers particular advantages to persons acquiring a solid, useful and ornamental education. It is easy of access—1 mile east of Academy Station which is 20 minutes ride from the city, on the Fort Wayne branch of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway. Sessions begin the first week in September and February. Terms per year, $170.00 Address.
SISTER SUPERIOR,
12 daw 1m Academy P. O., Allen County, Ind.

HEALTH.
HALL'S PAMPHLET
UNFOLDS ✣ THE ✣ NEW ✣ TREATMENT.
Cures disease without medicine. Call on or address with stamp for testimonials.
C. E. SHULZE,
133 So. Webster St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Hours—7 to 9 p. m. 7-11-1m

Shirts Made to Order!
In any and all Styles.
A perfect fit Guaranteed.
P. G. KUTTNER, 144 Calhoun St.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.
Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.
TELEPHONE, No. 230.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,
Has removed his office from West Berry street, to
74 CALHOUN STREET,
Over Mordhurst's drug store.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Small family, 206 W. Wayne street. 5-tf

WANTED—A girl for general housework at 292 West Wayne street. tf

ATTENTION:
Protect your property against fire, lightning, cyclone, tornado, or wind storm, by having it insured with us. We are careful to so write policies that the assured's interest are protected. Our companies are as good in every respect as any represented in the United States.
SCHRADER & WILSON AGENCY,
Successors to H. C. Schrader,
feb6-tf 46 Harrison St.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—The store room at No. 135 Calhoun street. Apply to Miller & Dougall, No. 4 Foster block. 26tues-thurs-sat-tf

FOR RENT—A suit of 5 rooms at 225 West Wayne Street. 10 3t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Lot 194, Williams' addition, corner Harrison and Suttenfield streets. A choice lot of the addition. Address or call on Jas. Kilpatrick, Wabash Freight Office. 24tf

FOR SALE—At a bargain, 5 room house and full lot, north west corner Holton Ave. and Pontiac streets, in good repair, almost new. Price $1,000. Robt. B. Dreibelbiss, Pixley & Long Building. 10-3t

FOR SALE—Fine house with barn, corner of Clinton and Williams Streets: all modern improvements. Gas, Water, etc., full lot. For terms enquire at the house 23 East Williams Street.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERRY, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 26 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 8 p. m.

—✣T✣H✣E✣—
PEOPLE'S STORE,
(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK, EAST BERRY ST.)
EXTENSION OF PREMISES!

As we are making extensive alterations—our Store being made DOUBLE ITS PRESENT SIZE. In order to reduce our Surplus Summer Stock and to enable us to open up about September 1st, with an ENTIRELY NEW and much LARGER STOCK, we shall have a

GENERAL - CLEARANCE - SALE!
TO COMMENCE
SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Below we quote only a few of the many extraordinary reductions that will be found on our counters during this sale.

20 pieces Half Wool Black Challies at 8½c yard, reduced from 17c.
One case of Challies at 2½c yard, reduced from 5c.
One case of Challies at 5c a yard, reduced from 8½c.
9 pieces 40 inch all-wool Debeige at 39c yard, reduced from 50c.
12 pieces Figured China Silks at 33c yard, reduced from 59c.
25 pieces Handsome Gimps and Persian Trimmings at 10c yard, reduced from 25c.
One case Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests at 5c each, reduced from 10c.
30 doz. Children's and Misses Lisle Gloves at 10c a pair, reduced from 20c.
50 doz. Black and Colored Silk Mitts at 10c. a pair, worth 15.
50 Cashmere Shawls (full size) at 50c. each, reduced from $1.00.
25 Black Lace Shoulder Capes at $1.90 each reduced from $5.00.
12 pieces Figured Scrim at 5c. per yard, reduced from 10c.
25 pieces 50 inch Madras and Dotted Swiss at 25c. a yard, reduced from 50c.
1 case of Dress Ginghams at 5c. a yard, reduced from 10c.
175 elegant Gold Caps and Oxidized Silver handle Umbrellas,
Fine Umbria Silk, at $2.25, reduced from $3.75.

3 cases of fine Dress Ginghams which sold for 12½c
3 cases good styles, Toile du Nord which sold for 12½c.
3 cases fine Seersucker Stripes which sold for 10c.
} All 8 1-3c. a yard.

All our fine Domestic Sateens down to 10c a yard, all our genuine French Sateens at 19c a yard, reduced from 25c and 33c, 35 pieces Real Scotch Zephyr Gingham at 19c a yard, were 25c.

All our 7c. Dress Calicoes,
All our 7c. Indigo Blue Prints,
All our 7c. Shirting Calicoes,
} Down to 5c. a yard.

2 Cases Outing Cloths at 5c. a yard, reduced from 8 1-3c.

REMEMBER SALE TO COMMENCE SATURDAY, JULY 12.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
LEADERS OF LOW PRICES,
Pixley & Long Block, East Berry Street.
DOZOIS, BEADELL & COMPANY.

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE.com

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 — SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890. — PRICE FIVE CENTS

GEO. DEWALD & CO.

THOMSON'S GLOVE FITTING "VENTILATING"

CORSETS

ARE THE BEST MADE.

Sold in Fort Wayne by

GEORGE -|- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY.

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

CROCKERY!

Dinner sets, Tea sets, a very choice line of Berry sets, and some very fine and medium Water sets.

Some specialties in vases. Our selected Jardinieres are handsome, and at low prices.

Table Tumblers, plain and engraved at special prices. It will pay you to see them before you buy.

Mason's patent Fruit Jars are the best. All sizes at the New China Store, east of Court House in

FOSTER BLOCK,

L. P. SHARP,

PROPRIETOR.

For To-morrow's Trade

and to be

Continued all Next Week

The Best Chance to Get

BARGAINS

—AT—

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

All our best Domestic Sateens down to 10c.

All our best French Sateens down to 18c.

All our 15c. Challies down to 9 1-2c.

All our 25c. Real Scotch Zephyr Gingham down to 18c.

All our 5c. Challies down to 3c.

All our 7c. Prints down to 5c.

All our 12 1-2c. Ginghams down to 8c.

All our 10c. Outing Cloth down to 8c.

500 Sateen Windsor Ties at 4c.

50 Silk Umbrellas Oxidized Handles, $1.25.

All our Fancy Parasols at half price.

10 doz. Black Silk Gloves at 25c., reduced from 35c.

10 doz. Colored Lisle Gloves at 12 1-2c. reduced from 25c., 35c.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 CALHOUN ST.

RAILROAD CONDUCTORS.

A New Order Which Will Improve the Relations Between All Classes of Railway Employes.

NEW YORK, July 12.—A new organization of railroad conductors will probably be completed at a meeting in the Coleman house in this city to-morrow, which is destined in all probability, to improve greatly the relation, not only between railroad conductors and their employers, but between all classes of railroad employes and their companies, if the example of the members of the new association is largely followed, as seems likely.

The organization of the new association was brought about by what was done at the annual convention of the order of railroad conductors, held last month at Rochester. According to the story told by one of the oldest and most conservative conductors on the Morris & Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railroad, which was fully corroborated by others, the rules of the old association contained a clause which absolutely prohibited the members from engaging in a strike. For about three years the western members have been trying to get that non-striking clause eliminated from the rules of the order and this year they succeeded in doing so by a vote of 210 to 66, thus making the association, it is asserted, a striking organization. As soon as that was accomplished the delegates from the Moses Taylor division, No. 168, which comprises the conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, withdrew from the association. The New York and New Haven conductors followed suit. Then the men, who secured the elimination of the anti-striking clause, saw that there would probably be a serious desertion from their ranks and they substituted for the non-striking clause a resolution on the subject, which, it is asserted, means neither one thing nor the other, but, in fact, permits the men to strike as individuals without compelling the minority to abide by the will of the majority on a question of striking.

Immediately after the Rochester convention a meeting of the members of Moses Taylor division of railroad conductors was called. Seventeen members out of about sixty-five attended (seven were a quorum) and resolved to give up their charter in the old organization, which was accordingly done. The resolution, therefore, was adopted by a vote of fourteen to two, one not voting. In the meantime steps had already been taken for the formation of a new national association. A meeting was held at the Coleman house in conjunction with a number of conductors of the New York and New Haven railroad, who also unanimously surrendered their charter in the old order, and the Independent Order of Railroad Conductors was fairly launched. Calvin S. Wheaton, of Elmira, N. Y., was elected president of the grand division of the new association, and E. D. Nash, vice-president. The other officers will be elected to-morrow, and a constitution and by-laws, etc., be adopted.

At present the new order consists of but two divisions: Moses Taylor No. 2, which comprises at present about fifty-five conductors on the Morris and Essex division of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad (they took the same name as in the old association) and New Haven division No. 1, comprising 101 conductors on the consolidated Housatonic system. Some of the members of the old Order of Railroad Conductors, ridicule the idea of the new association succeeding and speak very bitterly against the men who have started it.

GROVER CLEVELAND

Is Not an Attorney for the Louisiana Lottery.

NEW ORLEANS, July 12.—The report that Grover Cleveland has been employed to look after the law end of the lottery question has nothing more to back it than the fact that Mr. Cleveland is the private attorney for Mr. John A. Morris, in New York, in matters not affecting the lottery interests. How the lottery question may be got into the United States supreme court on an appeal from the supreme court of the state is problematical. One plan is to mandamus the secretary of state to compel him to promulgate the proposed constitutional amendments. An appeal would be to the supreme court of the state and thence to the supreme court of the United States with a promise of litigation in terminals. The next state election takes place in April, 1892, and the proposed amendments must be promulgated in every parish in the state for three months preceding the election. The election would hardly be suspended pending appeals to higher courts.

WORTHLESS YOUTH.

A Handsome Fellow, With Rich Parents, Sent Up for Vagrancy.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12.—Handsome Herman Luckhardt, the nineteen-year-old son of C. A. Luckhardt, proprietor of the Nevada metallurgical works, was yesterday convicted on a charge of vagrancy on a complaint filed by his wealthy father. Young Luckhardt has nearly broken his mother's heart by his vicious conduct. In addition to associating with hoodlums, thieves and opium fiends, he has stolen over $30,000 worth of jewelry and plate from the family. He refuses to work, and to keep himself in pocket money the youth steals everything he can lay his hands on in the house and sells it.

DR. LOAG'S FUNERAL.

The Hour Changed—General Sympathy Manifested.

The preparations for the solemn rites attending the obsequies of the late Dr. G. W. Loag, clerk of Allen county, are about completed. The body was placed in a plain though very rich and costly casket to-day by Funeral Director Peltier, so that friends of the deceased may look upon the face of the dead to-morrow. The hour of the funeral has been changed, and will take place at 2 o'clock from the residence, southeast corner of Calhoun and Columbia street, and 2:30 o'clock from Trinity Episcopal church, Rector A. W. Seabrease officiating. The Knights Templar, under whose auspices the obsequies will be conducted, will have ritualistic services at the church and the grave at Lindenwood. The pall-bearers, all sir knights, are republished, as follows: R. C. Bell, F. F. Boltz, C. M. Dawson, Willis Hattersley, S. B. Sweet, C. A. Zollinger.

Harmony lodge, I. O. O. F., the Mystic Shrine and Order of Elks, all of which orders the deceased was a member, will be represented, and will pay floral tribute and pass resolutions.

There will be no relatives of the deceased from abroad present at the funeral. A brother, James Long, is an invalid at Chester, Pa., and a sister, Mrs. Theodore Bell, cannot come alone. Another sister in Maryland has not been reached by telegraph.

In addition to the insurance policy of $5,000, mentioned yesterday, the deceased carried another policy of $3,000. These, with other interests, makes the estate worth about $30,000.

It was expected that the Knights Templar lodge of Indianapolis would attend the funeral, but owing to the bad connections of trains this will be impossible.

TWENTY KILLED.

By the Explosion of a Steamer on the Chicago River.

CHICAGO, July 12.—About 7:45 last night a terrific explosion startled and horrified residents, denizens and passers-by in the vicinity of the river docks, between Randolph and Madison streets. It was a terrible roar, a crash, an echo and a column of smoke shot 200 feet into the air, succeeded a second later by a whirl-wind of flame, which illuminated bridges, buildings, water and spanks in a fearful glare of lurid red.

The following is a list of the killed and injured so far as obtainable at an early hour this morning: Dead, identified, Osborne Polk, laborer, No. 260 West Lake street; Alex Smith, colored, No. 77 West Adams street; Jno. Braxton, No. 152 South Halsted street, colored; J. Williams, stevedore; missing probably dead, C. S. Lesalulie, Buffalo; Edward Fitzgibbon, master; John Neill; L. Alex, stevedore; H. Alexander, John Lewis, William Porter, S. Smith, J. Cecil, H. Thomas, J. Cherry, J. Jones. Fatally injured: Henry Witherspoon, J. Geo. Haigh, David McNeil, Thomas Emmet, John Burke, Robert Holliday, Walter Chaffee, Wm. McDougall.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Dr. and Mrs. "Jack" Read are at Rome City.

Frank Voirel, sr., and wife are visiting at Peru, Ind., to-day.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the third degree to-night.

Miss Nellie Smith, of Pierceton, Ind., is visiting Miss Lanis Van Vleet, of 66 West Jefferson street.

Misses Grace and Daisy, daughters of W. H. Davis, the box manufacturer, are visiting at Bellevue, Ohio.

The young son of J. R. Williams, the real estate agent, was lost this morning and the police were notified. The lad was afterwards found.

Aug. Gump, of Huntertown, was a caller at this office to-day and renewed his subscription for the WEEKLY SENTINEL for the thirty-sixth time.

The friends of Miss May Griffith will be pleased to hear of her safe arrival in Victoria, B. C., after a pleasant journey over the Canadian Pacific railway.

Mrs. A. Geisman and children, of East Berry street, and Mrs. Ida Richardson, cashier of the D. N. Foster furniture store, left for Clear Lake to-day to rusticate.

John Frodorickson is having a hearing before Justice France this afternoon on the charge of malicious trespass, for breaking in a door of the house belonging to Fred Bickness.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Newman, Atlantic City, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Newman, Geneva, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Newman, this city, left to-day for six weeks' camping at Cedar Beach.

Mrs. J. W. Lane entertained her husband's Sunday school class yesterday afternoon at her home, 57 Garden street. Foot ball, croquet, a substantial luncheon, with ice cream and cake, contributed to the pleasures of the afternoon.

HOOSIER CANDIDATES.

Entries Already Made for the Honors Before the Coming Democratic State Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 12.—It is believed that all of the candidates who will come before the democratic state convention, set for August 26, have made themselves known at central committee headquarters. The list includes Captain Hilligas, of Muncie; Colonel John Lee, of Crawfordsville, and James B. Clark, of Bloomington, for secretary of state; J. O. Henderson, of Kokomo; James C. Lavelle, of Washington, and George S. Green, of Posey, for auditor, and Thos. B. Byrne, of Vanderburg; P. H. McCormack, of Bartholomew; Albert Gall, of Marion; Henry C. Berghoff, of Fort Wayne, and James R. Slack, of Huntington, for treasurer of state, Hon. Green Smith, of Jennings, and J. McCabe, of Warren, are candidates for attorney general, and Joseph T. Fanning, of Marion; George S. Pleasants, of Switzerland; Daniel McDonald, of Marshall, Andrew M. Sweeney, of Jasper-Dubois; Nelson G. Hunter, of Wabash, and James Applewhite, of Jackson, are competitors for clerk of the supreme court. James A. Barlow, of Sullivan; B. F. Whisler, of Wayne; Harvey D. Vories, of Franklin, and E. E. Griffith, of Clinton, are running for superintendent of public instruction.

The state central committee is still in doubt how many offices are to be filled at the general election this fall, but under the decision of the supreme court nominations will have to be made for chief of the bureau of statistics and chief of the bureau of geology and natural science. Will A. Peelle, jr., who has been defendant in the suits brought by republican contestants, is a candidate for the first named, and Prof. S. S. Gorby, who has also borne a large share of the litigation, will seek the latter.

STANLEY IS BETHER

And Was Wedded To-Day to Miss Tennant.

LONDON, July 12—Mr. Stanley's condition is so much improved this morning, that it is definitely settled that he will start for Westminster abbey at 1 o'clock this afternoon, there to be married to Miss Dorothy Tennant. Mr. Stanley has requested the abbey officials to so arrange that the ceremony may be as brief as possible, and that he may be allowed to retain his seat during the solemnization.

LATER.

LONDON, July 12.—Henry M. Stanley and Dorothy Tennant were married at Westminster abbey at 2 o'clock. Mr. Stanley walked up the aisle leaning heavily on a cane, and looked unwell. The abbey was densely crowded.

Hon. David Pugh, member for Carmenthenshire, Wales, in the house of commons, is dead.

There is no change in the position of affairs among the postmen, and they are quietly engaged in the orderly discharge of their duties. In all 845 men have been dismissed as a consequence of their connection with the recent demonstrations. These men, Postmaster General Raikes declines to reinstate.

KILLED BY OUTLAWS.

A Detective Murdered by the Hatfields in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., July 12.—When the lifeless body of Dave Stratton, one of the famous McCoy gang of outlaws, was found near the railroad track at Brownstown several weeks ago, the public generally supposed that he had been run over by a train and killed. Some persons, however, suspected the Hatfield crowd of murdering him. Among these were J. W. Napier, a detective, better known as "Kentucky Bill," who, armed with warrants for the arrest of certain of the Hatfields, started out a few weeks ago with the declaration that he would not return without them. Since that time his friends have anxiously but vainly awaited tidings of him. Not a word has been received from him, but yesterday word came that his body, with a bullet hole in his heart, had been found near the home of the Hatfields. It was impossible last night to verify the report.

A BIG FIRE.

Extensive Salt Works Destroyed in New York.

MOUNT MORRIS, N. Y., July 12.—A fire, which is supposed to have started in the cooper shop, occurred in the Royal salt block last night. The entire works cover about two acres. The fire rapidly worked its way to the refining rooms and packing house, the bulk packing house, the grainer room, one of the derricks and a number of cars on a switch, beside the building, as well as a large tank on the south side holding 50,000 barrels of brine. By hard work the boiler room was saved, thus averting a disastrous explosion. The loss is estimated at $60,000, nearly covered by insurance. The buildings will be rebuilt. A large number of men and girls are thrown out of employment.

Twelve Hours.

ASHLEY, Pa., July 12.—Notices were posted up in the shops of the Central Railroad of New Jersey notifying the men that in future they must work twelve hours a day.

THE COLORED VOTE!

A Mass Meeting of Colored Voters Called for July 23—Some Strong Talk.

A call will be issued to the colored voters of Allen county to meet in mass convention on July 23 to consider the worth of the colored vote. A prominent local leader of this element said to a SENTINEL reporter to-day:

"We are getting tired of the treatment we are receiving at the hands of the republican party. Why, right here at home we have had seven petitions in for even a most humble position in the postoffice, but do you suppose one of them was considered? No, sir. A colored man could not even get the position of cleaning spitoons in our custom house.

"The colored population of Allen county, you can rest assured, will vote hereafter as they see fit at elections."

A SENTINEL reporter met Rev. W. H. Brown and he talked as vigorously as his colored friend. The fact of it is, the colored people are casting their votes for the republican party and they give them nothing in return.

DISCOVERED PLUNDER.

The Mail Robbery in the Northern Pacific Proves to Be Larger Than Reported.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., July 12.—On the night of June 7th last, a Northern Pacific train was boarded near New Salem, N. D., by two masked men, who terrorized the train men and got away with several pouches of registered mail matter. One of the robbers was afterward captured by a sheriff's posse. On his person was found a gold ring and gold watch taken from the mail sacks and only about one hundred dollars in money. He was taken to jail at Dickinson and kept there for a few days, and for greater security, removed by the inspector to Fargo. The men had evidently divided their swag before starting so that in case of separation each would have his share.

Inspector Watkins knows by this time the amount they secured. The published estimate of $5,000 or $6,000 as the amount is but the rudest guess. It is believed that the robbers got away with nearer $50,000. The registered pouches were discovered, on the trail, to have been burned, and near by the spot a gun was found, abandoned as too cumbersome. Believing that part of the money at least had been concealed by the captured robber, or rather, thrown away, during his short flight after discovery, Inspector Watkins left this city, taking one assistant with him, and on Sunday morning last reached the spot on the bank of the stream where they captured their man. Recent rains had caused a heavy growth of grass and the wind had been sweeping over the place since June 10, but after a days search, over a space of about four acres, the shrewdness of the inspector was rewarded by finding in torn bits and ragged pieces, a large amount of currency. One wad contained a big bill—$1,000. There were found numerous $10 and $20 bills more or less mutilated in the prairie grass, knee heigh. The whole bundle had been dropped in one place, and, in the robbers haste, not securely hid. Coyottes or gophers had torn and separated the money and the wind had scattered it. The amount recovered, the inspector will not disclose, but it runs into the thousands. The other robber is at large yet, and is the leader. He is known as a marvellously clever cracksman, with a romantic career. He is daring, self possessed, has figured in criminal annals of the west, but never convicted, and has killed his man. The fellow in jail is also a murderer. He refuses to make any statement.

YOUTHFUL BURGLARS.

The Evil-Doers of Housebreaking Traced to Mere Boys.

This morning four youths, Ames Daran, Frank Taney, Thomas King and George Carter were brought up in police court on the charge of burglary. Several houses have been broken into lately, and the strange part of it is that the depredations had been committed in broad day light. The last robbery reported was at the house of Will P. Cooper, on West Washington street, the work being done while the family were away from home. The residence, 147 West Washington street, was entered and several articles stolen, some of which have been recovered. Among the stolen goods was a pair of opera glasses valued at twenty-two dollars, and which the miscreants sold for one dollar. The glasses have been restored to the owner. The boys were not given a hearing before the mayor, but their case was set for 2 o'clock this afternoon before a justice of the peace. An attempt was made by the officers to capture Bernard Downey last night, but that notorious fellow escaped. Several shots were fired after him in his flight. There seems to be little doubt but that these boys are guilty of the crime, and prison walls stare them in the face.

Downey was afterward captured and it was decided by Prosecutor Robinson to give the whole gang a preliminary hearing Monday. The capture of these lawless fellows, especially Downey, who has been in the penitentiary, reflects credit on Sheriff Viberg and his deputies, Wilkinson and Black.

SHORT SERMONS

Will be Preached by the Pastors To-Morrow—Go and Hear Them.

Song service city department Y. M. C. A., Sunday 4 p. m., city time.

There will be preaching at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening by Mr. James Trythall.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m.

Baptism precedes Pastor Northrop's morning sermon. Sermon in the evening to wage workers. Come and welcome.

Berry street M. E. church—Preaching by the pastor, Rev. W. M. Van Slyke, at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m.; Sunday school 2:15 p. m.; young peoples' meeting at 7 o'clock.

Services in Second Presbyterian church at 10:30 a. m. Subject: "Ancestral Religion." Praise services at 8 p. m. Y. P. S. C. E. at 7:30. Pastor, Rev. J. L. Leeper.

Quarterly meeting at the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow. Preaching at 10:30 by Rev. M. C. Cooper, the pastor, and in the evening Rev. A. E. Mabin will preach. Sabbath school at 2:30 p. m.

Plymouth Congregational church. Services at 10:30 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Services conducted by the new pastor, Rev. James Stuart Ainslie. A most hearty welcome to all.

Services at the Colored Baptist church, on Harrison street, at W. C. T. U.—Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. by John Green. Subject for night: "Confidence in God." All are invited to attend.

Missionary service at First U. B. church to-morrow morning at 10:30 a. m. In the evening at 8 o'clock a course of lectures on the life of Christ will be commenced. All kindly invited to attend. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m.

All are cordially invited to the services at the Church of God. All seats free. Sabbath school at 9:15 and preaching at 10:30 a. m., also at 7 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening. Our services are short. Ernest H. Shauke, pastor.

Rev. J. M. Driver, of Simpson M. E. church, will address the meeting for men only at the R. R. Y. M. C. A. rooms at 3:30 standard time. Railroad men and all others are invited to attend this service and hear the earnest words of this talented pastor.

Objects of angulio curiosity, text: "Which Things the Angels Desire to Look Into," will be the Rev. John Merritte Driver's subject in the morning. Children will be christened and baptized. In the evening the theme will be "Barbers and Razors, Whom Shaved and how." The pastor's Bible class meets in the lecture room at 2:30 a. m. A service of song precedes the evening sermon.

MANY DEATHS.

The Death List for This Week is a Long One.

The following deaths have been reported by the undertakers for the week ending July 12th:

Margaret Solle, 37 years, complication of diseases.

John C. Steinhauser, 3 weeks, cholera infantum.

George Rose, 2 months, cholera infantum.

Louise Troxen, 7 weeks, spasms.

Rev. E. Sitzman, 60 years, old age.

Eleonora Dobler, 8 months, 27 days, cholera infantum.

Philip Dubois, 33 years, dropsy.

Charlotte Mommer, 2 years, 6 months, brain fever.

Anna Brown, 31 years, erysipelas.

Francis Wagner, 8 months, brain fever.

Ethel Carey, 26 days, marasmus.

Maggie, a foundling, 1 month, marasmus.

George W. Loag, 51 years, heart failure.

Chas. Bolman, 7 years, accident.

Samuel M. Link, 5 months, cholera infantum.

Maggie L. Boltz, 18 years, typhoid fever.

Elwood A. Harrison, 25 years, railroad accident.

Susan Lehr, 83 years, old age.

Anna Harrison, 22 years, consumption.

Wm. R. Hersh, 27 days, spasms.

Nettie G. Shroyer, 5 months, inflammation of bowels.

Rose H. Leikauf, 4 months, cholera infantum.

General Fisk's Funeral.

NEW YORK, July 12.—The funeral services of General Clinton B. Fisk were held yesterday afternoon in the Madison avenue M. E. church. Bishop Andrews led the services. The church was filled with the deceased general's friends, relatives and co-workers. The burial party left at 6 o'clock for Coldwater, Mich., where the remains will be interred in the family cemetery.

Lumber Destroyed.

MUSKEGON, Mich., July 12.—Fire destroyed 1,000,000 feet of lumber at the Ducey Lumber company's mill at North Muskegon, yesterday afternoon. Four small dwellings and the office were also burned. Loss, $20,000; partly insured.

Mrs. Mary Garvey, of 26 Douglas avenue, died this afternoon.

STUART SAYS!

The Wabash Road's Intentions are Good and Fort Wayne Will be a Leading Point of the Line.

Attorney W. Y. Stuart, of Lafayette, the well-known attorney for the Wabash Railroad company, was in the city Thursday and Friday.

Last evening a SENTINEL reporter met him in the Wayne hotel lobby and was courteously received when he sought an interview.

"You've had an important errand here, I understand," said the reporter.

"Yes, and no; I came to Fort Wayne only to make an arrangement with the Fort Wayne Electric company so that they may proceed with their proposed building. The company has leased of the Wabash corporation suitable ground and they have done it at a nominal price and on satisfactory terms to both sides."

"What do you think of the dispute that has risen over the legal right to the property now claimed by your company?"

"I think that the Wabash company owns it and will assert its legal right. Of course the land belongs to the Wabash."

"But will you ever make use of so much land in Fort Wayne, if it legally belongs to the company?"

"The Wabash company," Mr. Stuart earnestly said, "has been of great benefit to Fort Wayne and nobody ought to deny that, from a reasonable standpoint. The Fort Wayne shops alone to-day employ about one hundred and fifty men, not a very large force certainly, but some day this city will be the main mechanical point of the great Wabash system. It has been employing on the average more men than any of the shops along the line."

"And so you really think that Fort Wayne is a desirable point in the estimation of the officers of the road?" was the final question asked by the reporter.

"I do; furthermore I say that this very ground over which there has arisen a dispute, will be considerably covered, at a not far distant day, with additional shops and sidings. An animus has been created against the right of life simply through the personal feeling, if not malice, of a few. The Wabash will do as well by Fort Wayne as it is fair and justifiable to do. Good bye," and the pleasant attorney turned briskly to catch an omnibus which stood in front of the hotel, to whirl him to his train.

PRIDE FOR SCOTLAND.

Causes Hon. J. R. White to Correct Our Compiler of Historical Events.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., July 11.

Editor SENTINEL:

Your compilations of notable events and happenings of "This Day in the Past" are very instructive, and a fund of information which is undoubtedly appreciated by your readers, but there is one error your compiler has thoughtlessly fallen into, as it is quite fashionable these later days—and quite English, you know,—that is of historically quoting England as a nation in his citation. This would be proper enough up to the year 1707, just as it would be of Scotland up to that period, but since that period Scotland and England both lost their identity as nations of the world, and were merged into and united forever under the title and name of Great Britain, so that when you write of "the English bombarding Alexandria in 1882" and "the English army being ordered from Malta to Egypt in 1889," it is a gross blunder, for there is no English navy nor English army—nor has there been since the union of Scotland and England in 1707. A writer could with as much propriety, and with just as much accuracy, write at this present day of the Scottish army, or the Scottish navy. There is neither. The whole thing is British and should be so written.

Respectfully Yours,
J. D. WHITE.

Resolutions of Respect.

FORT WAYNE LODGE, No. 165, B. P. O. E.
July 11, 1890.

WHEREAS, The Grand Exalted Ruler above, in His all-wise providence, has called by death from our membership our worthy brother, George W. Loag, who departed this life July 10, 1890, aged fifty-one years, after a very short illness.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother Loag our lodge has lost an honored and respected member, and, while we bow in submission to the will of our all-wise Father above, we cannot but regret the absence of the well-known face of our late brother from our midst.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathies are tendered his bereaved wife and family in this, their hour of great sorrow.

Resolved, That the charter of this lodge be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, in token of respect of our departed brother's memory.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be tendered to the family of our deceased brother under the seal of this lodge, and that they be spread upon the records of this lodge in full, also that a copy be sent to the daily papers for publication.

G. S. HOWARD,
J. J. WILLIAMS,
A. MCPHERSON.

Chicago Markets.

CHICAGO, July 12.—Wheat: July, 83¾; Aug. 83; Sept., 80@80¼. Corn: August, 36¾@¾; Sept., 37¼. Oats: July, 29; Aug., 28; Sept., 28. Pork: July, $12.00; Aug. $11.25; Sept. $11.00. Lard: July, $5.80; Aug., $5.85@87½; Sept., $6.05. Ribs: July, $5.22½; Aug. $5.72½; Sept. $5.22½@25.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

WHILE the bathers were enjoying a bath at Avalon, N. J., a large school of porpoises made a dash up the coast behind the breakers. There was over a hundred of these slippery monsters, so hard to catch in a net, and they never bite at any known bait. A good-sized porpoise will devour a bushel of mossbunkers or a young dromfish at a single meal, and just now the surf is filled with small dromfish feeding at flood tide. The man-eating shark likes the same kind of diet, and many a bloody conflict ensues between these robbers of the great deep when they meet on common feeding ground. In front of the hotel there is considerable depth of water, and the porpoises came so near that many of them could have been reached with a fishing-reed. Suddenly, as the school of porpoises were tumbling over each other in play, a four-foot shark made a dash out of water, pursued by a ten foot porpoise. The porpoise succeeded in biting a piece out of the marauder, and made a vigorous plunge at the shark in mid air, while the sea became red with blood. Both fish were in a duel to the death. Neither tried to escape. The shark was the swiftest in motion, but was an unequal antagonist. The porpoise would dive under him and strike him in the belly under water, to the great discomfort of the marauder, whose jaws were not big enough to make much impression on the tough hide of the slippery sea hog. Three times they met in mid-air and struck each other as two bull cleks butt each other with their antlers. The porpoise slowly retired ten feet, and with the swiftness of lightning struck the shark in the middle and ripped him open. The marauder soon floated, dead, out on the sea, while the porpoise, badly hurt, followed his companions up Townsend inlet.

PROBABLY the most curious ring in New York is worn by the wife of a wealthy New York lawyer, says the Jeweler's Weekly. She has three manly sons, but only one daughter, who made her debut in society this season and was much admired. This girl is the idol of her parents, and the ring worn by her mother is a testimony of their affection, though a very eccentric one. When the girl was ten years old her father presented to the mother at Christmas a ring in which were set two little semi-translucent white stones surrounded by diamonds, and for a long while he resisted his wife's entreaties to tell her what sort of stones they were, she never having seen anything at all resembling them. Finally he confessed to her, a little shamefacedly, that when their daughter had lost her pretty little milk teeth he had saved the front ones and carried them about in his pocketbook for a long time, until the idea occurred to him of utilizing them in that way. The wife laughed at him a good deal, but continued to wear the ring, and still wears it, though very few persons know the story of its setting.

A CHICAGO jeweler has inaugurated a novel scheme to attract attention to his wares. Several hundred diamonds, varying in size from the most minute stones to those of the size of a pea, are placed on a large sheet of white paper in a conspicuous part of the show window. Above them a large card is suspended, which notifies the passing pedestrian that the person making the nearest guess to the actual number of diamonds in the display will be entitled to ownership in any diamond he or she may select. The novelty of the guess attracts the attention of hundreds of people daily, and it looks so easy that nearly everyone who comes to a halt will endeavor to count them; but right here is where the "laugh comes in," as the diamonds glitter so brilliantly that by the time the counter has half completed his task the whole collection becomes a mass of glittering colors, thus making it an utter impossibility to complete the count.

THE judicial error of which the man named Borras, now liberated, was the victim in France, has brought to the front an old custom of the courts of Venice. There, when a prisoner is about to be condemned to death, a tall and ghostly-looking individual, dressed in a long black gown, walks majestically to the centre of the court room, bows solemnly to the Judge, and in a cavernous voice pronounces the following not overstartling words: "Remember the baker!" Then he bows again and stalks away. Just three hundred years ago a baker was executed in Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully established, the Judges who condemned him gave a sum of money to the city, the interest on which was to be devoted to the setting up and perpetual burning of a lamp, known as the "lamp of expiation," in the palace of the doges. It is still burning there.

Two years ago three hundred whales were driven ashore on the estate of a Mr. Bruce at Sumburgh, in the north of Scotland, and they were killed and sold. Mr. Bruce at once demanded that a third of the value of the whales ($2,000) should be paid to him, in accordance with an ancient custom, by which the "laird" of this property was entitled to claim "thirds" of all salvage. The Sheriff opposed the claim on the ground that Mr. Bruce had taken no part in the capturing of the whales, and the Court of Sessions has upheld the Sheriff. The Judge intimated that although the landlord's demand was justified by precedent, it was based neither upon principle nor upon justice, and it was time for a new rule.

A POST-MORTEM on the body of William Hatcher, a merchant who died in Cleveland, Ohio, recently, of the rare affliction known as Addison disease, has been made. Hatcher caught a severe cold while bathing four years ago, and since then his skin turned black, until at the time of his death his face, neck and shoulders were as black as an African's skin, and the remainder of his body was only a little less so. Hatcher worked until three weeks before his death, and refused many offers of large salaries from dime museum managers. The examination revealed a degeneration of the suprarenal capsule of the kidney.

AT Rome, Ga., while a horse was loose in the stable, one of his hind feet got caught in his mouth. It is supposed that the animal was rubbing the flies from his nose with his hind foot, when by accident the foot passed into the mouth. The hoof was shod with a heavy iron shoe, and the sharp corners of the shoe and heel cut very painful wounds in the mouth. The animal fell to the ground and continued to struggle without relief. When he was discovered he was covered with foam and showed every sign of a fearful struggle. His master came and succeeded in extricating his foot.

THE other day a rich merchant's wedding took place at St. Petersburg, Russia. Before the ceremony the bride's uncle brought in an old worn out cushion. The young lady, thinking it a joke on the part of the eccentric old gentleman, threw it into a corner. Imagine her astonishment when she afterward discovered that the cushion was stuffed full of bank notes. The uncle belonged to the "old school," and was in the habit of stowing away his money in old stockings and cushions, and one of the latter was made to serve as a wedding present. It was found to contain about $11,000.

MRS. JOHN VALENTINE, of Youngstown, Ohio, has been defeated in her suit to recover $11,000 life insurance held by her husband, who died a year ago. The defense was that Valentine, who was a commercial traveler, had committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. To prove that he died from other causes, the wife had her husband's body exhumed and the head cut off and brought into court, where it rested on her counsel's desk. The head showed many signs of decomposition, and its production in court caused a marked stir.

RECENT investigations in Indian prisons have revealed a curious physiological condition induced by thieves for the purpose of secreting valuables. They allow a heavy lead bullet to slide down the throat, and keep it in position for half-an-hour at a time. In about a year a pouch is formed, into which anything small may be thrust, without interfering with speech or breath. At present there are in Calcutta jail twenty prisoners with these throat-pouches.

DEPUTY JAILER JOHN BURNS, formerly one of the watchfest lumbermen near Ashland, Wis., dropped dead in a chair just as he opened the jail doors to take out a squad of prisoners. The prisoners, many of them held for serious offenses, thought Burns was retiring, and made no effort to escape. When the jailer entered half an hour later the dead deputy was still guarding the prisoners.

DURING a thunderstorm near Newark, Ohio, Frank Crouse, the son of a wealthy farmer, and a party of friends took shelter under a large tree. Lightning shattered the tree, struck Crouse on the head, killing him instantly. The clothing was torn from his body. Some silver coin in his pocket was melted together, while his watch in another pocket was uninjured.

CHARLES QUEEN, a Norfolk (Va.) man, but that he could let a gallon of water drop on his hand from a distance of three feet drop by drop. After 500 drops had struck him he yelled "enough!" and paid the bet of $50. He said that each one fell like the blow of a sharp stick, and a blister as large as a quarter was raised on the back of his hand.

THE Sutter County (Cal.) Farmer says, that during a flood in Feather River, an orchard was submerged, and the manager declares that the young pear trees were eaten by the fish. Along the tides where the water covered the ground, the fish have eaten the grass in many places to such an extent as to make it unfit for pasture.

THIS is an Albany (Ga.,) News story: "Mrs. Hobbs, resident there, was annoyed by English sparrows, and soaked homing in strychnine with which to poison them. They ate it and relished it apparently. It did not kill them, but every one of them turned snow white."

M. PERROUX, a physician at Nantes, France, has the strange gift of being able to see the color of sounds. He says that human voices are red, blue, black, tan, slate and all other colors, and that the color of some very handsome women's voice is like buttermilk.

Expressive Sayings.

The veteran preacher, the Rev. Dr. Cyrus A. Bartol, sends me the following handful of "memorable expressions:" "None can be more so," says he, "than Washington's, so well quoted by Mr. Curtis: 'The event is in the hand of God.' That of John Quincy Adams, as he fell on the floor of the House of Representatives, 'This is the last of earth,' sublimely implied his religious faith. Webster's, 'I still live,' as he woke on his death-bed, was at once construed in an exalted sense. Grant's 'Let us have peace,' should, even further than he traveled, go round the world. President Anderson's, 'The man for me is the one that brings things to pass,' is the best praise for executive genius; and Dr. Wayland's, 'The coffee is in the vocative,' when that article was not on the table, circulated as a humorous scoring of every sort of inefficiency. In California, where ever succeeds well—in organizing a club, business firm or church—is called a 'rustler.' Is it from the stir and noise of leaves? In New England a competent agent 'fills the bill.' Is this from the briskness of our trade? East or West a risky enterprise is a 'boom.' Is it that all on board ship must look out when the long spar swings in the wind?"—[The Critic.

General Grant's Widow.

Mrs. General Grant seems to have found the elixir of youth. Although sixty-six she is agile as a woman of thirty, enjoys perfect health, and barring the weakness of her eyes, which were never strong, her faculties are as keen as they ever were. The gray in her hair is hardly noticeable, her face is plump and of good color, and her interest in the affairs of the world covers both continents. Any day in the week she may be seen going to her carriage from her house in East Sixty-sixth street. She has a tall, yellow-whiskered butler, with a back like a press-board, who opens the plate-glass vestibule doors, and, when she passes, hops down the stone stoop and stations himself at the curbing with the door in his hand. Mrs. Grant dresses in rich black silk clothes or silk fabrics, every fold of which seems breathing forth the perfume of some oriental blossom. Her carriage are set with fiery solitaires, magnificent in color and size, and through the twisted silk mitts that cover her hand the glint of pearl and the flash of diamonds may be seen.—[New York World.

The Pestiferous Sparrows.

Alexander McComas writes thus to the Baltimore American: "I am not a farmer, though born on a farm. I think, if the farmers would look into this 'plenty of straw but little wheat,' they would not complain of nature or bad season, &c., but find the great fault to be the terrible nuisance, the English sparrows, which congregate in thousands on the wheat field at times, and pick out the grain of wheat when in the milky state. I think a thousand or so of these sparrows will ruin a field in a few hours, so far as a yield of grain is concerned. I have seen them in large flocks on the wheat fields in this vicinity. I remember some years ago the planters of the South had to employ a number of men and boys with guns to drive off the rice birds to prevent the destruction of their rice crop, and these sparrows are ten times more destructive than the rice bird."

VEGETABLE TRAPS.

MURDEROUS PLANTS THAT FEED ON INSECTS.

Attracting and Destroying Insects by Means of an Intoxicating Exudation—A Plant which Crushes Its Prey to Death.

The Government has been going quite extensively of late into the propagation of whiskey slugs and lager beer saloons. Its laboratory employed for this purpose is the National Botanical Garden here; for the lager beer and whiskey slugs referred to are purely of a vegetable nature. They are, in fact, nothing more or less than plants of a very extraordinary description, which devote their attention exclusively to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants.

You would be struck at once with the curious appearance of one of these vegetable whisker slugs if you saw it standing in a big flower pot, carrying on the end of each of its long green leaves a pitcher-shaped receptacle. If the plant is open for business you can look into the pitchers and find them to contain quite a quantity of watery looking liquor. This is the intoxicant which is offered to customers, each one being permitted to help himself to is much as he likes for the stipulated and invariable price. Maybe you will find the pitchers all shut up, for each pitcher has a cover that shuts down whenever any rain or dew is falling, to prevent the liquor from becoming diluted.

Now, the customers spoken of are insects of all sorts—such as bluebottle flies, mosquitoes, cockroaches, red ants, and so on. There is not a bug of any sort, apparently, that has not a weakness for the liquor supplied by the vegetable whiskey shop. The insect walks out on one of the long leaves till he comes to the end of it, and finding here a quantity of delicious drink in the pitcher, he crawls in and swigs and swigs at it until he dies, as is supposed, of alcoholism. At all events he pays for his drink with his life and leaves his corpse in the pitcher to sustain by absorption the healthful existence of the plant. And it is just for this object—to entrap customers for food—that the plant prepares its liquor. What the said liquor is composed of, chemically speaking, attempts are now being made to find out by analysis. So far it is only known that it is a powerful and palatable intoxicant. How much the insects enjoy it you can perceive by looking into the pitchers, where you will often find in each receptacle hundreds of bugs of all descriptions. Another form of vegetable whiskey shop has long perpendicular trumpet-shaped receptacles for the liquor, with the wide end of the trumpets at the top, where the bugs are expected to crawl in. And when you tear open one of these trumpets—it may be a foot or more in length—after it has survived its usefulness and dried up, you will usually find it filled from one end to the other with flies and ants and such things.

It has recently been discovered—and herein lies the expected usefulness of the investigation now going on regarding these plants—that different vegetable whiskey shops have different classes of customers. One kind of these shops is frequented almost exclusively by cockroaches, for whose reception unusually large pitchers are provided—the plant carrying them looking as if it had suspended from the ends of its strong leaves a lot of small bath tubs. Another kind, with pitchers that resemble in appearance great big beans, is frequented only by red ants; and still another kind is patronized by slugs, and has the rims of its pitchers armed with teeth to delay guests who might wish to depart. So it would appear that these whiskey shops could be propagated for use in destroying such enemies of the household and the garden, and it is proposed to find out how far such a thing may be practicable. There is no difficulty, certainly, in rearing and maintaining the plants, which are not tropical exotics, but natives of this very region about Washington, and readily to be cultivated in any temperate climate.

Quite as interesting, in its way, as the whiskey shop, is the vegetable lager beer saloon referred to at the beginning of this article. In general appearance it resembles the whiskey shop strongly, but its pitchers are wider at the mouths and have no tops to them. Thus the liquor dispensed by the lager beer saloon is diluted more or less by the dews and rains, so that it is not very intoxicating. However, the drink is intended to attract the insect customers and not to poison them. Patrons, crawling into the pitcher, take a drink, and, without feeling it go to their heads very much, start to walk out again. But, unfortunately, the whole inside of the pitcher is lined with strong, hairy projections all pointing downward toward the liquor and away from the brim. It was easy enough to walk downward, but when the victim attempts to go upward and out again the hairs obstruct his progress so effectually that he finally tumbles back into the drink and is miserably drowned. That is the way the vegetable lager beer saloon captures its customers—by drowning.

Another fascinating plant now being propagated at the botanical garden is the "butcher," which kills the insects and such things that it feeds upon by crushing them alive, afterward consuming them at its leisure. This is considered to be of all vegetables the one exhibiting an intelligence most nearly approaching that which animals possess. Its appearance is not impressive, save for its peculiarity. Growing along the ground, it has for leaves little green things shaped like open clam shells, the biggest of them half an inch long, with a row of little spikes around each edge. As you observe the plant most of the clam shells will be open, waiting for food, each of them a greedy mouth ready to devour anything that may crawl in. Here comes an ant. Perhaps he will walk into one of these pairs of yawning jaws. Yes, there he goes into the big one attracted by the sugary excretion on the inside of the miniature clam shell, which serves for a bait. The victim reaches the middle point between the jaws and comes in contact with six microscopic hairs that grow inside the clam shell leaf and serve the plant as feelers. Immediately the jaws close with a snap, the two rows of spikes folding over the shut edge of the clam shell so as to give the prey no chance of escape. If the insect were much bigger and stronger than an ant he would be quickly crushed to death. It may be some hours before the jaws will open again, the clam shell leaf being occupied meanwhile in digesting the food captured. All the leaves of the plant being engaged continually in waiting for prey, catching it and digesting it, it makes a very good living indeed where bugs are plentiful. In the greenhouses there are comparatively few insects, however, and the head gardener feeds his butcher plant from day to day with such delicacies as finely chopped or scraped beefsteak and earth worms cut up, which are devoured with relish. The butcher plant is found in North Carolina, and nowhere else in the world. Fears are entertained that it will pass out of existence before long, for there is very little of it existing in a wild state, and attempts to raise it from seed have not thus far been very successful. A curious thing about it is that it will have regular fits of dyspepsia if such indigestibles as salt pork or the heads of bluebottle flies are fed to it. The clam-shell leaves will turn black and die after consuming that sort of food. One evidence of the intelligence of the plant is afforded by the judgment it exhibits in its diet. If a piece of paper just the size of a fly is introduced between a pair of the little jaws they will close greedily upon it, but will immediately open again. The discovery having evidently been made that the capture was not edible.—[WashingtonStar.

South Africa's Bank Robber.

An interesting account is given by the Johannesburg Star, of South Africa, of the police chase after McKeon, the bank robber, whose achievements in the matter of perpetrating robberies, escaping from jail and eluding the police entitle him to rank with the notorious Jack Sheppard, and whose regard for his clever black horse reminds one of Dick Turpin. In the hurried start after McKeon when he escaped from the Pretoria Jail, says the newspaper in question, the mounted police forgot to take handcuffs with them. Further, McKeon had friends all along the route. He was born in Basutoland, and every Basuto is his fast friend, even to Mama. Consequently, when the police inquired along the road of Basutos if they had seen two men pass on horseback, they invariably said that they had not. McKeon's love for his famous black horse, now at the mounted police barracks, was extraordinary. The police had to have three remounts before they could run that horse down. Two of the mounted police sighted McKeon and Cooper far ahead of them. They spurred on after them, thinking that they would bring the fugitives to bait on the steep bank of the Rhenoster River.

What was their surprise, however, when they saw McKeon leap his horse down the twenty-foot bank into the river, swim across, and, when he saw Cooper's horse would not follow, come back, and, reaching out, pull Cooper's horse down by the bridle and drag him through! One of the policemen had a rifle and resolved to take a long shot. When McKeon saw the smoke of the gun fire he and his companion drew their horses apart and the bullet passed between them. Shortly after McKeon drew his horse up, leaped down, removed the saddle, and stood putting his horse on the road. The police approached, and he surrendered without a word, giving over his two revolvers with the remark that he was enriching the government with revolvers, for this was the sixth they had had from him. He said he gave himself up because he did not wish to kill his horse. Cooper handed over his revolver too, looking rather glum. McKeon said he knew he would receive twenty-five lashes, but he would only stay in jail eight months, when he would once more say good-bye to the authorities. He did not know why they had given him twenty-five years, for he had not murdered anyone or stolen a sheep or an ox. Robbing a bank of their surplus money was no crime. The police were entirely taken off their guard, and, consequently, at daybreak the next morning the birds had flown unobserved by them. McKeon has since been recaptured at Ladybrand.

A Missionary's Terrible Experience

Father Lawrence, a French missionary who has just gone to the mother house of the order of the Immaculate Conception in New York City, has had a remarkable twenty-three years' experience among the Maoris of New Zealand. Said he: The people there exhibit some of the worst forms of savagery. The killing of infant children was an ordinary occurrence. I have seen inhuman mothers take their little ones to the water's edge, plunge them in until they died from suffocation and then rend the tiny, lifeless bodies limb from limb. I myself have been subjected to shocking tortures. I have been strung for ten days by a cord attached to my hands, which were tied behind my back; my toe-nails were torn off, and see those deep grooves in my arms; they are the scars remaining where the flesh was torn from the wrist to the shoulder in strips nearly an inch thick.

"But my experience in China was even worse. I was one of a number of priests and nuns engaged in missionary work at Pekin. We were arrested, thrown into prison, and arrangements made for our execution. One day the nuns, thirty-four in number, were taken forth and thrown into huge coppers filled with boiling pitch. It was a horrible death, and made an impression upon my mind which time cannot eradicate. On the following day the other priests and myself were to meet the same fate. Our only solace was in prayer. Toward evening, on the eve of our threatened execution, a great commotion was heard outside the walls of our prison. The French soldiers had come and we were saved."

Father Lawrence will resume his work in New Zealand after a rest.—[Washington Star.

Making the Best of It.

A public singer applied to a theatrical manager for an engagement. He undertook to sing a couple of songs and execute a dance in character at the rate of ten francs per night. The manager looked at the man and seemed to recognize him.

"Did you not once appear with a company of strolling players at the Vernon Theatre?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"But you played most execrably."

"I could not help myself."

"How was that?"

"The manager did not pay the members of the troupe, so that, when I played my part well, I was applauded, though on the verge of starvation all the while. But if I played badly, the audience pelted me with apples, and thus, at any rate, I got something to eat!"—[Le Matin.

Artesian Wells in the Desert.

Respecting the plan of Colonel Landas for fertilizing the African desert by means of wells, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, in the course of a consular tour in Tunis, has visited the ground where the first well was sunk, and reports most favorably as to the success of the project. A space of 735 acres has been cleared and sown with cereals and incense, a vegetable garden been made, and a nursery of young trees planted. Two other wells are being sunk, which, on completion, will irrigate 7,500 acres of land. The Bey of Tunis has conceded to the company 25,000 acres of land, which they can select themselves from districts which are at present of no value.

A BRIDGE OF AGATE.

It Spans a Cavern Forty five Feet Wide in Arizona.

Among the great American wonders, says George F. Kunz in his "Gems and Precious Stones in North America," is the silicified forest known as Chalcedony Park, situated right miles south of Corrizio, a station on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, in Apache County, Arizona. The country formation is sandstone on volcanic ash, and the trees are exposed in gulches and basins, where the water has worn the sandstone away, or are buried beneath the sandstone, their ends protruding from between the formations.

The locality was noticed in 1863 by the Pacific Railroad Exploring Surrey. The jasper and agate generally replaced the cell walls and fibres, and the transparent quartz filled the cells and interstices, especially where the structure was broken down by decay. These cell centres and cavities produced conditions favorable, not only for the deposition of silica as quartz, but also for the formation of the druzy crystalline cavities of quartz and amethyst, and so increase the beauty of the material.

There is every evidence to show that the trees grew beside some inland sea. After falling they became waterlogged, and, during decomposition, the cell structure of the wood was entirely replaced by the silica from the sandstone, in the walls surrounding this great inland sea. Major John W. Powell, who has visited all these regions, says:

"The wood consisted of logs water rolled before burial, and are now granularly weathering out of their matrix. The inclosing rock is sandstone and cretaceous shale, of the series known as Juna-trias and lying immediately above the Chinarump. Agatized wood containing much semi-opal has been formed in California (and possibly in Arizona) under volcanic deposits, but the wood in question is not associated with volcanic material; its matrix is sedimentary."

The red and yellow coloring matter is derived from the oxide of iron in the sandstone, which is red, and the black may be due to partial carbonization or to oxide of manganese. The bark in nearly every case has been decayed before silification, and even part of the other layers of the tree is often gone, but the difference between the oxidation on the surface and inside is, that the surface to the depth of half an inch is so altered and changed that it has the appearance of bark, and is generally supposed to be such.

There is every indication that the deposit is of considerable depth. Over the entire area trees lie scattered in all conceivable positions and in fragments of all sizes, the broken sections sometimes resembling a pile of cart wheels. A tree 150 feet in length is often found split into as many sections of almost uniform length, presenting the appearance of having been sawn asunder for shingle blocks by some pedestrian forester, or broken into countless fragments, ranging from the size of a small pebble to that of a fair-sized boulder, also fractured into perfect-shaped cubes, as if cut by a lapidary.

These multiplied fractures are the result of alternate heat and cold, produced by atmospheric changes acting on the water in the fissures of the tree.

A phenomenon perhaps unparalleled and the most remarkable feature of the park, is a natural bridge, formed by a tree of agatized wood spanning a canon 45 feet in width. In addition to the span fully 50 feet of the tree rests on one side, making it visible for a length of over 100 feet. Both ends of the tree are embedded in the sandstone. It averages 3½ feet in diameter, 4 feet at the thickest part and 3 at the smallest. Where the bark does not adhere, the characteristic colors of jasper and agate are seen. Although the wood is beautiful to the naked eye, a microscope is needed to reveal its greatest charms. Not only does the glass enhance the brilliancy of its colors, but it renders visible the structure, which has been perfectly observed, even to the forms of minute cells, and is more beautiful now than before the transformation. Dr. F. H. Dudley examined microscopically some sections of this wood, and found that part of it, at least, belongs to the genus Araucaria, one species of which, Araucaria excelsa, the Norfolk Island pine of the South Pacific Ocean, according to the same authority, grows to a height of 100 to 200 feet. Other portions were found to resemble our red cedar, Juniperus Virginiana, when grown in the extreme south. The cell structure of some of the wood indicates growth in a mild, uniform climate, the annual rings being marked by only one, two, three or more slightly smaller hexagonal or rounded, not tabular cells, as is usually the case.

The name of "Chinarump" has been suggested for this material by Major John W. Powell, this being the Indian name for the substance.

These trees, according to one of the Indian myths, were believed to be the bolts of the arrows used by their god. It has been extensively used by them in making spear and arrow points.

Fishing with a Wheel.

The present catch of salmon, says a Portland (Ore.) letter, approximates to a thousand tons daily and is so great the factories find it impossible to handle it. Great quantities, therefore, spoil and are lost. Salmon are caught by the usual method of using nets; Indians spear them in large numbers, but the main source of supply is the fish-wheel. This most ingenious and effective contrivance is an immense wheel about thirty feet in diameter by eight feet in width, consisting of four great pockets of ordinary mesh fence wire. This wheel is placed in a favorable situation in swift running water. The force of the water carries it around with a steady, resistless motion, plunging the monster scoops into the stream. Any hapless fish that wanders into the radius of this wheel is quickly lifted from the water, dropped into a slippery trough connected in the wheel near its axle and slides into a box, where its animate career ends. The efficiency of this invention is shown by the fact that one of these wheels has landed twelve tons in twenty-four hours.

General Grant's Sunday in Paris.

An incident told by Dr. Edward W. Hitchcock is suggestive to summer travelers. While he was minister of the American Chapel in Paris, General Grant was invited by the President of the Republic of France to occupy the grand stand at "Le Grand Prix," the great day of the races, which comes on Sunday. Such an invitation from the chief magistrate of a great nation is an honor which is almost a command. But General Grant, replying in a note to the President, said in substance: "It is not in accordance with the custom of my countrymen, or with the spirit of my religion, to spend Sunday in this way. I therefore beg that you will permit me to decline the honor." Instead of accepting, he attended public worship at the American Chapel.—[Boston Congregationalist.

GHOST OF LONE ROCK.

A Grandfather's Story.

BY CLARA D. HOWARD.



WAY back in the twenties,
Sam scrawny odd year
There railroads were invented,
An' everything went slow,
Stage coaches were the fashion
An' we had our good ox teams
To haul the stuff to market
That now is pulled by steam.

Among the crowd of teamsters
That gathered at the bar
Of the staunch old Halfway Tavern,
Kept by good old Ezekiel Parr,

Was one, a sturdy fellow,
Who often kept that way
On his way twe Noo York City
With loads of grain, and hay.

I kin see him now before me,
As he stood that stormy night
Sippin' at his glass o cider,
In the firelight, warm and bright.
His hair was brown an' wavy,
His eyes an honest blue;
His smile was like a woman's,
An' his natur' brave an' true.

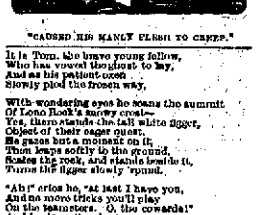
"Well, boys," settin' down his empt'y glass,
"What's the news about the kentry?
Has the weddin' been to pass?
For you know I'm quite a stranger,
'Tis six months or more since we
Last gathered here together,
In this pleasant hostelry!"

Then poured out a flood of gossip,
Just and story went the rounds
Till the smoky cabin rafters
Echoed back the merry sounds.
All at once a silent youngster,
Who'd his chin "like a post,
Cried out, "Say, you, mister!
How you hearn about the ghost?"

Then a silence fell upon them,
While the wind howled long and wild,
An' the bravest man among them
Grew as timid as a child.
An' they drew together closer,
Round the backlog's cheerful blaze,
While Tom, the tall young teamster,
Stared about him in amaze.

He smiled at their looks of terror,
And cried, "Wind, do you mean?
What tale is this ye tellin'?
There's no ghosts that I've seen!"
"Ah, Tom, you doubt the story!"
Cried Zeke, the worthy host;
"But you Jamie Keet at midnight,
An' you'll surely see the ghost!"

"Come, tell me all about it!
What has his ghostship done?
Who's ghastly spook rides upon you,
Just to see you run'rous run?"
"There's never a trick about it;"



"I'LL PASS LONE ROCK AT MIDNIGHT."

Zeke gravely shook his head.
"'Tis some poor, lone, lost spirit
Can't rest easy 'mong the dead!

"And you needn't talk of courage,
For the bravest man around
Couldn't face that hell white figger,
An' 'twere it should be found!"
Then a peal of merry laughter
Rang throughout the oaken bar,
Which made his listeners shudder,
And offended landlord Parr.

"I'll tell you what, good Zekiel,
I'm comin' back next week;
I'll pass Lone Rock at midnight,
An' the ghost's acquaintance seek!"
Then spoke again the silent youngster,
"Oh, that will be great fun;
For, despite his boastful courage,
We shall see this brave man run!"

But Tom, the merry teamster,
With his spirit undismayed,
Vowed that he'd meet a ghost,
They should see the specter laid.

On the banks of Susquehanna,
Where the river makes a bend,
Stands the rock, on which, 'tis rumored,
A tall figure, clothed in white,
May be seen to stand and beckon,
In the watches of the night.

'Tis a lonely place in summer,
With the sunlight breaking through
The tall pines clustered 'round it,
Shutting out the Nature's view;
But at night 'tis dark and gruesome,
Even the bravest shun the spot;
Just the place for restless spirits,
Or to hatch some devil's plot.

'Tis the witching hour of midnight—
Diamond-decked the wintry skies—
The lonely road along the River
In the deepest shadow lies.
All's stillness, deep an' solemn,
As the hush of death is there,
The snow lies white, untrodden,
Save for foot of deer or bear.

But the silence soon is broken
By the slow and measured tread
Of four big, brown-eyed oxen,
Fastened to the teamster's sled.



"CAUSED HIS MANLY FLESH TO CREEP."

It is Tom, the brave young fellow,
Who has vowed that he'd go by,
And as his patient oxen
Slowly plod the frozen way,

With wondering eyes he scans the summit
Of Lone Rock's snowy crest—
Yes, there stands the tall white figger,
Object of their eager quest.
He gazes but a moment on it;
Then leaps softly to the ground,
Scales the rock, and stands beside it,
Turns the figger slowly 'round.

"Ah!" cries he, "at last I have you,
And no more tricks you'll play
On the teamsters. O, the cowards!"
And he draws the sheet away.
But the sight that met his vision
Caused his manly flesh to creep—
'Twas a ghost, nor yet a telcster,
But a maiden, fleet asleep!

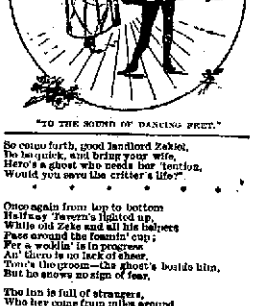
For a minute poor Tom trembled,
Half inclined to leave the rest;
He, who feared no man nor devil—
All his courage seemed to yield—
Before this white-robed phantom figger,
With her dark, dishevelled hair;
With her midnight eyes wide open,
And her pearly form all bare.

Calling back his rescant courage,
Down the rocky sides he raced,
Clasping close the lovely specter,
Placed her safely in the sled;
Wrapped her well in robes and blankets—
For the night was bitter cold—
Walked beside the patient oxen,
Like a stalwart knight of old.

Ho! he might reach the tavern
Ere the sleepin' girl awoke.

But the motion must her rouse her,
For she soon sat up an' spoke.
"Where am I? O, where am I?"
An' she give a frightened scream,
"Who brings me here at midnight?
Or is it but a dreadful dream?"

When he reached old Halfway Tavern,
Cullin' loudly to mine host,
"I've passed Lone Rock at midnight,
And I've surely caught the ghost!



"TO THE SOUND OF DANCING FEET."

So come forth, good landlord Zekiel,
Be quick, and bring your wife,
Here's a ghost who needs her 'tention,
Would you serve the critter's life?"

Once again from top to bottom
Hall-a-way Tavern's lighted up,
While old Zeke and all his subjects
Pass around the foamin' cup;
For a weddin' is in progress
At the sunny cabin where
Tom's the groom—the ghost's beside him,
But he knows no sign of fear.

The inn is full of strangers,
Who her come from miles around,
To see the fun and hear the story
How the party bride was found.
The oaken rafters echo
To the sound of dancing feet;
Tom steps close the bride timely quieter,
"Never yet was bride so sweet!"

Then he whispers, "Annie, darling,
Just one year ago to-night
Since, upon the snowy summit
Of Lone Rock's dizzy height,
I lost my heart, but gained a treasure
For more precious than my life—
Ah! you little rogue, good Zekiel,
I should make your 'ghost' my wife!"

Now, Tom's children's children—
A goodly number by one bond—
Listen while their grandsire tells them
How he caught the party ghost;
Grandma, fairest, too, intently,
While the old-time dimples peep,
As she adds, "Ah, yes, my darlings,
'Twas the last time I walked in my sleep!"

HARVEY, Wis.

A Poetical Wife.

BY WILL HUBBARD KENNAN.

I was writing busily one morning
When a young friend of mine came in
and dropped into a chair, with a long, deep sigh.

"Tired, Ben?" I inquired, absently—adding, "There's the morning paper. I'll go at leisure presently."

"Oh, dash the morning paper! Dash the whole newspaper press!" I have euphemized his explative a little.

"Why, what's the matter, Ben?"

"Matter! What isn't the matter? My wife says she's the coming Corinne of America."

I began to feel interested.

"You see, it is in this way. When your paper came out with her first effusion, she forthwith flew to the conclusion that she was inspired, and began pestering the editorial fraternity of the whole country with her rhythmical rococo."

"Oh, that's all proper."

"But she didn't stop there, darn it. One evening I went home, kissed her, asked if dinner was waiting, and she began:

"My love, the banquet soon will be
Spread with the best of food for thee;
And our new waiter from the sands
Of far-off transatlantic lands
Will help to bring to a quick rise,
Including old Falstaffian 'size.'

"Must have been exasperating," I said in a comforting tone.

"Exasperating! Yes. You bit the needle pop in the optic. And she went on in the same strain until bedtime, winding up as follows:

"My dear, you know full well it smoke
No through and through when in your seats
I see a hole; I have the yarn
This awful ortice to darn.

"After breakfast, as I was leaving the house, I heard a voice in the upstairs hall saying:

"Now, Jane, manipulate the broom
With dext'rous hand in every room,
Until——

"I fled. When I went home at half-past twelve that night, my wife met me with a frown and hissed fiercely:

"Out of my sight, thou laggard! Out of my sight! I see another judgment till the dawning of the day;
Here in my healthy broomstick—there is the open door;
Ban, oh, remorse husband! as thou never hast run before!

"That made me mad."

"Naturally."

"Yes; so I began:

"This is my castle, madam; here will I stay, I vow,
Till rolleth the radiant sunbeams over the mountain brow;
And, listen, my own companion; if I cannot stay with thee,
I'll stop with Jenny, the housemaid——

"She said:

"'Well, we—will—see!'"

"Did that remedy the defect?"

"Yes; till morning, when she began again."

"How?"

"You see, my trousers were out of order, and I begged her to put a little patch under my coat-tails. That fired her off and she whizzed:

"Oh, for the rare and radiant Junes
Ere ever I thought of my pantaloons;
Ere ever I thought that thy love so sweet
Would deign to ask me to patch the seat
Of thy——

Just then the door opened; a pink and white vision of beauty appeared upon the threshold and began:

"Benjamin, mother is coming to-day,
And——

"If that is the case, there's the devil to pay," moaned Benjamin, and vanished from my sight.

A Good Manager.

A bare-headed woman, with a faded and ragged dress, solicited alms the other evening of a gentleman who was crossing the City Hall Park. He came to a halt and asked:

"Is it for drink?"

"No, sir; it's for food."

"But I don't know how you live. I have to practice economy in order to have money in my pocket. You may be recklessly extravagant for all I know. How much money have you spent in-day?"

"Well, sir, I've made 7 cents run five of us on cold potatoes so far; and if I can get 3 more we'll top on corn bread and water before we go to bed. Might leave out the bread, sir, if I can find a bit of tar somewhere to thicken up the water and deceive the children. Can you throw it any finer than that, sir?"

The man held out a dime as he passed by.—*New York Sun.*

BOSTON has a clergyman, Rev. Phillips Dillingham, who is only now recovering after a year and a half's sufferings from the effects of vaccination.

LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

THE PLAN UPON WHICH IT IS ORGANIZED AND OPERATED.

Its Great Service to Those Who Go Down to the Sea in Ships—Description of the Machinery and Appliances Employed—The Life-Car, Boatswain's-Chair and Breeches-Buoy—A Student Crew Indignant at Pay for Gallant Men—The Chicago Station.



A LIFE-CAR.

HE perils of "those who go down to the sea in ships, and do business upon great waters," have been proverbial since the days of Job.

In these days, when vessel building seems in further reached absolute perfection; when iron is made to swim," in the form of mighty ships capable of carrying the entire tonnage of an ancient fleet; with hundreds of appliances for the prevention of disaster and for rescue in case of shipwreck, which were not even dreamed of a century ago; with all that human experience has taught and human ingenuity devised to lessen the perils of the sea, thousands of vessels are annually lost and multitudes of lives sacrificed to the relentless fury of the deep.

Though the bottoms of broad oceans are dotted with moldering heaps of Norway pine and English oak, once floating in the form of majestic ships, it is upon lonely reefs and desolate, rocky coasts that the greatest number of disasters occur.

From time immemorial, at many points along the Atlantic coast, hardy fishermen from rocky headlands have watched the stormy sea for signs of a ship in distress. Their solicitude was not generally prompted by a desire to succor their imperiled fellow creatures, but rather to profit by securing valuable property from the impending wreck.

At present a more vigilant watch is kept, very largely by fishermen. Unlike their ancestors, the wreckers, these men are constantly keeping watch and ward to the end that they may affect the rescue of the crews and passengers of shipwrecked and distressed vessels, coming, through false reckoning or stress of weather, upon the coast.

These men are members of the United States Life Saving Service.

This service went into operation in 1871, and is an adjunct of the Treasury Department. The Superintendent, who is located in Washington, is S. I. Kimball.

The service extends to about 10,000 miles of sea and lake coast, and is divided into twelve districts, each under the control of a district superintendent, who must be between the ages of 25 and 55 years. He must be closely familiar with the coast of his district, and with the use and care of boats and life-saving



SHOOTING THE LINE.

appliances. He acts as disbursing officer, paying off the crews quarterly. The salaries of the district superintendents vary from $1,200 to $1,800 per year.

There are 218 stations in commission—168 on the Atlantic coast, 7 on the Pacific, 41 on the great lakes, and 1 at the falls of the Ohio at Louisville.

Each of these (with the exception of ten on the coast of Florida called "houses of refuge") is manned by a keeper and crew of from six to eight surfmen. In the aggregate about 1,500 men are employed.

The Chicago or Lake Michigan district contains twenty-three stations. Those on the west shore are: At Michigan City, South Chicago, Chicago, Evanston, Racine, Milwaukee, Sheboygan, Two Rivers, and Sturgeon Bay. The Chicago station is a very important one, and will be the one specially described.

Keepers, to whom in common parlance the title of "Captain" is given, must be between the ages of 21 and 45, entirely able-bodied, good sailors, well skilled in all the duties of their positions, and experts in matters of salvage.

They are charged with the responsibility of selecting crews, of which they act as captains, and whom they lead on all occasions of rescue. They are intrusted with the custody and care of all Government property at their stations, keeping daily journals and making monthly reports to the department. Keepers are also inspectors of customs, and look after all dutiable goods on board distressed vessels. The law constitutes them the guardians of all wrecked property until delivered by the owners or their agents. The Secretary of the Treasury fixes their compensation at not more than $800 per annum. Only two are paid this amount, the others receiving only $700.

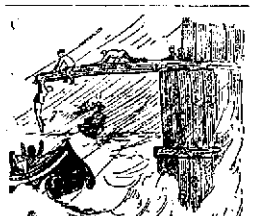
The surfmen are enlisted like soldiers, after a rigid examination, for a term of one year, and generally re-enlisted as long as they perform their duties properly. They repair to their posts on the ocean coasts about the 1st of September, where they remain until the 1st of May, or later, as the weather may determine. At the lake stations they go on duty in April and remain until the close of navigation, in November or December.

The pay of the surfmen is fixed by law at not more than fifty dollars per month, and all of them do not even receive this. They, of course, sleep at the station, but no extra allowance is made for them. They are obliged to procure, at their own expense, a handsome uniform, and pay for their board, which at Chicago costs them $15 per month. Besides, they are only paid for the time of actual service, from six to eight months, and in the lake districts are turned adrift in the beginning of winter, the very worst time to secure employment. They are not allowed for injuries while disabled from accidents, but receive nothing in the way of a pension from the Government. The keepers receive $700 per year, but as they remain in charge of the station during the entire year are in reality but little better paid. Efforts to induce Congress to grant them pensions upon honorable retirement from the service by reason of



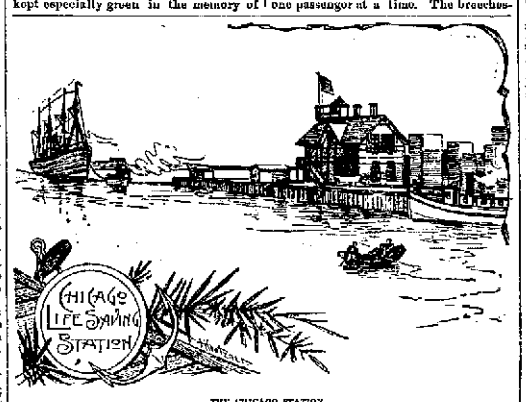
RESCUING A CREW BY MEANS OF A LIFE-BOAT.

age or disability, and to provide for the widows and orphans of such as have lost their lives in the discharge of their duty have been made, but unsuccessfully thus far. The life-saving crews are men of good character, and being engaged in hazardous and humane work, ought to be better paid and properly pensioned.



SCENE AT THE CRIB.

The name of the late Samuel S. Cox, member of Congress from New York, is kept especially green in the memory of



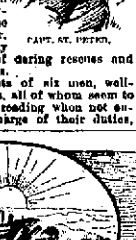
THE CHICAGO STATION.

all members of the service. He did more for them in Congress than any man now living, a circumstance which they seem in no danger of forgetting.

The duty of the surfmen consists of daily practice and drill, cacing for the station and all boats and other property, and keeping watch from an elevated lookout. On the Atlantic coast they patrol the shore at night, meeting and exchanging checks with the guard from the next station. This is a duty never neglected, and in cold and stormy weather is an exceedingly trying task, which has frequently resulted in the death of patrolmen. On the lakes no patrol is made except in "thick weather," and then only to a limited distance of from two to five miles, to a "key-post," where the patrolman registers his visit. In the event of his discovering a wreck or ship in distress he burns a large red light, of which he carries a supply, to notify the lookout at the station.

But the crowning duty of surfmen is in cases of rescue. Then it is that those skilled and careful, yet daring, man "sorts their lives in their hands" and go forth to save imperiled fellow creatures. This cannot be understood without a description of the various appliances employed for that purpose. This will be made by a reference to the Chicago station, from which the artist has made his designs, and which is a fair representative of the lake stations.

The Chicago station is situated on the lake at the mouth of the river. It consists of a two-story frame building. The lower floor is devoted to the storage of boats and various machines and appliances used in the act of saving lives. On the upper floor the men sleep on cots, and in the rear portion, the keeper lives with his family. Above is an elevated look-out, where a watch is constantly maintained.



CAPT. ST. PETER.

The keeper of the station is Capt. Delos St. Peter. The Captain has been fourteen years at this station, and for twelve years has been its keeper. He has seen much of dangerous service during his life, having served in the army during the war. He can tell many thrilling stories of daring rescues and frightful calamities.

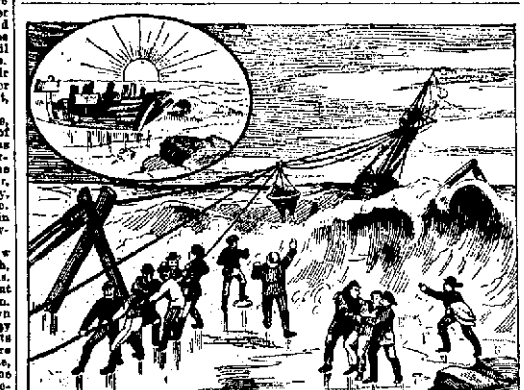
His crew consists of six men, well-built young fellows, all of whom seem to have a mania for reading when not engaged in the discharge of their duties.

There is a surf-boat of the same size, but it is not a self-righter and bailer. It is provided with broad-tired wheels, and can be drawn along the beach to the point where it is desired to launch it. A crew of seven men can pull this boat six miles an hour, if not against a heavy wind.

When a wreck can be reached by the life-boat, it is employed, and her passengers and crew rowed to the shore. Sometimes, however, owing to the extreme violence of the storm, the disabled ship cannot be reached, in such emergencies recourse is had to the life-car, boatswain's-chair or breeches-buoy.

The life-car is the invention of Captain James Francis, who is still living in New York at the advanced age of ninety years. It has been computed that since he devised it in 1854 over one thousand lives have been saved by its use. In recognition of his great services Congress granted him a medal worth, it is said, over $5,000.

This car is in appearance a small boat. It has rings on its upper side by which it is suspended to a rope reaching from the wreck to the shore. People on the ship enter it and are drawn ashore, and the operation is repeated until all are rescued. The boatswain's chair is simply a chair operated in the same way, carrying one passenger at a time. The breeches-



LANDING A SHIPWRECKED CREW.

Each is allowed twelve hours' leave of absence every week, or twenty-four every two weeks.

The life-boat is a magnificent contrivance. It is 27 feet in length, 1½ feet in width. At each end it has circular elevated air chambers filled with cork. The keel is of iron and weighs 1,200 pounds. The object of the elevated chambers and heavy keel is to bring the center of gravity below the surface when filled with water. By this arrangement, if the boat should chance to capsize, it will at once right itself, since it would require great force to keep the chambers submerged and the keel elevated. Besides this advantage the life-boat empties itself. This is accomplished by means of six check-valves. These valves serve to close as many metal tubes which run from the bottom of the boat through the hold to its open space. They open only one way, and permit the water to flow downward but not upward. They act automatically and will empty the boat in a very short time.

It is built of oak, and planked without with two layers of Honduras mahogany. Its weight is 5,000 pounds. It rests on rollers in a standing position, and can be launched in a moment's time. It is pulled with oars, but is also provided with sails, to be used when necessary and available. It will carry its crew and of fifteen men besides, and has more than once been filled to its capacity.

On March 28, 1890, there was a terrible storm at Chicago, and thirty-one men who were working on the middle arch of the new water tunnel, two and one-half miles from shore, were placed in a position of extreme peril. A furious snow storm was raging which precluded their distress signals from being seen. A large



SURF-BOAT OF WHEELS.

tug boat, which had been out in the lake to dump distillery slops, reported the matter to Capt. St. Peter. His crew had not yet reported for duty, so he collected six daring fishermen and started for the crib. With the greatest difficulty, and at the expense of enormous labor, fourteen of the almost frozen men were safely rescued, and the contractors' tug boat afterward carried off the rest.

As a rule, the principal duties of the Chicago crew are confined to the harbor. Here, every season, a great number of small yachts and row-boats are overturned, and the Captain and his vigilant crew are kept constantly on the alert. Efficient men, and in the interests not only of humanity but fair dealing, Congress should take action in the premises and provide better for the present and future welfare of the men upon whose heroic actions depend the rescue of so many imperiled lives.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Chicago, Ill.

Darkness Had No Terrors for Them.

Miss Giddiniss was angry. Mr. Gettethere had actually attempted to kiss her and had known her only twenty-four hours.

"How dare you?" she exclaimed. "Why, I have known gentlemen for years who never presumed even to press my hand."

"Ah!" returned Mr. Gettethere, "but they could not have been so susceptible to beauty as I."

The compliment was like a stream of water on the blaze. Miss Giddiniss came very near smiling.

"I fear you are too susceptible," she said. "I cannot trust myself with you. You know mamma and papa are both out this evening, and since you have been so bold I'm really afraid of you. You won't insist on staying if I ask you to go, will you, Mr. Gettethere?"

"I certainly would not be so rude," he returned.

"I knew you would not," Miss Giddiniss added; "and so I am going to ask you—— Do you know that lamp is slowly but surely going out? Those stupid servants must have forgot to fill it."

Thus she interrupted herself.

"You were going to ask me——?" suggested Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, yes. It would never do for us to be left here together in the dark. I was going to ask you to say good-night to me."

"But I may stop until the last drop of oil is burned, may I not?"

Miss Giddiniss hesitated.

"Well," she said, with a half smile, "if you promise to behave yourself, I will permit it. I'm sure it won't be for long. How warm the room has grown!"

"May I raise a window?"

"Thank you. I wish you would.

The lamp, which was a high one, stood between one of the windows and the door. It was this window that Mr. Gettethere raised.

No sooner was it up than a strong draught swept across the apartment and carried the lamplight with it. The room was enveloped in darkness.

Miss Giddiniss sprang to her feet.

"Oh, Mr. Gettethere!" she exclaimed, "have you a match? Do re-light it. I am sure there is some oil left."

Mr. Gettethere had no match, but he, too, was sure there was some oil left. Until that oil was exhausted he had been granted the privilege of remaining.

Accordingly, he sat down beside Miss Giddiniss and informed her that he rather enjoyed a dark room.

* * * * * * *

Two hours later there was a sound of a key in the front door.

"Oh, Jack! Jack!"

It was Miss Giddiniss who spoke, and though she whispered the words, Mr. Gettethere realized that she was very much alarmed.

"Light the lamp! Light the lamp!" she repeated, nervously. "It is papa and mamma returning. If we are found in the dark we are lost."

"But you know I have no matches," returned Mr. Gettethere.

"Oh, how stupid you are! There are dozens in that little vase on the bottom shelf of the cabinet."—*Town Topics.*

Once Used as a Text-Book.

The New York *Times* contains an article upon old text-books used in that city. Among the most curious of these was a volume upon "Physicking," which was probably intended to fulfill for that time the function of the modern "First Aid to Injured" manuals. It was published about 1750. It contains prescriptions for various common diseases, which the student committed to memory for future use. The following have been selected directly from the old book: "Cough," it says, "can be cured in the Beginning with riding moderately on Horseback and only taking some Grannd Ivy Tea, sweetened with Syrup of Horehound. If it be violent it will be proper to bleed eight ounces." In case of "fever of any kind it is always best to blister near the Place wherein the Pain lies and by a good bleeding." "Consumption," says the wise author, "is a Distemper slow and pure. Bleed two or three ounces every three Days; also apply strong Poultices under the arms in order to draw the Mischief that way." For inward medicine let him chew Sassafras Root. His diet should be an abundance of Turnips, Raisins and Liequorice. His drink should be Strong Beer." "For Griping in the Stomach drink a Gallon of warm Whey, and if possible a gallon of warm Water." "The Dry Gripes is the cruelest kind of Cholick, but are now (blessed be God) grown much rarer than formerly. Take three Spoonfuls of bears' oil or a Decoction of Peach Leaves. If these remedies should fail you must needs submit to a Tobacco Blister. The best way to prevent dry-gripes is not to muddle with Rum mixed with sugar or lime juice." The following is given as a sure means of bringing a person out of an epileptic fit: "Burn often under the nose chicken feathers, or else leather or rubber, or even the hoofs of any animal." "After every attack of fever and ague bleed eight ounces and take a purge of Indian physick." Here is consolation for a rheumatic: "Bleed ten ounces from the wrist. Next day take a vomit of Indian physick. After this boil a shin of beef in a gallon of water. Put in a pound of garlick and stew to three pints. Take a quarter of a pint morning and evening for three days, when (by the grace of God) you will find relief." According to the *Medical Record*, many of the suggestions above given are, after all, not so far removed from what our modern therapeutics teaches.

A LITTLE railway just opened between Lynton and Lynmouth, in England, has the steepest incline in the world—a uniform gradient of 1 in 1½. The line is only 900 feet long, and was built to give passage over a cliff nearly 500 feet high separating the two places. Water is brought from a distance of a mile to the summit of the cliff, and is drawn from the reservoir to move the cars, two of which are connected together by a wire cable and sufficient water-load applied to the descending one to drag the other up the incline.

COLOSSUS OF RHODES.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S SEVEN WONDERS.

A Brief History of the Gigantic Figure—It Was Nine Hundred and Fifty Feet High, and Ships in Full Sail Passed Between Its Legs—Destroyed by an Earthquake.



HE Colossus of Rhodes was so called to distinguish it from other colossal figures, said by some writers to have numbered over one hundred, which, during the days of its prosperity, were set up in the "City of the Sun," as the capital of the Island of Rhodes was poetically called. The Colossus came third in the list of the seven wonders of the world, and was consecrated to the sun, the deity of Rhodes. It was made of brass, cast in sections, and is said to have been the work of Chares of Lindus, a pupil of the great Lysippus. It was 20 cubits (supposed to have been 150 feet) high, and cost the city about 300 talents, or $350,000 as we reckon money nowadays. Over twelve years' work was spent on this early monster, which with all its grandeur was destined to a very short career. Fifty-six years after its completion, in the year 224 B. C., according to Pliny, this gigantic emblematic figure was thrown down by an earthquake. The Colossus stood at the entrance to the harbor, with each of its mighty feet on solid stone foundations, ships in full sail passing and repassing between the gigantic legs. Dalquerre, the historian, says that it was not erected at the entrance to the harbor, as stated by Pliny, but that it stood on an open space near the Pasha's seraglio. Still another writer says that it was reconstructed during the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, and that after the Island of Rhodes had been conquered by the Caliph Othman, in the seventh century of our era, it was taken down and the metal sold to a Jew, who transported it to Syria, a caravan of 980 camels being necessary to carry his purchase.

Changing the Motto.

That men are often aroused to perform noble deeds in times of great public exigency by noble sentiments forcibly expressed is a fact of general acceptance. Patrick Henry's fervid appeal, "Give me liberty or give me death," doubtless stirred many a patriot to brave the one while striving for the other.

But there are many worthy men of practical minds to whom sentiment is of little value in comparison with present advantage, and with whom the discharge of duty is a matter-of-fact affair, to be purchased with as little self-sacrifice as possible.

Michael Pinkind, a resident of the eastern shore of Maryland, by occupation both a farmer and a fisherman, was enrolled, during the war of 1812, in the local militia, and when not needed for active service was, with his neighbors, permitted to remain at home, engaged in the pursuit of a livelihood. When the British fleet anchored off St. Michael's, and threatened the bombardment of the town, the militia were hastily called to assemble for its defense.

The officer whose duty it was to notify the warriors came to Pinkind's house on a day when he was absent, looking after the fisheries in the Choptank River. As he could not be followed to his place of labor at that time, the officer informed the fisherman's patriotic wife that Michael was needed at the front, and she, with great indignation at the invasion of the eastern shore by the British, assured the officer that her husband would be found at the post of duty on the day following his return home.

She then went to work to overhaul Michael's raiment, and make him present as martial an appearance as possible.

When he returned home next day, Michael received from his faithful wife the call to arms, and by her was presented with his uniform. His best suit had received a thorough renovation, and upon the back of the coat was stitched in prominent characters the motto, "Victory or Death!"

Michael regarded the motto dubiously for a moment, and then anxiously inquired, "Polly, can't ye make it '*Victory or Cripple?*'"—*Youth's Companion.*

Horse Meat for Eating.

Physically it may be distinguished from beef or mutton by its appearance, says the *Nineteenth Century*. It is coarser in the grain than beef. In this respect it resembles bull beef more than any other. It is darker in color and looks more moist than beef. It has a peculiar smell and a peculiar sweetness of taste. Its flavor is generally considered to be half way between the flavors of beef and game. It is something like the flavor of hare. One reason why horse flesh is, as a rule, darker in color than beef, is that horses which are poleaxed or which have died from injury, disease or old age are not properly bled and dressed by the slaughterer. It is, however, by its fat that horse flesh is most easily distinguished. The fat of horse flesh is not generally mixed with the lean. It is yellow in color. It looks more moist than the fat of beef. It soon melts and soon becomes rancid. Consequently, unless a rapid sale is effected or the fat removed, an advance price must be charged in order to secure the butcher from loss on unsold meat.

Lastly, horse flesh can be distinguished from beef by its chemical characteristics, and it is in this way that it may be recognized when mixed with other substances. Who can tell, except the chemist, what are the component parts of a sausage, polony or saveloy? Or who can tell by taste what these parts are? We do not judge by taste, we judge by flavor, and in the making of flavor—to use Sam Weller's phrase—"it's the seasoning as does it."

THE PHANTOM HORSE.

BY M. M'ALLISTER.



O some things comes to soul and sense,
The feeling which is evidence
That very near about us lies
The working of spiritual mysteries.

Seated around the cheerful fire in an old-fashioned farmhouse were a company of friends, one winter evening, engaged in the delightful pastime of telling ghost stories.

"I can tell you a little experience I once had, which may seem incredible to you, but it is true, nevertheless."

"Tell it, tell it," cried they all as they drew their chairs nearer to the hearth.

"A few years ago, when I was a student at college, I went during one vacation to visit an old school-mate who had recently married the loveliest girl in the world. He was very anxious I should make them a visit and become acquainted with her.

"When I arrived at his home late one afternoon he was absent, having gone on some business to a village a few miles distant, but his wife expected him home that night.

"The hour of his return being uncertain, and being rather tired after my journey, I was shown to my room about ten o'clock, but had no sooner closed the door than I heard a horse come galloping up the graveled drive that led to the barn. I immediately returned to the sitting-room.

"I am glad you had not retired, said the wife; 'John will be anxious to see you to-night.'

"The darkness was so intense she had kept a lantern ready lighted all the evening, and was now about to start to the barn to meet her husband when we heard something fall heavily on the kitchen floor.

"'Well, he is in a hurry to-night, and he has brought his saddle into the kitchen as usual for safe-keeping.'

"Then opening the door, we both ran out, gayly laughing in our glad anticipation, but all was silent; there was no one there.

"'We were mistaken; he hasn't come in yet. We will take the light and go out to meet him.' Seizing the light we both hurried out into the darkness.

"But all was quiet; not a sound could we hear. The young wife led the way, saying, 'he must be feeding Sancho.' She walked around to the stall. It was empty. The horse we had heard come galloping in the yard was not there.

"'John! John! Where are you?' cried the frightened young wife. There was no answer.

"'What can it mean?' she gasped, as she turned her white face toward me.

"'I must confess I had begun to feel quite nervous myself by this time; but I laughed at her fears as best I could, saying there was a loose board somewhere that the wind was sporting with.

"'But she was not to be calmed so easily; she would not allow me to leave her that night, and I don't think I could have left had I tried. We sat all night, anxiously listening to every sound; but the one for whom we waited never returned to his happy home again.

"As soon as daylight appeared, to satisfy the anxious young wife, I aroused some of the neighbors and started to the village to see what had occurred to detain my friend.

"I, as well as she, was now fully convinced that something serious must have happened.

"We had reached a spot where the road approached to the very verge of a precipice, when a terrible sight met our eyes. At the bottom lay the mangled remains of a horse and rider.

"In the darkness the horse had evidently missed his footing, and both had been dashed to pieces on the rocks below.

"No words can describe the agony of the bereaved young wife, nor is it necessary.

"But what were the sounds we heard? I forgot to say that first we heard the whinny of the mate to the horse that was killed, and which was in the barn, and always recognized the return of the other one in that way.

"Who is able to explain the mystery?"

Not one in that group was able to do so.

Victim of an Umbrella.

In the hands of some people the umbrella is a deadly weapon. One day, just before nightfall, when suburban folks rush home from the city in crowds, an intelligent-looking young woman joined the throng headed for the station. Her umbrella was open in her hand, and the way she handled it straightway attracted notice on all sides. Somehow she managed to knock nearly every umbrella she met from its owner's hand, until, having reached the entrance steps she suddenly closed her own, much to the detriment of the bonnet of another lady who happened to be at her side. She then began fumbling for her purse, holding the umbrella in the meanwhile in the hand she was moving, so that the ferrule described an arc of about forty degrees. Having found a dime, she marched to the ticket office, and then, while slowly gathering up her change, stood with the umbrella hooked under her arm and protruding across the passage, thus obstructing all movements for others. At last the ticket was safe in her purse, and she passed on. With that umbrella still hooked under her arm she walked leisurely along, while a man behind her dodged the umbrella's ferrule as best he could. Suddenly she stepped on her dress and stopped. Of course the umbrella jabbed the man in the face. With a sweet "I beg your pardon," she shifted it so that it stuck out sideways and tripped up a man who was hurrying past her. Finally, with no other mishap than catching the handle of the umbrella in a little girl's hair, the lady seated herself in the car, the umbrella protending just enough to trip up every unwary man who passed her.

A Real Soldier to Play With.

Child's nurse (to her sweetheart as she hears her lady coming into the kitchen unexpectedly) Hurry, August; begin playing with the children quick."

"Why, Anne," exclaims the mistress, "what is this I see?"

"Oh, madam, you know the dear children were so anxious to have a soldier to play with that—you see well, I went out and got one of them."

It is only when a man is complimented that he thinks he is seeing himself as others see him.

PLEASANT PARAGRAPHS.

A PLANE-DEALER—the carpenter.

Good material for bathing suits—watered silk.

At the concert: "I want to ask you a question." "Don't talk now; wait until the concert begins."

"GEORGE, what is meant by the 'cloud of hair?'" "It would mean that cat of Tomkins, if I could aim straight."

"IS THERE anything that will bring youth to a woman?" asked a writer. Well, a leading smile from her might bring him to her feet.

TALENTED boy—Papa, may I get my paints, and paint a picture? Practical father—Not now, my son; but you may get some lime and whitewash the cellar.

MR. GUZZLETON (going out)—You needn't sit up for me to-night, Maria. Mrs. Guzzleton—No, I suppose you can do all the "setting-up" that is needed yourself.

"ISN'T her own dress that turns a woman's head, fond as the sex are of finery." "No?" "No, it is the dress of another woman who passes her on the street that turns her head."

DEACON EBONY—I heah you hab moved, Brudder Black. Has you got into a select neighborhood? Brudder Black—I hab, for a fac', Deacon. Nebber saw sich a selection ob chickens in nuh life.

CONTRIBUTOR—Have you examined my story? Editor—Yes; I've weighed it and found it wanting. "Then why didn't you return it to me?" "It was wanting in postage to the amount of sixteen cents."

LOVING mother—See that boy of mine run! A minute ago he said he couldn't go to school, being so lame from a stone-bruise. Another boy (flying past) Don't yer see the head of the circus procession down yonder?

MRS. SLIMDIET—So you have placed yourself under the care of a physician who reduces superfluous flesh? Did he recommend any special diet? New boarder—No, madam. He simply recommended your boarding-house.

MRS. O'KELLY claims to be a literary lady because she cleans the office of a magazine editor and sells the contents of his waste-basket to the junk-man. She says no one dare deny that she is a polisher of literary stock and a dealer in literary wares.

A STRANGER in the city seeing an urchin on Broadway patted him on the head and said: "Can you tell me where 14th street is, little boy?" The gamin stared seemingly incredulous at the gentleman and then, shrieking hysterically to a distant comrade, "Hey, Chimmy!" he yelled, "here's a feller what don't know where 14th street is!"

AT a hotel a waiter came out of the coffee-room and informed the manager that a man was raising a disturbance because he could not have his accustomed seat at the table. "Go in again," said the manager, "and propitiate him in some way." Back went the waiter and said: "If you don't like the way things is done here, you can get out, or I'll propitiate you pretty quick."

At the close of a fair in South Boston the other evening the unsold articles were offered at auction, and a round lot of cream pies were knocked down to a gentleman who seemed particularly anxious to get them. "My wife made these pies," he said, "and gave them to the fair; but as she never makes any of this quality except to give away, my only chance is to buy them." And then he sat down and consumed a couple in silence.

She Got a Pointer.

Two men were playing a game of euchre in a drawing-room car on the Erie road, and a little woman who had a seat near by watched the game with great interest. Finally, as a certain play was made, she asked:

"Did he take the trick with the king of hearts?"

"Yes'pt."

"He took your queen with his king?"

"Just so, ma'am."

"But a queen is higher than a king."

"Oh, no, ma'am, the queen ranks one below the king."

"Is that so everywhere?"

"Yes'm."

"Can't be no mistake?"

"Not the slightest. Do you play?"

"Not much. My husband set out to learn me, but I took all his kings with my queens, and he got mad, and quarreled about it, and, and——"

"And you don't play any more?"

"N—no, sir, but I'll telegraph him within the next ten minutes that I was wrong, and that all is forgiven, and that I'll return and let him even take the bowers with ten spots if he wants to!"—*New York Sun.*

Why He Was Annoyed.

O'Geoghegan entered the house the other day in an unusually ugly humor.

"See here, Ellen," he began, "do I give you the impression of a rip-staving idiot?"

"No, Henry!"

"Wouldn't you take me for an escaped lunatic now?"

"Why, of course not; who said so?"

"Well," replied O'Geoghegan, "I just wanted to know. I had barely got down to my office this morning when an agent tried to sell me a daft motor, I believe he called it. Ten minutes later a woman came in and actually forced me to buy shares in a church-fair crazy-quilt. At lunch, because I told the waiter I wasn't feeling well, he brought me noodle soup and cracked wheat—and, and—now, when I come home you ask me what makes me so mad!"—*American Grocer.*

The Woman Who Sat Sideways.

A woman, who may have come from Perrysburg or somewhere, got on a street-car yesterday at my corner. The car was full of passengers of her own sex, but there would have been a seat for her but for one woman who persisted in sitting sideways and ignoring the presence of the passenger who was hanging on the straps. The newcomer, looked long and earnestly at the one who was sitting sideways, then stooping a little, said sympathizingly:

"Got a boil, I reckon?"

Although there were not many men present to snicker, the bell rang instanter and one enraged feminine left the car.—*Toledo Blade.*

THE Imperial Telegraph Department, of Berlin, finds that underground wires are much less affected by atmospheric electricity than aerial wires, 388 interruptions from storms having been recorded in 1888 for underground wires and 2,375 for aerial wires. In cities telephones seem to be protected from lightning in some degree by the network of wires above the house-tops.

IT improves your memory to lend a friend $5, but it destroys the memory of your friend.

DREADFUL PSORIASIS

Covering Entire Body with White Scales. Suffering Fearful. Cured by Cuticura.



My disease (psoriasis) first broke out on my left cheek, spreading across my nose, and almost covering my face. It ran into my eyes, and the physician was afraid I would lose my eye sight altogether. It spread all over my head, and my hair all fell out, until I was entirely bald-headed; it then broke out on my arms and shoulders, until my arms were just one sore. It covered my entire body, my face, head and shoulders being the worst. The white scabs fell constantly from my head, shoulders and arms; the skin would thicken and be red and very itchy, and would crack and bleed if scratched. After spending many hundreds of dollars, I was pronounced incurable. I heard of the Cuticura Remedies, and after using two bottles Cuticura Resolvent, I could see a change; and after I had taken four bottles, I was almost cured; and when I had used six bottles of Cuticura Resolvent and one box of Cuticura, and one cake of Cuticura Soap, I was cured of the dreadful disease from which I had suffered for five years. I thought the disease would leave a very deep scar, but the Cuticura Remedies cured it without any scars. I cannot express with a pen what I suffered before using the Remedies. They saved my life, and I feel it my duty to recommend them. My hair is restored as good as ever, and so is my eyesight.

MRS. ROSA KELLY, Rockwell City, Iowa.

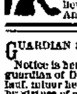
Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier internally, (to cleanse the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements), and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally (to clear the skin and scalp and restore the hair), have cured thousands of cases where the shedding of scales measured a quart daily, the skin cracked, bleeding, burning, and itching almost beyond endurance, hair lifeless or all gone, suffering terrible. What other remedies have made such cures?

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.



IT STOPS THE PAIN.

Back ache, kidney pains, weakness, rheumatism, and muscular pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25c.

GUARDIAN SALE.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned guardian of David Krumlauf and James Krumlauf, minor heirs of Mary Krumlauf deceased, by virtue of an order of the Allen circuit court, will on the 15th day of July, 1890, at the office of M. V. B. Spencer, 33 Calhoun street, Fort Wayne, Indiana, and each day thereafter until sold, offer at private sale the following described property to-wit:

The north half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to Fort Wayne, and the south half of the north half of lot twenty-five (25), Hamilton's first addition to the city of Fort Wayne, Indiana, according to the recorded plat thereof, upon the following terms to-wit:

One third cash; one third in one year and one third in two years, the deferred payments being evidenced by notes bearing six per cent. interest and secured by mortgage on the property sold.

WILLIAM GAFFNEY, Guardian.
M. V. B. Spencer, attorney for guardian.
39-1 2-10-11-12-15

HENRY HOP LEE'S CITY LAUNDRY,

154 1-2 and 180 Calhoun St.

Shirts, 10 cts.; Cuffs per pair, 4 cts.; Collars, 2 cts.; Undershirts, 7 cts.; Drawers, 7 cts.; Handkerchiefs, 2 cts.; Socks, per pair, 4 cts.; Towels, 2 cts.

Big reduction from above prices for starching and ironing. All work done first-class and on short notice. 15-tf

THE FAIR
41-43 E. MAIN ST.

The Only, The Largest, The Cheapest Bargain House In the State.

New Goods Received Every day.

THE FAIR,

41 and 43 East Main St.

Wholesale and Retail.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

OUR CIRCULATION.

STATE OF INDIANA, ALLEN COUNTY, ss:

Personally appeared before me, clerk of the Allen circuit court, Jos. F. Ervin, business manager of THE FORT WAYNE SENTINEL, who makes oath that the actual number of copies of THE DAILY SENTINEL delivered to subscribers and sold to newsboys and news agents for the week ending Saturday, July 5, 1890, was as follows:

Monday, June 30	2,800
Tuesday, July 1	2,840
Wednesday, July 2	2,873
Thursday, July 3	2,890
Friday, July 4	
Saturday, July 5	2,748
Total for the week	14,207
Average for the week	2,841

[Signed.] JOS. F. ERVIN.
Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 7th day of July, 1890. GEO. W. LOAG, Clerk.

For the convenience of those who wish to subscribe for THE EVENING SENTINEL we have made arrangements with the following news agents and general stores, where subscriptions will be taken and receive prompt attention:

A. C. Kalt, 82 Calhoun street.
E. C. Gonty, 152 Calhoun street.
W. W. Fox, 325 West Main street.
Wefel's Drug Store, cor. Hanna and Laselle sts.
Bloomingdale Fruit House, 92 Wells street.

THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

State Senator—J. D. Morgan.
Representatives—John Begler, S. M. Hench.
Joint Representative—W. S. Oppenheim.
Superior Court Judge—C. M. Dawson.
Prosecuting Attorney—P. B. Colerick.
Clerk—D. W. Souder.
Auditor—A. F. Glutting.
Recorder—George W. Fickel.
Treasurer—Edward Beckman.
Sheriff—George H. Viberg.
Coroner—A. J. Kesler.
Surveyor—Henry K. Fischer.
Commissioners—H. F. Bullerman, J. H. Stellhorn.

THIS DAY IN THE PAST.



HIRAM SIBLEY.

100 B. C.—Birth of Caius Junus Cæsar; died 44 B. C.
1536—Death of Disederius Erasmus, scholar, aged 69.
1543—Henry VIII of England married Catherine Parr, his sixth queen; she survived him.
1690—Battle of the Boyne. William; Prince of Orange, defeats his father-in-law, James II of England. Hence originated the society of Orangemen. The conquered Jacobites (from Jacobus, Latin word for James) fled to France and organized the Irish brigade. In "old style" this date is July 1.
1704—Death of Titus Oates, famous as inventor of a plot against the Roman Catholics in England, a number of whom were executed, including Lord Stafford.
1777—Burgoyne captured Crown Point.
1808—Bonaparte having captured Madrid, his brother Joseph entered the city as king of Spain. The Spanish throne restored to Ferdinand in 1814.
1831—Leopold of Saxe-Coburg became first king of the Belgians.
1850—Death of Robert Stevenson, distinguished engineer of lighthouses, aged 78.
1859—The pope appealed to Europe against the king of Sardinia.
1859—The emperors of France and Austria met at Villafranca and arranged terms of peace.
1861—Confederates defeated in Beverly, W. Va.
1861—King Kalakau, of the Sandwich Islands, received by Queen Victoria at Windsor.
1864—Confederates appeared in front of Washington and created a great scare.
1871—Great Orange riot in New York; 60 killed.
1877—Gen. O. O. Howard pursues Chief Joseph's band of refractory Indians in Idaho, punishing them severely. They had massacred a number of people.
1880—Death in England of Tom Taylor, dramatist, aged 63.
1888—Death in Rochester, N. Y., of Hiram Sibley, father of the Western Union Telegraph company; aged 81.

THE Porter county democracy have nominated Clement J. Kern, for representative.

THERE is a voting precinct in Georgia forty miles wide by fifty long, containing 100,000 of population.

THE corner stone of the new Christian church at Waveland was dedicated yesterday under Masonic auspices.

PROFESSOR W. H. HARPER, of Yale college, will probably be the president of the new university of Chicago.

MRS. REBECCA WHITE, one of the first settlers of Cass county, died this week. She came to Indiana in 1829.

P. T. BARNUM'S fortune is estimated at $11,000,000, every cent of which he accumulated since he reached his fortieth birthday.

MRS. WINDOM, wife of the secretary of the treasury, is the possessor of a sofa which came from Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge.

DR. BROWN-SEQUARD claims that by his elixir of life he has cured cases of intermittent fever, neuralgia, rheumatism, insomnia and leprosy.

HON. BENJAMIN BUTTERWORTH, representative of Ohio, was last night elected secretary by the board of directors of the World's Columbian exposition.

MRS. GARFIELD lately sold a farm near Prestonburg, Ky., to speculators for $7,000, which General Garfield bought during the early days of the war for less than $700.

WILLIAM BOYLE, an Allen county convict, in the prison north, has gone violently insane, due to excessive grief. In his wildest delirium he continues to reiterate his innocence of the crime of which he stands charged.

AT last victory has perched upon the banners of our base ball club. They played a nine at Payne, O., yesterday and beat them. Whoop la! We won't lose confidence in our boys yet. They can be relied upon to beat their opponents hereafter every time, when that club is a poor one.

CHARLEY HAAS, of the Wabash Plain Dealer, is making a trip of the west and in a letter to his paper has the following. "George M. Payne is doing well as city editor of the Kansas City Evening Star, a paper by the way which is said to be netting its proprietor, W. R. Nelson, formerly of Fort Wayne over $30,000 per year."

THE David of tariff reform, who is to slay the Goliah of high protection in congress, has been named. At Orrville, Ohio, yesterday, after two days and one night of balloting, ex-Lieut. Gov. John G. Warwick, of Massillon, Ohio, was nominated for congress by the democrats of the Sixteenth district. Mr. Warwick, who will be the opponent of Congressman McKinley, is a business man, engaged for many years in extensive milling interest and owner of coal mines. His first and only political office was lieutenant governor of Ohio. Since the last election this district has been changed and is democratic by about 2,500 majority. It is expected that all the big monopolists in the east benefited by the McKinley tariff bill will pour money into the district to help re-elect McKinley.

REPORTS made to the state superintendent from the various counties show that the additions to the common school fund during the past year have amounted to $82,128.49. Of this $32,526.72 came from fines, forfeitures, etc., in the offices of county clerks; $15,681.44 from justices of the peace, and $14,455.88 from other sources. Besides this there is a small increase in the congressional fund also. In the last four years the school fund has increased in the ways mentioned not less than $350,000.

THE proof reader is compelled to shoulder a multitude of sins that others should often share with him. The Logansport Pharos says: "A ludicrous mistake appeared in the Pharos of last evening. The error passed the proof reader and was not discovered until a number of papers had been printed. The intention was to say that Mr. M. S. Cunningham was engaged in packing up his stock of drugs, preparatory to removing them to Hartford City. The types made us say that Mr. C. would remove his stock of 'dogs' to Hartford City."

THE county commissioners will meet Monday to appoint a county clerk to fill the late Dr. Loag's unexpired term, which will be about four months. The names mentioned in connection with the appointment are Jacob J. Kern, the present chief deputy in the office, and Daniel W. Souder, the nominee of the democratic party for county clerk. Both gentlemen were in the clerk's office for a number of years as deputies and are thoroughly familiar with the duties which they would be called upon to perform. The clerk's office would be well managed in the hands of either gentleman.

OUR Y. M. C. A.

In speaking of the Y. M. C. A. work at different points in Indiana, the Young Men's Era, published a Chicago, has the following concerning the association in this city:

Secretaries Esmond and Bower, of the Fort Wayne association, railroad and city departments respectfully, are pushing on different lines so far as circumstances admit. The report of the railroad department for the past quarter shows that the rooms are well patronized, and it will be found upon comparison with other reports in the year book that the department is doing a large work in proportion to the annual expenses required.

In the spiritual work of the city department there is some improvement. A Sunday morning consecration meeting has recently been organized. Mr. E. F. Gage, physical director, leaves Fort Wayne this month to pursue studies in the east. Efforts are being made to complete the financial canvass for the year, and arrangements are being made for two lecture courses during the winter.

STATE NEWS.

The Monticello Herald is twenty-nine years old.

The Salvation army at Crawfordsville has disbanded.

Kendallville has 2,970 population and Ligonier 2,200.

Delphi is making another effort to find natural gas.

Columbus, under the census, has but 6,500 population.

A drought is making itself felt in Madison county.

Washington is moving in the construction of a city hall.

Thirty young men are organizing a military company at Washington.

Mrs. Caroline Stork, aged seventy-two, of Michigan City, committed suicide yesterday, by swallowing rat poison.

The Doris Slate and Wire Fence factory at Xenia, was destroyed by fire yesterday, due to incendiarism. Loss, $3,000.

Professor William Fix, for sixteen years an instructor in the Hartsville college, died yesterday in Iowa, while visiting his son.

Mrs. Rebecca Droke, of Idaville, aged eighty-six, while attending to household matters, was stricken with paralysis, and died.

Oliver Cassell, aged eighty-eight, a familiar figure in New Albany, where nearly all his long and useful life was passed, died yesterday.

Philip Tisher, of Laporte, has an Easter egg which his wife brought from Germany fifty-four years ago. It is still in a good state of preservation.

Greencastle capitalists will make one more effort in the search for natural gas and the drilling will continue until a depth of 3,000 feet is reached.

Rev. A. B. Mackin, pastor of the English Lutheran church, of Logansport, received internal injuries and his left leg was broken, by a fall from his bicycle.

SCHEMING VERY HARD.

Republicans in Indiana Planning to Fool the Farmers in the Contest This Fall.

[Chicago Times.]

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 11.—Indiana republicans and Attorney General Michener, who is now the chairman of the state central committee, have been quite at sea to know just what to do in the canvass that is rapidly approaching. At first it was thought advisable to hold the state convention early in August, about two weeks before the democrats held theirs, which has been booked for August 28. Then Michener changed his mind and concluded to go to Washington and consult with Dudley and the other Indiana republicans now located there. Several conferences were held, and now it is understood that the republican state convention will not be held until some time in September. The policy is to allow the democrats to meet first, make the nominations, and adopt their platform. By this time perhaps the Farmers' alliance will not be so apparently reserved and backward, and some kind of a combination, either open or secret, will be made.

As matters stand now a heavy defeat awaits the republican party in Indiana this fall. Michener & Co's only hope is that the democrats may make a false step at their convention, or in case this fails then there way be something to be hoped for from the managers of the Farmers' alliance. If no combination can be safely made then, then the next best thing to be done is to persuade the alliance to put a straight state ticket in the field, and, as the organization is remarkably strong and numerous in the democratic sections, it is hoped that such a ticket will poll enough votes to defeat the democratic state ticket, ruin itself, and save not only the republican ticket but also Senator Voorhees' seat in the United States senate to the republican party. This is quite a dazzling scheme, and it is supposed to be the result of the recent conferences between Chairman Michener, Col. Dudley and others of the Washington contingent.

Michener's agents keep busy in the democratic counties manipulating the leaders of the Farmers' Alliance, but every now and then they get a backset and a very black eye. Their last dismal failure occurred this week in Wells county. It is a strong democratic county and the republican bosses of the section had fixed it to give the alliance the entire county ticket if the alliance would support the republican nominee for senator and also the republican member of the legislature. This was done to kill off two votes ordinarly dead sure for Mr. Voorhees to succeed himself in the United States senate. The convention was very orderly and apparently harmonious until the democratic members of the alliance discovered the trap that was laid for them, when they arose as one man declaring that it was nothing but a republican trick to get another seat in the United States senate and left the convention. They afterward resolved to have nothing more to do with the alliance if it was to be made a mere political machine run in the interests of the republican party.

A similar experience occurred in Johnson county Wednesday. Every effort was made to pass a resolution to put an alliance ticket in the field, but after a long and bitter debate the resolution was defeated. Again at the same session the same attempt was made in a modified form. It was again defeated, but another attempt will be made at a special meeting announced to be held next month. Johnson county is democratic and there is a chance to defeat another Voorhees legislator.

Professor Stegmeir, of Illinois, was elected superintendent of the schools of Corydon, to succeed Professor Haggert, who has been teaching there for three years. The people have remonstrated against the act of the board, and a paper is in circulation asking the trustees to revoke the election of Professor Stegmeir and retain Professor Haggert.

John McClure, one of the most noted criminals in the state, died in Jeffersonville prison Tuesday. His disease was consumption. He was sentenced from Knox county in 1887, his offense being criminal assault on a girl.

Economy: "100 Doses One Dollar."
Merit: "Peculiar to Itself."
Purity: Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Two brothers who parted in Baltimore forty-seven years ago had an affecting meeting in the same city last Sunday.

All medical authorities agree that catarrh is no more nor less than an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nasal air passages. Nasal catarrh and all catarrhal affections of the head are not diseases of the blood, and it is a serious mistake to treat them as such. No conscientious physician ever attempts to do so. It is held by eminent medical men that sooner or later a specific will be found for every disease from which humanity suffers. The facts justify us in assuming that for catarrh at least a positive cure already exists in Ely's Cream Balm.

The Women's Exchanges in this country have paid out $1,000,000 as remuneration to women in twelve years.

She Was Completely Cured.

A daughter of my customer suffered from suppressed menstruation, and her health was completely wrecked. At my suggestion she used one bottle of Bradfield's Female Regulator, which cured her. J. W. HELLUMS, White Valley, Miss.

Write The Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Rev. Abner Baker, of Jefferson, many years ago officiated at the marriage of a young couple, and last week he conducted services at the funeral of their great grandson.

HE WAS BEWITCHED

When He Committed the Murder, but He Hung for It Nevertheless.

COLUMBIA, S. C., July 12.—Armsted Jones, colored, was hanged at Orangeburg yesterday. He was one of the youngest persons ever hanged in this state, his age being between sixteen and seventeen years. His crime was the murder of his stepmother. He and a younger brother quarrelled with the stepmother one day last February, and the boys agreed to kill her. Armsted shot her in a most brutal manner. Both brothers were sentenced to death, but the sentence of the younger was commuted to imprisonment for ten years. Armsted made a brief address, in which he expressed sorrow for his crime and reiterated his previous declaration that he was bewitched when he committed the murder. He displayed great coolness on the scaffold and died without a struggle.

Columbia City Races.

The races at Columbia Ciy yesterday were largely attended and resulted as follows:

Free-for-all—Litt, George R. Beardsley, driver, Dr. Bash, owner, Warsaw, 1, 1, 1; Cottonette, Ray Warner, Coldwater, 4, 2, 2; Charlie H., Jay Cook, Montpelier, 2, 6, 3, 3, 4; Mamie K., 6, 4, 5, 3; Stuart Mac, 5, 5, 4, 4; Defiance, 3, 3, 0; William A., 2, 6, 3, 4. Time, 2:31; 2:29½; 2:30.

Two-forty trot—Little Daisy, Pearse & Loag, Fort Wayne, 1, 4, 1, 1; Atalanta, Dr. Matthews, New Paris, 2, 1, 2, 2; Dexter King, J. M. Biler, Warsaw, 2, 3, 3; Sentinel Chief, J. G. Higgins, Rockdale, 4, 2, 3, 3. Time, 2:39½; 2:35; 2:35½; 2:35.

Two-year-old trot—Maggie Wilkes, 1, 1; S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, 1, 1; Rosa R., A. J. Russell, Butler, 2, 2; Sam Brahn, Brahn Bros., Columbia City, 3, 3. Time, 3:08; 3:00.

The exhibition trot of Fleeta Wilkeswood, S. J. Peabody, Columbia City, one mile, was made in 2:48.

KEEPING HOUSE WITH COCKROACHES.

Beetles, water bugs, &c., is not pleasant. The most effective permanent remedy is—for two or three nights to sprinkle ROUGH ON RATS dry powder unmixed, in, about and down the sink and drain pipe; scatter it well but thinly over the sink. First thing in the morning wash it all away down the drain pipe, when all the insects from garret to cellar will disappear. The secret of this is in the fact that wherever the bugs or insects may be during the day, they must go to the sink for water during the night. They can't stand ROUGH ON RATS in their water. This is the quickest, most effective and satisfactory remedy. ROUGH ON RATS being a poison, it should be used in this way only at night and washed away early in the morning. Another way is to mix a tablespoonful of ROUGH ON RATS with a half pound of brown sugar. Sprinkle it on rear of cupboard shelves or on plates, or on sheets of paper placed high out of reach of children. Cut this out for directions.

Poundkeeper Finn, of New York, estimates that city's dog population at 25,000 or 30,000.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

EXCURSION TO WARSAW.

Low Rate via the Pennsylvania Lines for Spring Fountain Park Assembly.

Round trip excursion tickets, including admission coupon to Spring Fountain Park Assembly's annual session, will be sold to Warsaw via the Pennsylvania lines July 15th to 28th, good returning July 31st, at $1.45 from Fort Wayne. july12-17-21

Remember, we save you from $1 to $5 by buying your railroad tickets at Webb's Ticket Office, 92 Calhoun st. eodtf

Excursions to Mackinaw Island, $12 Round Trip.

The Wabash line is selling round trip tourist tickets to Mackinaw Island, going via Detroit and Cleveland Steam Navigation company's magnificent boats, at the extremely low rate as noted above. Take this route and avoid the dust and cinders incident to all rail travel. For descriptive matter call at Wabash ticket office. 3-1m

Proprietor—Why didn't you dust this counter? Janitor—Why, I thought it was dusty enough.

No Land on which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing west and fertile south where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave rank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

P. E. COX,

PRACTICAL

Sanitary Plumber,

Has opened a shop at

No. West Main Street.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT

Reasonable Prices

ASSETS, $105,053,600. SURPLUS, $15,600,000.

ÆTNA LIFE INS. CO.,

Office Room 18 Schmitz Block.

IRA L. BARKLEY, GENERAL AGENT,

Fort Wayne, Indiana.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

STANDARD

MEDICAL & SURGICAL INSTITUTE.



(As It Will Appear When Completed.)

Incorporated Capital, $100,000.

For the Successful Treatment by the NEW METHOD of all Diseases of the

LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS, LUNGS, HEART, NERVOUS SYSTEM, EYE AND EAR, TUMORS, FEMALE DISEASES, &c., &c., &c.

Call on, or Address,

DR. W. J. CARTER,

GEN. MANAGER,

210 Calhoun Street.

SUMMER RESORTS

CLEAR LAKE, IND.

Fifty-four miles north on Lake Shore Road; 15 minutes drive from railway station; hotel carriages meet every train.

Hotels Remodeled and Refurnished

And under new management, at very reasonable rates.

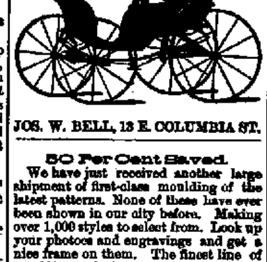
Clear Lake Offers the Finest, Safest and Healthiest Bathing Beach of Any Lake in the State.

Good Fishing and Boating. Absolutely no malaria. Beautiful cottage sites. Clear Lake will soon be the popular resort for Fort Wayne. Address or inquire of

S. A. BISWELL,
Clear Lake, via. Ray, Ind.,

Or Gross & Deitens and C. B. Woodworth, druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. 15eod1m

COLUMBUS BUGGIES.



JOS. W. BELL, 13 E. COLUMBIA ST.

50 Per Cent Saved.

We have just received another large shipment of first-class moulding of the latest patterns. None of these have ever been shown in our city before. Making over 1,000 styles to select from. Look up your photos and engravings and get a nice frame on them. The finest line of moulding and pictures ever sold in Fort Wayne. All work done first-class by experienced workmen. Can get you any picture or study that is catalogued if we have not got it in stock, on short notice. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your future patronage, we remain yours respectfully,

6eod L. JUNK, No. 161 Calhoun St.

DRUNKENNESS LIQUOR HABIT.

IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE

DR. HAINES GOLDEN SPECIFIC.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea, or in articles of food, without the knowledge of the patient, if necessary. It is absolutely harmless and will effect a permanent and speedy cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. IT NEVER FAILS. It operates so quietly and with such certainty that the patient undergoes no inconvenience, and ere he is aware, his complete reformation is effected. 48 page book of particulars free.

MEYER BROS. & Co. Druggists, Fort Wayne, Ind. jun28-eodlyr



Cook's Cotton Root COMPOUND

Composed of Cotton Root, Tansy and Pennyroyal—a recent discovery by an old physician. Is successfully used monthly—Safe, Effectual. Price $1, by mail, sealed. Ladies, ask your druggist for Cook's Cotton Root Compound and take no substitute, or inclose 2 stamps for sealed particulars. Address POND LILY COMPANY, No. 3 Fisher Block, 131 Woodward ave., Detroit, Mich.

J. C. PELTIER,

Undertaker & Embalmer

17 WEST WAYNE ST.,

Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

Arrival and Departure of Trains

From Pennsylvania Station

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 30, Mail Express	1 10 p m	1 30 p m
No. 6, d, Fast Line	7 45 p m	7 55 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited	8 50 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 00 a m	5 15 a m
No. 38, Chicago Accom	10 30 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom	9 10 a m	.....
No. 30, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 68, Chicago Express	11 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	[illegible]	[illegible]
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 35 a m	[illegible]
No. 1, Fast Line	11 35 a m	11 [illegible] a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex	5 05 p m	5 [illegible] p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom	.....	4 [illegible] p m
No. 69, Chicago Accom	.....	7 [illegible] a m

d Daily, †Daily except Monday; all other trains daily except Sunday.

WABASH RAILROAD, MAY 11, 1890.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	[illegible] a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 [illegible] p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	[illegible] 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	[illegible] p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	[illegible] a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 [illegible]
Limited Expr. ss, daily	[illegible] p m
Lafayette accom. arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 30 a m	10 [illegible] a m
1 45 p m	[illegible] p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 [illegible] p m
1 10 p m	[illegible] p m
7 30 p m	[illegible] a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars, dining car and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

NORTH DEPOT. (MUNCIE ROUTE)

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. May 18, 1890.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne...lv	6:00 a. m.	12:[illegible] a. m.	6:00 p. m.
Indianapolis..ar	10:20 a. m.	3:20 p. m.	11:00 p. m.
Cincinnati.....ar	—	6:30 p. m.	—
Louisville......ar	—	7:30 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville.....lv	—	7:[illegible] a. m.	—
Cincinnati.....lv	—	7:[illegible] a. m.	—
Indianapolis..lv	7:00 a. m.	11:15 a. m.	3:15 p. m.
Fort Wayne..ar	11:25 a. m.	3:45 p. m.	7:00 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Ft. Wayne, in Effect June 22, '90.

GOING NORTH.

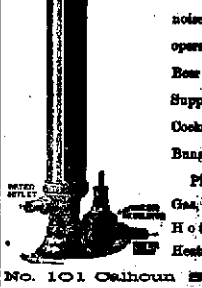
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 2 [illegible] a m
" " "	" [illegible] a m
For Grand Rapids	" [illegible] p m
From Richmond	Ar [illegible] p m
From Portland	" 7 [illegible] a m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv [illegible] a m
" " "	" 12 [illegible] p m
" " "	" 12 [illegible] p m
To Portland	" [illegible] p m
From Grand Rapids	Ar [illegible] p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids. All other trains daily except Sunday.

James Madden's

Perfect Hydraulic

BEER PUMPS!



It is Simple in construction, neat in design and noiseless in operation.

Beer Pumps, Supplies, Bar Cocks, Tubes, Bungs, etc.

Plumbing, Gas, Steam & Hot Water Heating.

No. 101 Calhoun Street.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted; and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 23 AND 25 CLINTON STREET.

ROBERT SPICE.

WATERWORKS AND GENERAL PLUMBING!

Natural Gas Fitting.

A full line of waterworks and Plumbing goods, Pumps, Wind Mills, Drive and Wells.

48 W. Main St----Telephone 261.

PURE..........SOLUBLE..........CHEAP

Rich. Digestible. Stimulating. Nourishing.
Having a peculiarly delicious flavor—a food and drink combined—at a half cent a cup and *fit for a prince.*

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"BEST & GOES FARTHEST."

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA ("once tried, always used") was invented and patented and is made in Holland. It is acknowledged by the most eminent doctors and analysts that by the special treatment VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA has undergone, the solubility of the flesh-forming constituents is increased fifty per cent., while the whole of the fibres are softened and rendered more palatable and digestible. "Largest sale in the world." Ask for VAN HOUTEN'S and take no other. 87

A great many women have given up expecting to find a comfortable corset.

Mistake! There is one that fits nine women in ten.

For them it is comfortable; it is more than comfortable, a positive luxury.

Any merchant that has it will tell you "Wear it three weeks, if you like, and I'll give you every cent of your money back, if the corset doesn't suit you." Ball's is the one. Your merchant has a primer on Corsets for you.

CHICAGO CORSET CO., Chicago and New York.

Many Witnesses.

100,000 witnesses testify to the virtues of Dr. Tutt's Pills. Wherever Chills and Fever, Bilious Disease or Liver Affections prevail, they have proven a great blessing. Readers, a single trial will convince you that this is no catch-penny medicine. Twenty years test has established their merits all over the world.

Gains Fifteen Pounds.

"I have been using Tutt's Pills for Dyspepsia, and find them the best remedy I ever tried. Up to that time everything I ate disagreed with me. I can now digest any kind of food; never have a headache, and have gained fifteen pounds of solid flesh."
W. C. SCHULTZE, Columbia, S. C.

Tutt's Liver Pills
GIVE STRENGTH AND HARD MUSCLE.

ELY'S CREAM BALM



Cleanses the Nasal Passages.
Allays Pain and Inflammation.
Heals the Sores.
Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered 60 cents. dec1-eodly
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

SAVE YOUR STRENGTH
BY USING ALLEN B. WRISLEY'S
GOOD CHEER SOAP
LATEST AND BEST INVENTION—LITTLE OR NO RUBBING OF CLOTHES
REQUIRED—ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT
FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CLOSELY

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ELECTRIC BELT



DEBILITATED through INDISCRETIONS or EXCESSES WE GUARANTEE to CURE by this New IMPROVED ELECTRIC BELT AND SUSPENSORY or REFUND MONEY. Made for this specific purpose, Cure of Generative Weakness, giving Freely, Mild, Soothing, Continuous Currents of Electricity through all WEAK PARTS, restoring them to HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH. Electric Current Felt Instantly, or we forfeit $5,000 in cash. BELT and Suspensory Complete $5. and up. Worst cases Permanently Cured in three months. Sealed pamphlet Free. SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 169 LaSalle St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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Sealed Treatise explaining absolute and perfect CURE without stomach drugging, for Lost Manhood, Nervous Debility, Lack of Vigor and Development, Premature Decline, Functional Disorders, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, etc.
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Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address, Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

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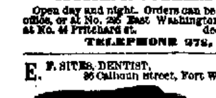
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Over Chabaux & Co's hat store 4 doors north of Wayne street.

GOSSIP OF THE TRACK.

Cinders of News as Found Floating in the Air Around the Busy Centers.

Ed. Longfield will pitch for the Fort Wayne Stars, to-morrow.

Ed. Lynch will go to Peabody this evening to spend Sunday.

Engines No. 230 and 146 are in the Pittsburg shops for repairs.

The American Wheel works is shut down to-day to make repairs.

T. Archer, fireman on the Pittsburg road, is off duty on a vacation.

J. D. White, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is off duty to-day.

David Fox has accepted a position in the Pittsburg blacksmith shop.

C. Barnes, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, is at Garrett to-day.

New engine, class S., No. 80, has been turned out of the Pittsburg shops.

W. Warlembe is now running a nut machine in the Pittsburg car shop.

H. Strasser, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after an illness.

H. J. Gardner has accepted a position as fireman on the Grand Rapids road.

T. Delano has been transferred from the Pittsburg round house to the copper shop.

Master Mechanic G. L. Potter, of the Pittsburg shops, left for Chicago last evening.

John Burk has accepted a position in the machine department of the Pittsburg shop.

B. Reidt, engineer on the Grand Rapids road, has reported for duty after an absence.

J. McClellan and Phil Bocholl, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shops, are off duty to-day.

F. Scherer, cabinet maker in the Pittsburg car shop, is off duty on account of sickness.

J. H. Sullivan, engineer on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

E. Klinedinst, fireman on the Pittsburg road, has reported for duty after a few days' vacation.

C. A. Prince has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after a few days absence.

Wm. Conolly, of the Wabash machine shop, will spend Sunday at his home in Logansport.

William Roach, of the American Wheel works, will play with the Dead Knots base ball team to-morrow.

August Brill, of the Bass moulding rooms, is off duty on account of a large casting falling on his foot.

John McCarty, employed by Contractor Maran, of the Fort Wayne road, has gone to Rock Point, Pa.

Thomas Gorman, of the Wabash boiler shops, will spend Sunday at Roanoke, the guest of friends.

Engineer J. C. Kanall, of the Pittsburg road, is off duty account of the serious illness of his daughter.

F. Schram, machinist in the Pittsburg round house, went home this morning on account of sickness.

Fred Schultze, of the electric works, had one of his hands fearfully lacerated in machinery yesterday afternoon.

Engineer Amiel Jamay has reported for duty on the Pittsburg road after an absence on account of a sprained foot.

James Trythall, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, will preach at the Nebraska Mission church to-morrow evening.

P. Moran, the contractor, who is building the new double track of the Fort Wayne road, left for Pittsburg last night.

C. C. Ellenwood, of the Pittsburg blacksmith shop, accidentally got his eye burned last evening, and is off duty to-day.

Wm. Schuts, of the electric light works, accidentally got his arm crushed the other day and is off duty in consequence.

Thomas Mack has resigned his position in the Pittsburg car shops, to accept one under Foreman O'Leary in the Pittsburg yards.

The New York railroads have formed an association to enforce the demurrage rate in places where there are competitive freight offices.

The new Order of Railway Conductors will have its headquarters at Elmira, N. Y. Its membership is said to have already reached 2,000.

A special train bearing the Knights of Pythias of New Jersey from the encampment at Milwaukee, passed through on the Pittsburg road last evening.

The Chicago roads, as agreed, withdrew from the sale of tickets at the hotels in Chicago yesterday. A road which sells tickets in a hotel hereafter will be fined $100. As some of the clerks in the hotel offices have been taken care of by the roads, there is less bluster over the matter than was looked for.

George Huber has reported for duty as fireman on the Pittsburg road, after being off several days on account of the sickness of his wife.

Doc Sweringen, wheel inspector in the Pittsburg shops, left for Rome City this morning, where he will spend Sunday, boating on the waters of Sylvan lake.

A. A. McLeod, the new president of the Reading railroad, began his career as a railroad man by dragging chains for the surveyors of the Northern Pacific terminal at Duluth.

So many iron works are shut down that the car works all over the country are experiencing considerable trouble in getting iron sufficient to keep their full forces of men at work.

The Salvator and Dortmunder base ball teams will play a game of ball at the east end grounds to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock. Coy and Starke will be the battery for the former and Waldschmidt and Cutshall, for the latter.

E. V. Debbs, grand secretary of the Locomotive Firemen's Brotherhood, gives the following estimate of the strength of the different trainmen's organizations: Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, 20,000; Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, 18,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, 16,000; Switchmen's Mutual Aid Association, 6,000; Brotherhood of Railroad Conductors, 2,000. The last four bodies are federated, and number 42,000 in all.

America has now and has had for years a surplus of clerks, book-keepers and salesmen, a great many whom struggle along from year to year on wages that would appall the average mechanic, says the Boston Journal. What the country wants is fewer men in the ranks of these soft-handed occupations and more and better native craftsmen. The wonderful success which is attending the manuel-training experiments demonstrates how keenly this need is realized.

In speaking of the fact that there had been twenty-one foreclosure sales of railways this year, against eight in the first six months of 1889, a railroad man remarked to an Indianapolis Journal reporter that these forced sales by no means reflect the condition of the railroad interests of the country, as they were never more remunerative or less likely to come under the hammer. The foreclosures of this year, as a rule, are the culmination of financial difficulties extending through years, and in some cases the ending of long periods of receiverships. Some of the roads were weighed down by excessive capitalization and others run through sparsely settled country where there was not enough business to pay the expenses. There are a half dozen more roads to be sold this year which have been drifting for years in a bad way.

"Don't Care to Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

A West Virginia girl trapped enough muskrats to be able to buy a watch.

Bradfield's Female Regulator

Should be used by the young woman, she who suffers from any disorder peculiar to her sex, and at change of life is a powerful tonic; benefits all who use it. Write the Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

To Resorts East and West.

Low rate excursion tickets are now on sale via the great Wabash Line and its connections to Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Toronto, Alexandria Bay down the beautiful St. Lawrence river, through the Thousand Islands to Montreal, across the White Mountains to the sea. A wide choice of route to all New England summer resorts; tours around the great lakes, interchangable western tours through Colorado, New Mexico, the Rocky Mountains, California and the northwest. Information relative to any of the above trips cheerfully given upon application to

R. G. THOMPSON,
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HONEST MEDICINE
—FOR—
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ROGERS' ROYAL HERBS

BOILS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, TETTER, SALT RHEUM and OTHER ERUPTIONS on the exterior, tell of a disordered condition of the blood within. If you have these indications don't delay, but take

Rogers' Royal Herbs!

At once. It cleanses the system from all impurities, from whatever cause arising. It strengthens and builds and takes away that tired feeling. A visible change is felt after the first few doses. Another thing that commends it is, that the most sensitive stomach can retain it.

TAKE IT NOW.
Price $1. By Druggist.
PREPARED BY
ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES COMPANY,
BOSTON AND HYDE PARK, MASS.

A PAYNE-FUL VICTORY.

The Fort Wayne Club Defeats the Payne Amateurs.

Yesterday afternoon the Fort Wayne base ball club won its first game for some time. It was a contest between our boys and the Payne, Ohio, team, and the game took place at that town. The score was 13 to 1. Batteries—Bruton and Brandenburg for Fort Wayne; McCarthy and Malone for Payne.

BIG GAMES.

The big league games yesterday resulted as follows:

Brotherhood—Boston 12, Pittsburg 5; Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 11; New York 2, Chicago 7; Brooklyn 15, Buffalo 5.

National League—Boston 0, Chicago 0; Philadelphia 10, Cleveland 2; New York 11, Pittsburg 7; Cincinnati 2, Brooklyn 9.

American Association—Toledo 8, Brooklyn 9.

NOTES.

A pretty game is anticipated to-day. Anderson defeated Muncie yesterday. The winning club made only twenty-three hits off the Muncie pitchers.

The following is the attendance of the major leagues yesterday: Players' league—Boston, 978; Brooklyn, 326; New York, 1,637; Philadelphia, 928; total, 3,869. National league—Brooklyn, 2,063; New York, 307; Philadelphia, 1,614; Boston, 4,142; total, 8,726.

HIS IDEA OF WOMEN.

What a Prominent English Author Thinks of American Ladies—A Comparison with European Girls.

A well-known English author, who was recently in the United States, was entertained by a gentleman and lady of wealth, residing on Fifth Avenue, New York. In the course of the dinner the conversation turned upon American women, when the English gentleman said:

"Nowhere in America do you find such complexions and nowhere such health as we see in the faces and forms of English girls. I have noticed this in every city that I have visited. American ladies look tired, weak, faded. They lack color and they lack life. Existence seems a burden to them, not a pleasure. You in America, do not notice, because you are here, while I can see it very plainly."

We may say that this English author was prejudiced, was conceited, was bitter, but we cannot say that he was wrong. American ladies are not so strong, so healthy, so brilliant, as they should be. Their complexions are not so clear nor their eyes so bright as could be desired. Doubtless the climate has something to do with this, but it is unquestionably true that by proper care, and a judicious use of the right means, these things can be overcome. Any lady who feels tired, despondent or weak can readily overcome these troubles by a proper use of a little pure whiskey taken in water. Bear in mind, however, that it should be the best whiskey, as anything else is injurious, and also remember that the best physicians and chemists in America unhesitatingly declare that Duffy's Pure Malt has no equal. The effect of this whiskey is to build up the system, to improve the complexion and to give brightness and vigor in the place of weakness and languor. It is being used by the leading ladies in the land, and its popularity proves its value.

POLICE COURT.

Miss Chamberlain Again—Two Crooks Charged With Larceny.

There was a lively police court this morning and the lobby was well filled with spectators. The cases were as follows:

George Williams was arrested by Officer Kramer near the railroad for intoxication. Jail eleven days.

James Meyers, an old man whose garb indicated that he was a painter, was arrested by Officer Tremmel for trying to sleep off a drunk in B. L. Auger's barn. The old man said he had been laboring hard all day and was only tired. His Honor cast one inspiring look at the prisoner to re-assure himself that the said old man had been laboring harder to concoct a story than anything else and sent him to jail for eleven days.

Wm. Allen and James Plucy were arraigned for preliminary hearing on the charge of larceny. They were caught in the act of stealing a watch from an unsuspecting farmer, named George who resides on the Huntington road. The stealing took place in the saloon of Russell George, on West Main street. The fellows were spotted by H. S. Herrod, a bystander, who notified Officer Harkenrider and succeeded in having the crooks placed under arrest. The prisoners proclaimed their innocence, but the mayor bound them over for preliminary hearing Monday.

Adam Stolridge and Eliza Chamberlain were arraigned together. Officer John O'Connell made the arrest. The woman was fined $21.50 which she paid and Stolridge got seventeen days in jail and a fine of $16.50. The mayor said to Stolridge: "If I hear of any more of your unmanly actions you will not get off so easy again."

YES, THIS SUMMER.

The Natural Gas Mains to Be Laid in Bloomingdale.

"Are we going to have natural gas mains laid in Bloomingdale this summer!" asked a resident of that part of the city to-day; "if not we should like to know it, as the time is at hand to buy coal."

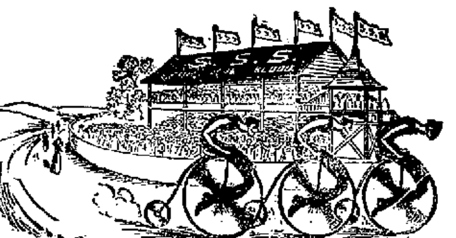
The prospect has not been flattering for the extension of natural gas mains in Bloomingdale this summer. At present not a pipe is laid or distributed, a fact that led many to suspect that the Salimonie company had postponed their contemplated improvement another year. Such a move would be deplored, inasmuch as many of the houses in Bloomingdale have been piped for the new fuel and illuminator.

A SENTINEL reporter called on President H. C. Paul to-day. That pleasant gentleman assured his visitor that the extension would be made this summer by all means and that all reports to the contrary were untrue. This will please the residents of Bloomingdale.

All who are interested in the cheapest and best cure for Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, Colic and all other bowel trouble will secure a bottle of Father's Balm. 1-eod-6t

Remember that you can get a $50 suit of clothes, made to order, for your minister, if you only send in enough coupons cut from THE SENTINEL. It can only be found in this paper. 24-tf

Prescriptions accurately dispensed, charges moderate, prompt service.
GROSS & PELLENS,
Prescription Druggists,
94 Calhoun street, cor. Wayne.



S.S.S. LEADS THE RACE

ALL THE OLD POTASH, MERCURY, AND SARSAPARILLA MIXTURES LEFT FAR BEHIND. S. S. S. never fails to cure. This magic remedy builds the system up instead of tearing it down. If you have ever had Blood Disease, don't fail to take S. S. S. If you have taken Mercury and Potash, get it out of your system by using SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.)

Arsenic and Potash Three Times a Day for Twenty-Five Years.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., APRIL 13, 1890.

I have been taking S. S. S. (SWIFT'S SPECIFIC), and feel it to be my duty to state its results, that others who are similarly affected may profit by my experience and be relieved of their sufferings. I had suffered for a long, long time with what the doctors called Herpes, an eruption of the skin, forming scales and blotches which was horrible to endure. Under the advice of physicians I took 30 drops of Fowler's Solution of Arsenic every day for 25 years, besides many other kinds of medicine, without a cure. I have been taking S. S. S. for about two months, and the eruption and unpleasant symptoms have all disappeared, and I am continuing it to completely root it out of my blood, which I am confident it will do; and what it has done for me I am sure it will do for others, for there are thousands of such cases all over the country which resist all other treatment. I have lived here in my present business for 22 years. R. R. ROUSE, Dealer in Machinery, 31 and 33 West Maryland Street.

Send to us for our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

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THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

OF NEW YORK, SECURES IT.

Nearly $600,000 Paid by Members of one Family for Insurance in the Mutual.—The Most Stupendous Transaction Known in the History of Insurance,—"It has Never Been Done Before; It Never Will Be Done Again."

No. 789. New York, Dec. 24, 1889.
BANK OF NEW YORK.
National Bankers Association.
Pay to the order of L. C. HOPKINS, Genl Executive Agent
Five hundred and Seventy Eight Thousand, Three Hundred and Forty Five —— LARS.
$578,345 00/100 29 DEC 28 1889. CERTIFIED. Payable through New York Clearing House, N. B. A. E. C. POTTER & CO.
—E. C. POTTER & CO.—

The above check was received by the Mutual Life Ins. Co. of New York, for Insurance effected upon the lives of five members of the illustrious Havemeyer family of the City of New York. The Policies selected were the 10 year guarantee contracts of the Mutual Life's with the annuity feature added. Each policy was for the sum of $100,000 and the insured chose to make but one payment, thus commuting the cost. The insurance covered by the above mentioned premium payment of $578,345.00 was upon the lives of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, the well known Merchant of this City, and Four members of his family. Mr. Theo. Havemeyer, is the Austrian Counsel General and a Gentleman of wide influence and of great business sagacity. Mr. E. C. Potter, whose signature is appended to the check, is the son-in-law of Mr. Havemeyer, and is one of the most prominent of bankers and brokers operating upon the stock exchange. There are two significant points for consideration in connection with this Insurance.

First, that the Messrs Havemeyer seeking a profitable and safe investment of a vast fund, selected Life Insurance as offering more advantages and greater security than any other form of investment. Second That they had such faith in the management and stability of the Mutual Life Insurance company of New York, that they willingly entrusted to its care nearly $600,000 in cash without any security whatever, and only the PROMISE of the company to pay.

The particulars of the life insurance contracted for by the family of Mr. Theo. A. Havemeyer, with the MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, by which that institution received a single premium payment of $578,345.00, will excite wonderment and surprise in the world of underwriting, and set the general public to thinking of the possibilities of life insurance as an investment.

The idea of a party with six hundred thousand dollars of spare cash on hand, putting it all into life insurance.

Why didn't they build houses or purchase stocks, or do a dozen other things with it? Life insurance for an investment! That's all very well, some people think, if you must do it. But here are five members of one family engaged in merchantile pursuits, fully alive to the value of every financial scheme of importance in this or any other country, who after examining every tempting investment, came to the conclusion that the safest, most profitable and altogether desirable one, is that offered by the MUTUAL LIFE.

Then think of the fact that all this money, far exceeding half a million dollars, is placed in the hands of the company without other security than its promise to pay. If that is'nt an evidence of confidence, what could be!

IT'S THE LARGEST, STRONGEST AND BEST LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY IN THE WORLD. Its assets are thirty millions greater than those of any other American Life Insurance company. Over eighty millions greater than those of any life office in Great Britain, and sixty millions greater than the entire funds of the bank of England, which is the largest banking institution in the world.

The Mutual Life Issues Every Desirable Form of Policy.

For further information, which will be cheerfully given, address or call on

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A Package (liquid) 25c. makes 5 gallons. Every bottle guaranteed. No trouble. Easily made. We extend to ladies and gentlemen only a cordial invitation to try a Sample Glass from the fountain, at the Boston Tea Store, FREE of Charge on Monday and Tuesday of this week only. Do not miss this treat.

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Shirts	10
Collars	2
Cuffs, per pair	4
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Night Shirts	8
Socks, per pair	5
Handkerchiefs	2
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Big reduction from above prices for Starching and Ironing only.

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THE FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailor,
Is now receiving his large and well selected stock of
SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

Which are the nobbiest every brought to this city. He intends making suits in the LATEST STYLES and at very low prices this spring and summer, and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

No. 15 W. Wayne Street.

DR. R. DEPPELLER,
Uroscopic Water Doctor

(Successor to the late Dr. A. Goeritz,) has permanently located at the old office.

No. 18 East Columbia St. Fort Wayne

The Doctor will treat the following

Chronical Diseases:

Ulcers, Fever Sores. Scrofula.
Piles, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Salt Rheum.
Diseases of the Nervous Headache.
Eye and Ear, Rheumatism.
Asthma, Throat, Spinal Afflictions,
Diseases, Dropsy in all
Female Diseases. its forms.
Dyspepsia. Catarrah.
Consumption in its Diseases of the liver
Early Stages. Skin and Kidneys.

The Doctor will be pleased to see his old and new friends who may desire to consult him professionally. Be sure and bring a small vial of water. Jul16-dawlmo.

A full and complete line of
Spectacles and Eye Glasses,
To suit all sights and at prices to suit all purses. may be obtained from
MEYER BROS. & CO.,
Chemists and Druggists, No. 2 Keystone Block and 9 W. Columbia St., Fort Wayne, Ind.
Prices from 25c to $2.50 per pair. The eyes carefully tested and suitable glasses fitted.

PENSIONS! PENSIONS!

The law just passed, gives to all soldiers, disabled in service or since, to all widows, children and dependent parents a pension of from $6 to $12 per month. Apply at once through

JAMES E. GRAHAM,
12-dawlm Fort Wayne, Ind.

JOE ROBERTS
HAS PUT IN HIS
BARBER SHOP,

Opposite the Rich Hotel, the third chair, and is prepared to do first-class work. Drop in and get first-class shave. Ladies' and Children's work specialty. 6-1m

Best and Choicest Meats.
GOTTLIEB HALLER,
Of the Popular South Side Market, 280 Calhoun St., Branch 277 Hanna St.
Hams, 10 cents per pound.
Shoulders, 7 cents per pound.
Sausage, 7 cents per pound.
Bologna, 7 cents per pound.
Other meats accordingly.

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Fine Tailoring a Specialty.

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PUPILS - WANTED.
Anyone interested in Art Culture will do well call.
No. 11 Schmitz Block, 2nd Floor.
MISS COVINGTON.

MRS. L. WEBB BANNISTER,
OF NEW YORK,
Teacher of Voice Culture and Instrumental Music, is now filling the hours for the Fall Term, beginning Monday, Sept. 1st. Please call at music rooms, 106 E. Berry street, Wednesdays and Saturdays, and enter your name as soon as possible. 6-24-1y

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

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General Contractors For All Kinds of
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Leave Orders at Golden & Monahan's. tf

BAKER'S FAMOUS HEADACHE SPECIFIC
WILL CURE THE WORST HEADACHE in from 10 to 30 minutes. The only reliable and safe remedy sold by druggists. Not a half hour after reading this need anyone suffer with headache. It cures when all other remedies fail. TRY IT. Prepared only by GEO. A. BAKER & CO., 86 Pennsylvania, South Bend, Ind.
Sold by Gross & Pellens, 94 Calhoun St.

CALIFORNIA.
An exceptionally favorable offer is being made by the John Brown Colony of Madera, California. Opportunity for the fullest investigation furnished and you cannot fail to find it the safest and most profitable plan ever proposed. Lands cultivated on the most reasonable terms for non-residents. Write the home office or address HAYA & WALLICK, 88 E. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind.

No Other Cigar Has Such a Record as



WE ARE WITNESSES!

DR. TALMAGE'S OPEN AIR SERMON AT BEATRICE, NEB.

The Logic of the Skeptic Is Met by the Overwhelming Testimony of Millions of Christians and Proved to Be False.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 6th.—Dr. Talmage preached here in the open air to an immense congregation which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses" (Acts iii. 15). Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic Ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Prof. Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now, let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assemblage there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out: "We are witnesses!"

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul, and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith, we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

The first proposition is, We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar to-day.

People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are twenty thousand Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are twenty-five thousand Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being, "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Nor prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage to-day who are no more what they once were than a waterlily is a night shade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilarations as they cried: "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
No! When I blush, be this my shame:
That I no more revere His name.

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of this Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture, of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the foot of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage and childlessness saying: "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says, "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying, "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliss's engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say, "It is all right: she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the corn-fields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come, and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? what's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman, who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now, in the courts attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes, or heard with his own ears, and so I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say; "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say; "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged: "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you to-day an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guesswork. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it.

Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial, and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Prof. Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul to-day, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearer, get your eye on it! It is easier for you now to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and Heaven.

When Mme. Sontag began her musical career, she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor blind woman, and it was said that Mme. Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain tried to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Mme. Sontag took care of her, and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ now comes to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee Heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity He comes now to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music He comes to plead for thy deliverance.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THOUGHTS WORTHY OF CALM REFLECTION.

A Pleasant, Interesting, and Instructive Lesson and Where It May Be found—A Learned and Concise Review of the Same.

The lesson for Sunday, July 13, may be found in Luke 14: 15-24.

INTRODUCTORY.

Our Lord uses here an illustration which all men can understand. It is the story of a feast spread, such as all might desire to enjoy and which all men seem to be just waiting to enjoy. But now, when the doors are thrown wide open, each man turns and goes his devious way. How shall we account for such perversity? There is no accounting for it. It is the enigma of human history, the strangest, saddest thing connected with mortal existence. We cannot explain it; we need only try to mend it. God help us do so in the lesson of to-day!

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

When. Jesus seems to be again in Perea, and, as often, is discoursing at table.——One of them. Probably a Jew, as we might judge from the exclamation.——That sat at meat. One word in the Greek, reclining-together. —— These things. What Jesus had just been saying about making a dinner for the poor.——Blessed. Or happy.——Kingdom. The good time coming of divine rule to, which Israel was ever looking forward.

Unto him. As needing instruction.——A certain man. Doubtless not the king described at Matt. 22: 2. Compare.——A great supper. A rare treat. Bade many. Large companies were invited to these feasts.

Sent his servant. It is customary in the East to send a second summons. Several things conspire to make this necessary. (1) The houses are not large enough to accommodate the guests while they wait. (2) It is impossible to tell beforehand just when the feast will be fully prepared. (3) Even if the hour of the day were approximately known before hand, time-pieces are not kept, and announcement would be necessary.——Come. Like the bell summoning to the table.

With one consent. Or, from the first on.——Make excuse. Or beg off. It is this same word that occurs in the passage, Heb. 12: 25, "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh."——A piece of ground. A real estate venture.——Have me excused. Implying a previous invitation and corresponding obligation.

Five yoke of oxen. A large business transaction, a wholesale merchant, so to speak. But why such large purchases at the very instant when the call to the banquet was momentarily expected.——Prove. Or, try.

Married a wife. Social engagements. Sometimes the wedding ceremonies were very elaborate and prolonged——Cannot come. This one seems to speak as if the mere mention of his nuptials is sufficient excuse.

I say to you. Solemn statement.——Bidden. Those who had refused.——Taste. A strong expression.

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God. So easy to say. It sounds very much like one of the good sayings that, on unmeaning lips, presently become cant. "Roll on, great and glorious gospel!" cries the camp-meeting devotee, and, in the ecstasy of his present emotion, he does not see the collection box under his nose. Not he; his eyes are shut and he is faraway. He is like Sam Jones' little steamboat, that always stopped running when it blew its whistle, so tremendous was the blast. If this man thought so much of the bread of heaven, why was he not partaking of it here and now? "For this is eternal life, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

With one consent began to make excuse. Here is one place where all the world is agreed. It is unanimous in its excuses. O, if only the church were as united for aggression as the world is for defense. And yet what miserable apologies! We try to find a reason for the excuses urged. We never shall be able. They were absurd on the face of them. And here is the point of the parable, the miserable inconsistency of men, their wretched folly regarding eternal life. Too busy to eat. Too hurried to be saved. The Roman actor cried, "O, Cœlum!"—O, Heavens—and pointed downward. His fastidious auditors hooted the solecism. Behold men to-day talking about their highest interests, and then pointing to the earth. Was ever greater vanity!

Come, for all things are now ready. It is as some one has said, "supper time now." Supper now ready! Last call for supper! Have we a better picture than this of the present crisis in the Christian dispensation? The gospel feast is spread, the doors are open, the whole world is invited. Why, then, are not all eating? Some one is not ready. If it is not the host, who can it be but the guest? Hear him. "I have bought a piece of ground." "Land poor," indeed, since he will allow it to render his heaven forfeited. "Five yoke of oxen." And he is letting them drag him downward. He is not the only man on whom business has a heavier draft than religion. "Married a wife." As if the wife were not invited, too. What better wedding banquet than the gospel feast? Heaven all ready. Only poor, hungry man unready.

Go out quickly. It is time for celerity. Quickness of movement is desired. "The King's business requireth haste." You recall that word of the angel at the tomb's mouth, "Go quickly and tell his disciples." A lagging, loitering embassage could not have executed that command. There were the disciples in the depths of despondency. They needed help right away. The messenger must go quickly. We have been much impressed of late in re-reading the tenth of Acts, where Cornelius and Peter, the Gentile and the Jew, are brought together. "And now send men to Joppa," said the angel, "and call for one Simon." The messengers have hardly departed ere Cornelius has with remarkable promptness despatched his men on their enjoined errand. Now see the importance of their celerity. Traveling rapidly, they are the next day right at the gate when Peter, awaking from his own trance, is asking himself the meaning of it. And for an answer "the Spirit said unto him, Behold three men seek thee." God had made things ready at both ends of the line, and quick movement was necessary that connection might be made. Now he points to a heathen world prepared, and says, "Go quickly." To go idly, indolently, may be to lose all.

Compel them to come in. It is a time for urgency. We are to lay, as it were, swift and strong hands on men, and compel them to come in. Now, what do we mean by this? Compulsory Christianity? Yes and no. Not that sort which, practiced by the old Gallic chiefs, brought in a nation in a day by the stroke of the king's pen, and, as it were, by order of congress. Not that sort which, practiced, alas, to-day, registers the unwitting, oft unwilling infant as subject, so to speak, by order of its parents. Not this, nor that. But a compulsion of persuasion, a constraint of love. We think this man to be not far from the kingdom, and we invite him to go with us in the way of discipleship. Not he! We are offended at his bluntness, and we drop him from our prayer and endeavor. We are not compelling such a one to come in. Here is a teacher laboring along with seemingly an unimpressible pupil, here is a pastor following up a careless parishioner, here a Christian worker keeping on and on with a friend beloved, using one tender entreaty after another until at last the heart is yielded—this is Christian compulsion. Christ bids us use it.

Next Lesson—"Taking up the Cross." Luke 14: 25-35.

BILDAD'S RETURN.

The Eminent Statesman Crosses the Deep and Loses His Hat Thereon—Providence vs. Snakes—Goes to Sleep on the Ship.



I ARRIVED in New York to-day and am glad to find myself all well and happy. Don't think I will travel any more. There's too much excitement in it for my fine-strung nerves.

While in London, and after I had finished my interview with Mr. Stanley, I thought I might as well take a stroll out in the country and see if the farms in any way resembled our good old homes in America.

While on this little tour of inspection a very singular occurrence took place. I will relate it for the interest of those who will take an interest in it.

I was walking along the road, quickly watching the birds and trees and flowers, when I noticed a large snake at the side of the road. Naturally, I started to run. It followed. I had nothing to kill it with, and I thought it a good idea to let it follow me back where there were some people to help with it.

So I started out on a little easy trot, and the snake followed within three feet of me, but did not offer to spring at me.

There was a large stone in the path ahead of me, and when I stepped over it, in some way I fell so as to sit down exactly on the stone. The snake was just coming over the stone, and I cut him in two.

I don't know but that the jar was rather severe upon me, but withal I was very well satisfied, inasmuch as I was rid of my tormentor.

I decided not to monkey around in the country any more, lest were I to again get into such a fix providence might not relieve me as quickly and curiously as on this occasion. So I started right for the ticket window and arrived there just twenty minutes, by my Waterbury, before a train would take me to the water's edge.

After purchasing my transportation and getting myself seated in a comfortable chair I felt better.

I lost my hat on the way over, and asked one of the sailors to jump into the water and get it for me, but after he said "What do you take me for, sonny?" in a dangerous tone of voice, I thought I would come to New York bareheaded, rather than raise another kick about it.

An old fellow who seemed to take a great deal of interest in me offered to lend me an old hat to wear till I got where I could buy one, but I gave him such a contemptuous glance from my dark, expressive eyes that he nearly fainted, and on recovering himself knocked his hat off and I watched it leisurely sail down and settle upon the foaming crest of the deep blue.

He looked sorrowful, and I suggested that he should wear the ole hat he had offered me.

After this I got a pin and made a pin-hook out of it, got a spool of thread and busied myself for the rest of the forenoon in trying to get the hat. About 11 a. m., after the sun had nearly melted my head, I suddenly thought that perhaps that hat was 1,000 leagues away by this time, so I went in to bathe the feverish top of my head.

During my convalescence I thought I would write to you, dear Mr. Editor, so that you might sympathize with me. You know how it is, brother, when you feel like it will soon be over. You think of the many little crooked acts that perhaps you have never given consideration before. Perhaps you have cheated your neighbor out of seventy-five cents. Perhaps you have looked on the wine when it was red. Then somebody else looked at it and it wasn't there. Where did it go? This question comes home with striking significance.

My fellow men, prepare yourselves for such emergencies.

I thought of my home, of my family, of the hole my absence would make in the family circle, of my girl pining away day by day, losing three pounds a week; I thought of my wife and dear children. Let me see—did I mention a girl? It was a mistake. What girl was it?

It's hard to tell.

Well, I have got this business all tangled up. I must have a little sleep.

Will call again.

JIM BILDAD, the Slimhite.

It Wasn't a Bluff.

I was talking with the landlord of a small but tidy hotel, in a town in Illinois, when a trampish-looking fellow about 30 years of age entered the office and walked directly up to us and asked:

"Which of you is the landlord?"

"I am," answered the host.

"Well, I am out of money, hungry and ragged, and have got to make a strike. Can you lend me a fiver?"

"Lend you $5?"

"That's what I said."

"Not much."

"Then I will blow my brains out right here and now!" said the fellow as he pulled a pistol from his hip pocket. "If you don't think the muss, the inquest, and what the papers will say won't hurt your house more than $5 worth, why, don't give me the money. Give you thirty seconds to decide."

"Here's your five," said the landlord, after looking the man over.

He took it with a "Thank you," and went off, and a week later, when at Des Moines, I entered my hotel to find a man dead on the floor and a Coroner's inquest going on.

"Who is he?" I asked of the landlord.

"Don't know. He came in about an hour ago and struck me for five, saying he would blow his brains out if I refused. I ordered him out, and there he lies. I thought he was bluffing, but he had a full hand and played it."—*New York Sun.*

ONE of the state foresters of Prussia estimates that the forests of Europe cover the following areas: Germany, 34,596,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,000; Austria-Hungary, 46,951,700 acres; Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France, 22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,769,000 acres, and England, 2,471,000 acres.

MRS. EVANS GORDON is winning great praise in India as a tiger-slayer. When it comes to a question of the lady or the tiger, the tiger loses every time.

THE Philadelphia *Times* intimates that the mosquito believes in free bides. This is a mistake; he exacts a heavy tariff on them.

No Land on Which the Sun Shines

Possesses greater natural advantages than our own, but there are portions of the great grain-bearing West and fertile South where atmospheric influences prejudicial to health militate against them, in some degree, as places of residence. Heavy rainfalls and the overflow of great rivers, which upon their subsidence leave dank vegetation exposed to the rays of the sun, there beget malarial fevers, and there also the inhabitants are periodically obliged to use some medicinal safeguard against the scourge. The most popular is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a preventive that has for over a third of a century afforded reliable protection to those whom experience in the futility of ordinary remedies for fever and ague, has taught to substitute for them. Whether intermittent or remittent, miasmatic fevers are conquered and averted by the superb anti-periodic and fortifying medicine as they are by no other preparation in use. Use it, and abandon impure local bitters.

No Wonder he Was.

Snifkins—Ye gods! Look at Briggs. Isn't he stuck up? What's the matter with him that he's grown so proud all of a sudden? Has he made a fortune, or—?

Bimley—No; his wife sent him down town the other day to match some cloth for her, and he came within two shades of getting the right color.—*Lawrence American.*

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is a liquid and is taken internally. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

No Fear of Faculties.

Ambitious Youth—Oh, if I only had a little money! I'd enter college at once.

Friend—Enter college? Maybe you could not get in without a long course of preparatory study.

Ambitious Youth—Nonsense! Haven't I just passed a civil service examination for fourth assistant spittoon cleaner?—*New York Weekly.*

Six Novels Free, will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada, postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

He Conversed in His Sleep.

"George, in your sleep last night I heard you say, 'Guffey, give me five dollars' worth of chips?'"

"Oh, yes; Guffey keeps a kindling store."

"Well, we are greatly in need of kindling to start fires, but we don't want five dollars' worth, George."—*Times-Democrat.*

"DIRT defies the king." If the old proverb be true, SAPOLIO is greater than royalty itself. Try it in your next house-cleaning. Grocers keep it.

What a Fall Was There.

"Mamma," said a Chicago lad, "did little brother come directly from Heaven?"

"Y-yes."

"And landed here in Chicago?"

"O course."

"Well, he took a mighty big tumble."—*Boston Post.*

WE moved here recently, and the druggist said he didn't have any Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, but when I said I wouldn't have any other, he said he would get some in a few days, and so he did. I know what Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers will do, and will not give my children any other.—*Mrs. J. D. Blair, Burton, Cal.*

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Jones—How would you like something from Shakspeare; for instance, "As You Like It."—*Texas Siftings.*

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Same Thing.

Do Smith (at church fair, where raffling is in progress)—This reminds me of a little incident that happened to me out West.

Esmeralda Longcoffin—What was it?

Do Smith—I was in a train when it was robbed.—*Texas Siftings.*

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Cully Chawedup (in the dock)—We're good for six month's dis mornin'. De Judge is in a horrible temper.

Frayed Nosie (third offense)—How yer know? Yer ain't been takin' to 'im, has yer?

Cully—Naw, but I seed him cuttin' his lawn just before I was nabbed last night. —*Life.*

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Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blotches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

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THE LADIES' CORNER.

MEN ARE NOT EXPECTED TO READ THIS COLUMN.

Always Kept In the House—Feminine Cleverness—A Woman's Idea of War—How Ida Lewis Lives In Lime Rock Light.

The story of a singular woman, who has just died in Hungary, is told by the *Pall Mall Gazette.* The fraulein was the daughter of well-to-do parents. Thirty years ago she was a pretty girl and was about to be married. Her lover one day, "to test her obedience and love," desired her on a certain feast day not to go into the streets. She promised she would not, but did not keep her promise and went into the town. The next day her lover came to see her, and straightway released her from her engagement, saying that a lady who could not make so small a sacrifice was not suitable to be his wife. Miss Linn, by way of "castigation and exercise devout," thereupon made a vow that never again during her life-time would she leave her house. And she kept her word.

Feminine Cleverness.

What is really a clever woman?

A clever woman is one who looketh well after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she does not understand.

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact, and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the cleverest.

A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea; she brings the sweetness and strength out of everybody else.

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of any situation.

A clever woman is one whose ability is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world.

A clever woman is one who acknowledges her neighbor's right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone is the motive power of the world.

A clever woman is one who is at ease in any place and among any people.

A clever woman is the woman, my friend, that you and I should want for a guide, councilor, and friend.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Brush Your Hair, Girls.

Brush and brush your hair, if you want to get that lovely gloss that society girls are so eager for. Give your hair 200 strokes every night before jumping into bed.

Don't be afraid of brushing it too much. The more you brush the more gloss you get. If your eyebrows are thin brush those too, with a tiny brush, and if they don't curve to suit you, get a tiny comb and train them in whichever direction you wish them to go. Brushing keeps them in good shape, and it is so much easier to brush than to trim them. Besides, if you do not understand how to trim them properly, you are apt to look funny until they grow out again.

If you wish to keep away wrinkles, sleep on your back. I know you will have bad dreams if you do so, but I had rather put up with the dreams than the wrinkles.

Hadn't you?

Sleeping on your side causes wrinkles under the eye.

Be sure to both wash and wipe your face toward your nose, for the nose never wrinkles. By wiping toward it you will prevent those little wrinkles near the ear which are so plainly seen.

When you smile, do it with the eyes and mouth, and not with the face.

Laughing makes wrinkles, but keep on laughing, only don't do it with the face.

I have just taken four moles from my face, and it is very badly done. You can do it yourself, only be careful, for it burns, burns.

Get 5-cents' worth of muriatic acid and, three times a day, touch the mole with a toothpick dipped into the acid. It will come off in about a week, leaving a red spot on the face. Leave that spot alone and it will heal by itself.

They say "moles are a sign of beauty," but I prefer the beauty without the moles.—*Boston Globe.*

A Woman's Idea of War.

A writer in the Pittsburgh *Commercial*, telling how little love for bloodshed and slaughter there was in the breast of the average soldier, during our late war, says:

"Singularly enough, fair woman, generous, tender-hearted woman, is the last to forget and forgive. She was more bloody-minded than her brother, rejoiced more disaster to the enemy, and wept more bitterly when defeat came to her friends. Possibly, if she had been on the field, gun in hand, she would not have been so unrelenting nor so anxious for the fray.

"During the series of artillery duels that took place between the confederates posted on Kenesaw Mountain and the Yankees in the woods below, a delegation of ladies came up from Atlanta to visit the army. Among the rest was a dashing daughter of the South from Macon who was very anxious to see the Yankees run. When the party reached the battery on the Little Kenesaw the guns on both sides were quiet. At the foot of the mountain lay the Yankee army, more resembling a camp of militia than an army with banners.

"Captain, we came up here to see you all make the Yankees run," said the belle from Macon.

"But these are not the running kind," replied the Captain, who knew whereof he spoke.

"Why don't you shoot down there and scare them, for I am sure they are such cowards that they will run at the first shot?" she asked.

"We don't care to stir them up," he replied, pleasantly.

Then the Macon belle stamped her little foot and railed so hotly at the Captain and his men that they consented to drop a shot or two for her satisfaction.

Capt. Gardner of the Fifth Wisconsin artillery, whose guns were trained on the battery above, saw the muzzles of the guns coming through the port-holes, followed an instant later by three puffs of white smoke, and the men in camp could see the waving of white handkerchiefs, as if bidding godspeed to the deadly missiles through the air.

No sooner had the white puff appeared than six shots rang out in rapid succession from Gardner's guns, and the clouds of dust and fleeing people showed that they had gone where they could do the most good. There was no more waving of hankerchiefs, nor fluttering skirts, nor flashing field-glasses, but all was quiet on Little Kenesaw.

That night two prisoners were captured by our pickets and they told the sequel.

The Macon belle lost a leg, the Captain was killed, two ladies seriously wounded, one gun disabled, and several soldiers injured by the first volley from Gardner's guns. As the party fled toward Marietta they were followed by shot and shell almost to the edge of the town.

Such was woman's idea of war.

Ida Lewis at Home.

Running from the mainland of the city of Newport, Rhode Island, into the west side of its harbor, is a log, staunchly built wharf, says Ellen Le Grade, in *The Ladies' Home Journal.* Were you to find your way to its end, you would ere long see from the light-house beyond, a woman appear and glance in your direction. Presently, with agile step, she runs down the narrow ladder fastened to the stone wall, jumps nimbly into a boat, unties it from its mooring, takes the heavy oars, and, with a beauty of stroke all her own pulls with a long and strong pull that sends her flying toward the steps of the pier on which you wait. Her back is erect as that of a young girl, and her powerful strength manifest in the great strides the row-boat makes, and yet, when she deftly turns it around and you get a good look at her face, it can be seen that it belongs to a woman in middle life, but upon whom time has left but a few tell-tale marks. She puts out a welcoming hand with a beautiful white wrist, adding a cheery smile and word of greeting as she makes ready to take you over to Lime Rock as her guest. You have cause for self-congratulation in being thus favored by the heroine—Ida Lewis.

Life on a light-house, situated as is Lime Rock light, is not the gruesome thing generally imagined. With a six-roomed house there are cares that fill the day, and, like any other "gude wife," Miss Lewis has her pots, kettles, and pans to attend to, rooms to sweep, beds to make, papers and magazines to read, letters to write, and all the various creatures to manage which fill the time of a busy woman. A devoted church woman, she spends Sunday on shore whenever her brother is at home.

As the only woman light-house keeper in our country, and the last one that will be given a light—for such is the verdict of the powers that be—Miss Lewis has other duties that are unique. Exactly at sundown she must light her lamp, and precisely at midnight another must be substituted. All through the night it must be watched, and Miss Lewis likens this constant care to that demanded by an infant. The wick might flare or burn low, the chimney smoke or crack, or any of the hundred-and-one accidents happen that are ever taking place with the use of kerosene oil. She can but catch cat-naps; hence the nearness of her sleeping-room to the light. At sunrise the law requires her lamp, like the foolish virgins', to have gone out, and from this fact she is an early riser. The responsibility is no small one, for the slightest neglect of duty or accident to her light or lenses would bring a report from the first seaman who suffered by it. Lives hang on her vigilance, but to her credit no light on all the coast is as regularly or perfectly attended to, nor does any other gain from the Government Inspector so high a report. Miss Lewis keeps a daily expense book, noting just the amount of wick and oil burnt, and the time to a second of a lighting and putting out of the lamp. In addition, a record of the weather must be entered daily. As Lime Rock light is a first-class light, no rations are allowed, the yearly salary being $750, and two tons of coal.

General Grant.

General Grant, as is well known, was very fond of horses, and from the time that he was a cadet at West Point was frequently called upon to conquer unruly and vicious animals. He took a keen pleasure, too, in driving fast, spirited horses. But he could never be induced to go to a race nor to bet on a horse.

He had certain little superstitions which he allowed to influence his conduct. One of these was his belief that to turn back when he had once set out to go to a certain place would ensue defeat to his object. This superstition probably underlay his dogged persistence in "holding on" during the war; indeed, it would be a useful weakness in any one, whether soldier or school-boy.

He once told his friend that when he was a young lieutenant on the frontier he had seen how unjustly the Indians were treated by the white settlers and resolved if he ever had any authority, to help them. Out of this determination grew the Indian Commission which he appointed when President, choosing the men who he believed would be most just and fearless in dealing with this national difficulty.

A marked trait in his character was his modesty and purity. The writer of the "Recollections" states that during a long and intimate acquaintance with him he never heard Grant make an indelicate allusion or utter a word which could not be repeated to a woman.

His last appearance in public was at Ocean Grove, a large seaside camp-ground near Long Branch, where he owned a cottage. During his last illness a friend induced him to go down to the camp-meeting. More than ten thousand people were assembled on the beach when the well-known figure suddenly appeared, leaning on crutches on the edge of the crowd.

With one impulse the great multitude rose and burst into a cheer which drowned the thunder of the sea. Grant hesitated, removed his hat, tried to speak a few words but broke down, bowed to them, and then, with the tears running down his cheeks, turned away and "was seen no more."—*Youth's Companion.*

A Hero's Deed.

At a fire at Bintlingon, in Altmark, recently, it was discovered that a lady was in the burning house. Suddenly from the crowd came a voice: "A hundred marks to him who brings out Frau Werner!" Hereupon one Stegmann, a married man and the father of a family, quickly elbowed his way through the throng, and, saying as he did so, "Who thinks of thalers when a life's at steak?" rushed into the burning pile. The crowd awaited his return with breathless anxiety, and at length the half-suffocated man was seen on the threshold, bearing in his arms the insensible form of Frau Werner. Scarcely had he reached the street and delivered his burden into the custody of her friends than the walls fell in. The hundred marks were instantly forthcoming, but the brave fellow emphatically refused a pfennig, saying he had only done an act of common charity.—*Galignani Messenger.*

SHORT SUNDAY SERMONS.

PREACHED THROUGH THE VARIOUS CLEVER PENS.

Indolence—Let It Dry—"A Little Fun"—Some of the Results of Pride—Some Good Sabbath Reading.

Indolence, according to Bishop Huntington, is the worst enemy the Church has to encounter. Men sleep around her altar. Life has no significance, eternity no awfulness, enjoyment no obligations, bereavement no solemnity, suffering no prophetic suggestions of an hereafter, holiness no enrapturing beauty, but men stretch at ease and sleep among the most stirring revelations of Providence. Where the Church lives and holds the truth, not as the mortuary of a buried benefactor, but as a present inspiration, it will never suffer its members to sit idly with folded hands, looking lazily on white fields of harvest, but will send them forth to work with an impulse no disappointment can palsy, no misgivings keep back.

Let It Dry.

Father Graham, as everybody in the village called him, was one of the old-fashioned gentlemen of whom there are so few left now. He was beloved by everyone, and his influence in the little town was great, so good and active was he. One bit of wisdom which he gave to a young friend is well worth noting.

A young man of the village had been badly insulted, and came to Father Graham full of angry indignation, declaring that he was going at once to demand an apology.

"My dear boy," Father Graham said, "take a word of advice from an old man who loves peace: An insult is like mud; it will brush off much better when it is dry. Wait a little, till you and he are both cool, and the thing is easily mended. If you go now, it will only be to quarrel."

It is pleasant to be able to add that the young man took his advice, and before the next day was done the insulting person came to beg forgiveness.

Some of the Results of Pride.

"God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble." James 4: 5.

A proud look is an abomination unto the Lord. Knowing these things brethren, let us cleanse ourselves from every thing pertaining to the flesh that indicates pride. It is one of the worst evils or enemies of our soul. It is the cause of more bankrupt sales, paupers, fallen women, and degraded, discouraged men, tired cross mothers, and ruined children, than any other sin on God's footstool. It carries otherwise intelligent women into heathenish practices, such as mutilating the ears, deforming the body (God's holy temple) by squeezing the waist, humping the back and crippling the feet, so that instead of an easy modest bearing, our women have a pinched, uncomfortable, immodest, and care-worn look; instead of the fresh easy over disposition that God intends women should have, clothed with a meek, quiet spirit." Can such patterns go to a foreign land and teach the ignorant of Jesus whom they should represent in practice as well as precept? "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." A proud heart is always indexed on the outside. May God write the truth on the hearts of those who read these few thoughts. Pure religion keeps us unspotted from the world.

"A Little Fun."

Mr. B——, the owner of large manufactories in a Pennsylvania town, was lately showing a visitor over the Works, and came at last to a building containing a gymnasium, reading-rooms, baths, and a comfortable, large apartment well-lighted and warmed and fitted up with different games, for the use of the workingmen.

"How did you come to build this house?" asked the visitor. "It was not here five years ago."

"No," was the reply. "It all grew out of a 'spree' of one of the furnace-men. He was an honest, well-meaning fellow whose only work was to shovel coal—hot, heavy work enough.

"One day Jem was missing. The next he was arrested in a drunken fight and was was sent to jail. When he came out I sent for him. 'How did this happen?' I said. 'I dunno, sir,' he anwered, 'I'm not a drinking man. But I got wake, an' tired of the coal. I wanted a little fun. The room where I bunked was as hot as the furnace—so—I went on a spree. I was mighty tired of the coal, sir, year in an' year out.'

"I sent Jem back to the coal and then put a few questions to myself.

"When I 'got wake an' tired' of the routine of work, I did not have to go to a stifling bunk to sleep, or to whiskey for relief. I went to a dinner-party, perhaps, or found some congenial friends, or read a good book or listened to fine music.

"The writers, the painters, the composers of all ages had found a thousand ways to soothe or stimulate my overworked body and jaded brain. Or, I could afford to turn my back on work and run away to a neighboring city or to the woods and fields for the 'little fun' which every man ought to have to keep brain and body sound. Jem had none of these things. The 'spree' took the place of all.

"I thought I owed him something. I talked to the other manufacturers, and this house is the result. When he and his fellows are through with their day's work now they can find rest and amusement here, and are not driven to the gin-shop."

Christians in this country are beginning to perceive that their duty to their brother begins by helping him before he commits crime.

How can we, at ease in our respectable lives, pray to God to lead us not into temptation if we leave our weaker brothers struggling with it, face to face?—*Youth's Companion.*

Polly and the Minister.

Sister Robbins lay upon her sick-bed watching the clock, the slant of the sunbeams, and occasionally talking to her polly—a wise-looking gray parrot with glittering eyes and brilliant scarlet tail. It would be better, perhaps, to say that she replied to Polly, for the parrot was by far the more talkative.

There came a rap at the door of the room. "Whoa!" said Polly. "Come in," said Sister Robbins.

The visitor entered, and proved to be the Methodist minister. Polly crept to Mrs. Robbins and cuddled close up to the lady's neck, having her gray pate close beside her mistress's cheek. After some conversation the minister proposed to Sister Robbins that they have "a season of prayers," and accordingly knelt by her bedside, and, with closed eyes and devout voice, began to pray.

Polly's eyes glittered more than ever. She crept unnoticed from her place of refuge, and with slow-lifted claws and noiseless step over the white counterpane went close to the unconscious minister. She scanned him meditatively, and then when her head was so near his that you would have thought his ear in danger of being snipped off, she suddenly cried out in the clearest tones: "What in the world are you doing?"

Sister Robbins finds it hard to convince the minister that they have family prayers. He says Polly's evidence is against her.—*Wide Awake.*

The Romance of a Cemetery.

Down near one of the Southern cities where the flowers bloom nearly all the year round, and the oriole builds his nest and calls to his mate to come to him, for the home is prepared, is a cemetery famous for its beauty. Years ago it was the country-place of a very rich man; he was a widower with a beautiful daughter and three handsome sons. The daughter was a sweet girl, idolized by her father, which affection she more than reciprocated. A bitter family feud existed between the father and his nearest neighbor, who had but one child—a son. At a friend's house this pretty Juliet met and grew to know her Romeo. Naturally enough they fell in love with each other, vowed eternal constancy, and thought that, in time, the fathers of each might be won over by their children, and induced to give consent to the marriage. But the old men grew bitter and more bitter, and the two sweethearts found it very difficult to see each other. One summer night the little lady had an appointment with her lover at the foot of the hill that was just in front of her home. The moon was so bright that she dreaded going out in her own clothes, and so, in a spirit of frolic, she had her maid hunt up some of her brother's clothes and into them she got, laughing as she thought how her sweetheart would be surprised. A long, old-fashioned cloak was thrown over her, and a broad-brimmed, soft, felt hat crowned her head. As she went over the hill one of her brothers saw her, and told his father that he believed some one from the next place was on their grounds, possibly to kill some of their dogs, or poison their horses. Very quickly the old man rushed to the veranda, armed with a gun. He saw the figure moving along swiftly, but he took aim, aim so sure that it struck his own heart, and fired. Both arms went up in the air, the figure staggered and fell over. Hearing the shot, the waiting lover rushed to see what was the matter. In the meantime the others had gathered round. The hat had fallen off the pretty head which it had disguised, and there, pure and white, under the light of the moon, was revealed to the brothers the face of their own sister. She was carried back to the house, dead—not able to speak her forgiveness to her father, or give a word of love to her sweetheart. The scene can be easily imagined. The lover upbraided the father, but the younger brother said, "As she lies here let her be the peacemaker. She loved you in life; let us care for each other because of her death." So she was buried near her own home, and all the people for miles around, knowing of her tragic death, came to show their respect and to line the cover of her grave with the blossoms which she had loved in her life.

The beautiful country-place was sold with an express proviso that it was to be made a cemetery. The brothers, and the father and lover, all went away and never came back until each was brought there to be laid to rest near the one they had loved. Now the city of the the dead numbers among its people Elizabeth Patterson Bonaparte, who has engraved on the granite bearing her name, "After life's fitful fever she sleeps well." Near by is the tomb of the Booth family, and that of Reinhart, the sculptor, who died when fame had made his name a household word, is not far off. There are crosses erected to the memory of little children; there are tablets that tell of those who have lived and loved, suffered and toiled. But to them who know, most interesting of all, is the little gravestone raised to the memory of the unfortunate girl who died because of her love.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Awkward Situations.

Some trifling mishap may put a man into an unpleasant position, where, without any fault of his own, he may be exposed to the gravest suspicion. Mr. Horstman, in his "Consular Reminiscences," says that once, by putting a letter into a postoffice box at a Munich street-corner, he placed himself in a very unpleasant situation.

The box was so well stuffed that an edge of his letter stuck out of the slit. He pushed it in with his fingers, and found, on drawing his hand back, that his ring had caught against the brass teeth of the inside opening, so that the harder he pulled the tighter he was held. At last, by pushing his hand a little farther in and by raising the teeth with his other hand, he managed to free himself.

Then it flashed through his mind the predicament he would have been in had a stupid policeman happened along and arrested him for trying to steal letters from a street-box. That might have happened; this did happen at Nuremborg.

A gentleman, about leaving the city at night, and being late at the station, paid silver for his ticket in a hurried manner, and darted toward the waiting-room to pass through it to the train. Suddenly he was tapped on the shoulder; upon turning he saw a policeman who told him that he was arrested for passing counterfeit money.

At the police office the silver the gentleman had paid at the station was produced. It had a peculiar whitish lustre and a queer feel to the fingers. He was asked to show what money he had, and all the silver in his purse looked and felt the same way.

But on examination the silver was found to be genuine. His purse was also examined and he was asked where he had bought it. He said he had purchased it from a street vender two hours before, for a very small sum.

Then the secret came out. The purse was made from the cast-off sheep-skin bags in which quicksilver is exported from Spain. The skin of the purse being strongly impregnated with quicksilver had given to the silver coin its whitish lustre and greasy feel to the touch. The gentleman was at once liberated, but he had to remain that night in the quaint old town.

In the restaurant—"Here, waiter, here is a quarter for you. And just tell me now what you can conscientiously recommend to me." Waiter—If you want anything good, sir, go to some other restaurant.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Summer Lecture Series.

At the opening of the meeting Brother Gardner announced that lecture No. 2 of the summer series, announced at the last meeting, would be delivered by the Hon. Sidehill Wellington, D. X.—S. G.—AI, of Eufaula, Ala. The gentleman named was known as "The Demosthenes of the South," and ranked as a philosopher of the first water. His subject was: "Why Ar' Dis Thus?" and Samuel Shin and Pickles Smith were warned to preserve a proper decorum in the presence of the stranger or be prepared for the consequences.

The honorable gentleman was introduced by the visiting committee in one time and three motions. Like all great philosophers his shoes were down at the heel, his elbows frayed, his knees out of true, and his general appearance proved a carelessness on his part as to whether he got up right-end first or not in the morning. He was received with enthusiastic applause, during which Deacon Baker managed to give Elder Toots a vigorous kick and lay it to accident. As he bowed his applause two buttons were heard to strike the wall behind him and his collar made a determined effort to rise above his ears.

"My frens," began the honorable in a voice rich with anticipation of the coming watermelon season, "we go to bed at night. If we hev no company we go to bed 'long 'bout half-past 9 o'clock. If we hev a *soiree* on hand it may be two hours later. If I ax you what you go to bed fur you answer to sleep. What do you sleep fur? You reply dat it is bekase natur' intended you to. Yes, but why did she? You can't tell. You tumble into bed an' lay dar' on your backs an' snooze an' snore an' dream of de lucky numbers in policy, an' when mawnin' comes you fall out an' kick de dog an' jaw de chill'en' an' wish you was rich an' didn't hev to go to work. [Yells of applause.] Natur' meant dat you should lie down in sleep to give de body a rest—to let all de muscles relax, de nerves grow quiet, the brain cease its tremendous efforts fur awhile. My world-renowned tonic, which kin be had in de ante-room after dis meetin' adjourns at two-bits a bottle, ebery bottle warranted to hold half a pint, will bring about dis happy result. No cure no pay."

The orator paused here to imbibe a glass of water, and a puzzled look crept into Brother Gardner's face. He was observed to make a signal to Givendam Jones, and that individual nodded as if he understood.

"We hev de back-ache," continued the orator—"de back-ache, de colic, pains in de chist, fits of melancholy, bad dreams, sudden desiah to jump off de tower of de City Hall. We hev sich things an' we nebber stop to inquar' de reason. We jist go right 'long sufferin', layin' our sad condishun to Jay Gould, Vanderbilt an' de Standard Oil Company, an' nebber supposin' dat is a sartin an' cheap cure right at hand. [Sensation.] My frens, I has the proud satisfackshun to tell you dat I am de inventor, proprietor an' sole agent on dis globe fur de 'Wellington Cholera Preventative an' Lightnin' Co'n Remover,' an' arter dis meetin' is ober my remedy kin be had by any of de gen'len present at de usual price of two-bits a box—warranted purely vegetable or money refunded." [High old applause.]

As the speaker stopped to take another pint of water there was a broad grin on almost every face, and this was increased by the uneasy movements of Brother Gardner. It was plain to be seen that he had been taken in and done for again, and that he was arranging some sort of program with Givendam Jones, who has long held the position of Bogardus Kicker to the club.

"My frens," pathetically continued the honorable, after the water had been put away behind his nankeen vest, "you is walkin' along de street, an' am suddenly tooken wid a crick in de back, an' can't go on down to de bank an' draw out $50. You git up in the mawnin' feelin' slumpy. You doan keer two cents whether you hev quail on toast or turkey on sweet-cake for breakfast. You wake up in de night wid a cole sweat startin' out, a violent beatin of de heart, an' a fear in your soul dat a band of anarchists is hidden under de bed to take your life. On sartin occashuns you sot down wid a piece of chalk an' a shingle to figger up how much a y'ar it will cost you to rent forty possoffice boxes at $4 each. You is stuck. De figgers dance away from you. Your eyes blur an' you jump up in alarm if de dog howls in de back yard. You go right along jist de same, however, nebber stoppin' to inquar' into de nateral causes, an' de fust thing you know your friends am gathered around your bedstead to see you expire. [Decided sensation all over the hall.] My frens, it gives me de utmos' pleasure to be able to inform you on dis auriferous occasion dat I am de sole owner of what is called 'De Wellington Cure-All Plaster,' which I warrant to be composed of sixteen different roots an' de best Norf Carolina tar. Dese plasters sell at twenty cents each, or six for a dollah, and de President of dis United States had one on de small of his back when he entered de White Hoese fur de fust time. Arter dis meetin' is ambuscaded I shall be moss' happy to see you all in de ante-room, an' I——"

At this point Givadam Jones interrupted the speaker to say that a man wanted to see him outside on very important business.

"Exactly," replied the honorable, "My frens, I will retiah for a moment an' ascertain his business. My address is only half concluded."

He retired in good order, smiling and bowing as he passed down the aisle, but he never came back. Two minutes later his voice was heard saying:

"Boy, be keerful whar you put dat fut of yours! I doan' low nowbody to fool wid me!"

And a little later.

"I nebber skipped a town yit, an' I won't begin now!"

Then Paradise Hall jarred and vibrated, and then the plaster fell in spots, and the stove-door swung wide open. Something bumped on the stairs and fell "korsquash" into the alley, followed by a racket as if a dray-horse was galloping for his life. In three or four minutes Givendam Jones returned, the right leg of his trousers split to the knee, and his breath coming hard, and as he sat down Brother Gardner arose and said:

"My frens, de difference between a philosopher an' a fakir is sometimes so powerful fine dat de best of men are deceived. It's my opinyun dat we got hold of de wrong animal, but dere's no great harm dun. I reckon he won't bodder us no more, an' perhaps he has left us a few grains of wheat among de chaff. We will now annunciate homewards."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Large Salaried New York Singers.

Miss Clementina De Vere, soprano in Dr. Paxton's church, New York city, receives $4,500 a year for her services or $112.50 each Sunday. This is said to be the highest salary ever paid to a choir singer either in this country or Europe. Miss Jennie Dutton, soprano of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, New York, draws $3,000 a year from the church and earns $5,000 more from concert engagements.—*New York World.*

Life on a Canal Boat.

"So you want to know how we contrive to live on board a canal boat?" said a bright little woman, leading her guest toward the cabin companionway. "Well, follow me, and you will see." She directed the visitor to stoop low as he began the descent of the cabin stairs, and the admonition came none too soon, for the stairways are low and steep, with no head room to spare. But once inside the cabin it was quite another matter, for a considerable portion of these big boats is allotted to living quarters. This cabin was especially roomy and homelike, for the floor had been scrubbed and rescrubbed until it was white as snow. The room was carpeted with several bright rugs. Curtains of some sort of dainty white stuff, fluttered with the morning breeze as it swept softly in over a bunch of "love entangled" that grew in a little flower pot on the window edge. Pictures were everywhere about the panelled sides of the cabin, and a canary bird in a gilded cage sang sweetly in the window near the pretty flower. The doors of the state-room stood open, and disclosed a pretty picture of snowy bed-spreads and fancy pillow shams, while the kitchen, with its shining pots and pans, was an ideal place for a good cook. "We do most of our cooking up on deck during the warm weather, and the men put awnings up to shield us from the sun. It keeps the smell of the cooking away from the cabin and leaves it in a much cooler condition," the woman explained, as she kindly offered a cup of warm coffee to her visitor. In the course of a ten minutes' conversation she succeeded in giving a picture of the life of the average women who must find their homes on the water by the side of a father, brother, or husband. During the winter months most of the boats lie up in the Erie or Atlantic Basins at New York City, and through all these long winter days the women on board the two or three hundred boats go visiting and give parties and dances pretty much the same as their sisters on land whose abiding places have rather more stability. Of course there is no opportunity for social intercourse while the boats are on the move, but, on the whole, the women on the canal have quite as nice a life as the average of their sex who reside on land. Everything about their quarters is neat and clean, and invested with the home spirit which is inseparable from any nook and corner, however unpromising, which is presided over by women.

In Sleep.

An old resident in Vermont tells the following story, belonging to his past experience as a country postmaster. Unlike many more thrilling tales, it has the advantage of being strictly true. Those were the days when travel was carried on by stage-coach, and the arrival of the mails was often delayed by bad roads and stormy weather.

It happened, one spring when the mud was almost up to the horse's knees, that we had no mail for three days. The consequence was that the three-days' batch, consisting of nine bags, came in late one night, as I was about going to bed. I determined to delay distribution until morning, and fell asleep rather harassed at the thought of so large a task.

Next day I rose early, and went into the office to open my mail-bags. They were gone! The corner where I always left them was quite empty, and my heart began to beat loud and fast. The mail had been delivered to me, I was responsible for it, and it was not to be found. Presently, as I started about, the big drops of sweat gathering on my forehead, I noticed small packages of letters lying in the places where I was accustomed to leave them before sending them out into the several districts by the farmers who came to town. I looked further; the mail was all distributed. Then I turned to the spot where I always threw the empty bags after finishing my work. There they lay, collapsed and empty.

Now you know exactly as much about this story as I know myself. It seems very evident to me that I rose in my sleep, impressed by the unusual task before me, and finished it mechanically. I had never been a sleep-walker before, and I never did such a thing again.

She had Done a Good Day's Business.

An ancient Irish dame has a small stand close by the Franklin statue in Printing House Square from which she offers to passers-by the cool and refreshing lemonade. If there is wind anywhere it always seems to find a funnel up Spruce street, and Boreas was doing some of his best work on his favorite thoroughfare yesterday.

A young woman in her best bib and tucker, with the inevitable young man, was crossing from the postoffice in the direction of the bridge. A particularly strong puff of wind nearly blew off her hat, bristling with meadow flowers, and all her attention was given to keeping it on her head. The rude breeze, however, took charge of her dress, and as it blew around got entangled with the only three glasses Bridget had on her stand. They fell on the flags, to be simply smashed into smithereens.

For a moment there was silence, then the owner, in pure Hibernian, gave vent to her feelings, and the language was not really ladylike. The young man was, however, equal to the occasion, and diving into his pocket produced and gave to the Celtic Hebe a dollar bill. The latter looked at the note for some seconds and then it disappeared into that undiscovered country so far as men are concerned—a woman's pocket.

Jack and Jill had passed on; of this the vender of cool drinks made certain. She then deliberately took up her bucket of water, dashed it on the ground, picked up her lemons and folding up her temporary stand made a beeline for home. She had done a good day's business.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

One Exception.

"Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squildig.

"Not everything," replied McSwilligun.

"What isn't, I'd like to know?"

"Umbrellas go up every day or two."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

THE American miss who marries a foreign count hopes to become a "Countess So-and-so," but usually ends with being a Miss-Fit.—*The Merchant Traveler.*

CHARITY begins at home, but reform is different.

A ROMANCE WITH A BIG R.

Did the Mercenary Motives that Prompted the Rescue Move Him to Marry Her?

"I remember the first $1,000 I ever earned," says Henry Westfall, a wealthy resident of Colorado.

"Well, rather. I was a young lad at the time and the only child of the poorest family in la coal mining town of Pennsylvania.

"One day, while engaged picking slate, I heard a big commotion at the mouth of the mine. The men were very much excited, and the owner, who was the richest and most devout churchman in the town, was wringing his hands, and imploring the men to do something. Running up I learned the men had fired a fuse attached to an extra large cartridge and had just come from the mine when they discovered that they had left the pretty little daughter of the owner behind. She had gone down with her father and while the latter came up for an errand had wandered away. The cartridge had not yet exploded as the fuse had purposely been made long to enable the men to get up.

"The father, as you may imagine, was agonized. He offered $1,000 to anyone who would go down after the little one. But no one would stir. All of them had families of their own—except, of course myself—and would not run the risk of death. The sum was a fortune to me, especially as my father was, from sickness, unable to work. Jumping on the car I called to be let down, and amid the cheers of the men I descended. Each moment had death in it for me, unless the fuse were longer than was thought. But I tried not to think of it and when I reached the bottom the child was playing at the mouth of the shaft. I grabbed her, put her in the car and gave the signal to be hoisted up. But the car did not move. I repeated the signal, but still without avail. In agony of fear I jerked it again and the car still remaining in the bottom I bade the little girl stay where she was and then I ran into the new drift where the explosion was to take place. A little spark revealed the whereabouts of the fuse. The fuse was still an inch long and I took hold of it and pulled it out. I tried to cheer, but had fainted instead. When I came to I was on top of the ground, taken there by the men who, when in answer to my last signal—they had not received the other two—had raised the little girl and then came down for me.

"Well, the next day the father thanked me, but said nothing about the $1,000. The men advised me to ask for it. I refused. Then some of them asked for me, and the owner told them that they were mistaken; he had offered nothing. So mad were they that they threatened to throw him down the mine, but they desisted at my request. A few weeks later I was discharged, probably because I was an eyesore to the owner. My father having in the meantime recovered, I went away and obtained work in New York, and after awhile secured a fair position.

"One day about fifteen years after this event, a charming young lady drove up in her carriage, and, coming in, called for me. She did not at first give her name, but asked me if I would do her a favor. Of course I said yes. She then told me that it was she whom I had saved; that her father had died a short time before, and that in looking over his papers she had found a letter from some of the men to him upbraiding him for not paying the $1,000. This was the first she had heard of the obligation, and she had immediately set out to find me. As she said this she handed me a check for $1,500, the extra $500 being, she explained, the interest. I was about to refuse to accept the check, but she reminded me that I had promised to do her a favor and that I must keep my word. So I took it, with her card, and she left. What became of her? Well, six months later she became my wife."

Dandies' Pluck.

"The Dandies fought well at Waterloo," said Wellington of the officers of the Horse Guards. Baron Malortie, in his book, "'Twixt Old Times and New," describes two young German officers whom he met at the dinner-table of a Frankfurt hotel. Their conversation was so silly and their manners so foppish that the Baron nicknamed them "Count Top and Baron Fop." But in 1871 the Baron again dined at the Frankfort hotel, and upon asking the head waiter what had become of Count Top and Baron Fop, he learned that the Count had been killed at Sedan, while bravely leading his squad, and that the Baron had earned the Iron Cross for taking a gun at St. Privat.

Facts of this kind prove that fops, with all their follies and absurdities, can do their duty like men, when their country requires their services. During the Civil War in this country many of the "fops" of Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago showed themselves heroes. At the first battle of Bull Run, a New York dandy, a commissary, seeing his regiment waver, under the murderous fire, cantered slowly in front, saying: "Boys, I can't lead you, but I can show you how to be steady under fire!"

On the eve of Solferino, Prince Braunfels, only eighteen years old and fresh from school, joined his regiment, the Kaiser Jaegers, as an ensign. The Colonel, not knowing what to do with the boy just before a battle, put him at the wing of a company, with the remark: "Stick to those fellows through thick and thin! that's the only advice I can give you, for it will be hot to-day—good-by."

The Prince tried to make friends with his neighbor, a gray-haired, grumbling Sergeant, who had a poor opinion of what he called "milk-bearded mothers' sons," meaning spoilt boys, who gave themselves airs and were good for nothing. But a few kind words and a good cigar won over the old man, who had served twenty-five years.

The regiment was ordered to advance, under a heavy fire, to dislodge the French from a strong position. The young Prince kept close to the old Sergeant, and rushed forward. A bullet knocked off his hat; as he stooped to pick it up, he calmly remarked to the Sergeant: "These Frenchmen always oblige one to be polite."

"Your Highness is made of the right stuff," answered the Sergeant, "we'll make something of you, my prince!"

"I dare say a cripple," muttered the Prince, for a second bullet had shattered his arm, just below the elbow. He took his sword in his left hand, and continued to advance, until the Sergeant, seeing the loss of blood, compelled him to halt and have a few pocket-handkerchiefs tied round the wound, and the arm put in a sling.

Wounded though he was, the boy joined in the final charge, and for his bravery received the Order of Leopold, and that, too, after only twenty-four hours' service.

ROOT & COMPANY.

We are again in receipt of a new line

Hem Stitch Flouncings

45 inches wide, which we place on sale at these low prices,

35c., 40c., 45 and 50c. a yard.

ONYX

Fast Black Hose.

Saturday we will offer an extra bargain in Ladies Hose, the celebrated Onyx

at 25c. a pair.

NEW BLOUSE WAISTS

For Ladies' 50c., 75c. and $1.00.
For Misses' 46c. and up.
For Boys' 25c. up to 90c.

VENTILATING CORSETS.

Ladies will find a new assortment ready for Saturday

at 50c., 75c. and $1.00.

Sizes from 18 to 30, extra sizes can be furnished on short notice.

Black Velvet Ribbons

IN ALL WIDTHS.

DRESS GOODS

REDUCED TO COST.

One Lot Brown Muslin—fine, worth 7c, for 4½c. One Lot Heavy, worth 7c., for 5c.

ROOT & COMPANY

The New Randall House

BARBER + SHOP!

Is First-Class.

Elegant baths. Try new needle Spray Bath 25c. Shaves 10 cents. All toilet articles imported. We invite our old customers and friends to call.

HARRY WESTERMAN, Manager.

HOME RESTURANT

MENU.

Spring Chicken,
Strawberry Short Cake,
Home-Made Pies, Cakes.
Ice Cream, Iced Milk, Milk Shake.
Hot Coffee, Cream,
Choice Cigars.

No. 99 Calhoun Street.
JOHN F. CLINE, Proprietor.

ATTENTION SOLDIERS.

The Pension Agency of

MILLER AND DOUGALL.

will prosecute speedily the claims of soldiers, widows, dependent fathers, mothers and children, under the new law.

They have made arrangements to have papers executed in the evening as well as in the day time. Office open from 7 to 9 p. m., Tuesday's, Thursday's and Saturday's. Bring your discharges or write for information to us at room No. 4, Foster block, Fort Wayne, Ind, 7-tf

Dr. Wilbur's Eye Water.

If you have weak, sore or bloodshot eyes, failing sight, films or cataracts growing on eyes, or wild hairs, it will cure you. If from too hard study, or attending evening parties, your eyes grow red, it will prevent it. For sale by Klinkenberg & Delzer and A. W. Miller, druggists. Manufactured only by E. B. Wilbur, Palmer, Mass.

☞ This eye water has been used by Dr. Wilbur, the celebrated occulist, in his practice for fifteen years April10-d&w-3m

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The Famous Mind Reader of the World.

Tells the past, present and future, without asking questions, from the cradle to the grave. Also gives full name and picture of your future wife or husband, gives advice in love and law suits and all branches of business, don't be humbugged by fortune tellers, but call on the madam at once, she does her work on scientific principles. Rooms at

83 E. Berry street.

1-4 Off!

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1-4 Off on Summer Coats and Vests.

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25 Per Cent. Reduction on All Warm Weather Clothing.

Friend's Enterprise,

One Price Clothiers,

62 and 64 Calhoun street,

Cor. Berry.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Notice.

Parties leaving the city during the summer weeks can have THE SENTINEL sent to their address at 10 cents per week.

LOCAL NEWS.

Dr. B. S. Woodworth is able to ride out.

Herman Tapp, the contractor, is at Pittsburg.

W. H. Watt left for Springfield, Ohio, last evening.

Mrs. Rev. VanSlyke is at Haw Patch to remain over Sunday.

J. T. Leary, of the Pennsylvania offices, has gone to Chicago.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. James Burns, of 84 Fourth street—daughter.

The St. Joseph Benevolent society will hold a regular meeting to-morrow.

Rabbie Guttmacher attends a convention of Hebrew ministers at Cleveland, to-day.

F. C. Meyer and family, of Douglass avenue, are at Rome City to camp out a week.

H. W. Carles has placed a telephone in his grocery, corner Berry and Harrison streets.

Judge and Mrs. Allen Zollars are spending a few days at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw.

Mrs. Ed. Evans and Mrs. Albert Bond, will leave for Bay View, Mich., on the 15th inst.

The annual meeting of the Tri-State Building and Loan association, will be held next Tuesday.

Dr. Maurice Rosenthal left for New York City last night. He will sail for Europe on the 18th inst.

E. O. Poole has been quite sick at the home of his son, Frank Poole, of West Creighton avenue, for a few weeks.

Sedwick Lehman, of Chetopa, Kas., is visiting his brother, Isadore Lehman, proprietor of the Jabobs shoe store.

Capt. H. C. Eastwood will have charge of the hotel restaurant at Spring Fountain park, Warsaw, during the assembly.

Salem J. Hartshorn left for White Pigeon, Mich., to-day, accompanied by his brother, S. F. Hartshorn, who has been visiting him.

B. Stinocker, the Fairfield avenue butcher, fell off a chair last evening and fractured his right arm. He now carries that member in a sling.

The marriage of Newton Richards, a young merchant of Roanoke, to Miss Emma Kelsey, living southwest of the city, took place a few days ago.

Theodore Bruse, the young teamster who suffered a sunstroke the other day, is better. Dr. Nieswonger, the attending physician, pronounces him out of danger.

Trustee J. F. Keyser, of Lafayette township, has detailed Architect H. W. Matson to prepare plans for a new school house, to be built under his supervision.

Contractor Hilgeman has received the contract for building a new residence at the corner of Webster and Tabor streets, in Williams' addition, for Wm. Meyer, of the firm of Meyer & Niemann.

The Cincinnati Enquirer devotes a column to an important case in which a blind boy had his sight restored through a new treatment by Dr. S. C. Ayers. The doctor formerly resided in this city.

Dr. C. B. Stemen and family returned from Delphos, Ohio, this afternoon, where they attended the birthday celebration of the doctor's venerable father, who has attained four score and three years.

Miss Mary Kinnaird, of West Williams street, has returned from Wichita, Kas., where she was visiting the family of her brother, Robert Kinnaird, who was formerly general passenger agent of the "Muncie" in this city.

Last Thursday evening a large number of Sisters of Providence arrived over the Wabash from Saginaw, Mich., en route to Terre Haute. Among them was Sister Margarita, the daughter of ex-Marshal C. Kelly and wife, of this city.

James Foley, general agent for the Columbus, Sandusky and Cleveland railroad, and resident of Columbus, Ohio, is int he city, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Micheal Klinkel. He is a cousin of Mrs. Klinkel. He will remain until Monday.

Susan Lehr, aged eighty-three years, died at the City hospital last night of old age. The deceased was the mother of John G. Lehr and was an old resident here. She was a widow. Her birthplace was in Pennsylvania. The funeral will be announced hereafter.

Harry Tarmon, a young artisan of promising ability, has established a work shop at the rear of Harry Achenbach's establishment, 212 Calhoun street. Mr. Tarmon has just perfected an invention for the artificial graining of wood, on which he will soon apply for a patent. The machine shows genius.

Frank Bash, of Port Townsend, Wash., is the guest of Chas. Bash and family. He reports the Fort Wayne colony in that city on the wave of prosperity, especially T. J. Nolton, who left the hardware business in this city to locate there. Mr. Nolton has been enjoying extremely prosperous times at Port Townsend, for, besides being at the head of a bank, he owns some valuable real estate interests.

Mrs. Wm. Bash has gone to Mackinaw.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. and A. M., meets to-night.

C. A. Munson will spend Sunday at home in this city.

G. L. Popp left for Covington, Ohio, to-day for a two weeks' visit.

William Dunn, of Louis Wolf & Co., is east for a month's vacation.

Secretary J. I. White, of the Bass foundry, is visiting in the east.

Father Oreagor, of Elkhart, is a guest at the episcopal residence to-day.

Gart Shober is getting $50 a week for playing a cornet in a garden at Galveston, Texas.

George Oppelt has returned from attending the Knights of Pythias encampment at Milwaukee.

The Dortmunder and Kaiser base ball teams will play at the Kaiser grounds to-morrow afternoon.

J. F. Wing, the architect, was at Chicago yesterday, to purchase mantels for Bass' suburban palace.

Miss Mamie Pusha, of Detroit, Mich., is visiting her uncle, Mr. M. J. Beaubien and family, of Monroe street.

A. W. Hoffman, of Ashland, O., representing the Ashland Bustle and Suspender company, is in the city to-day.

The Emmett club held a meeting last evening and initiated Carl Weber into the dramatic mysteries of the organization.

J. D. Williams leaves for Kansas City to-night in the interest of the Kerr Murray works. He will be absent several days.

The Logansport Pharos says: "Prof. Joost and daughters, of Fort Wayne, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ferguson."

Miss Lilian Wenninghoff, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wenninghoff, has left for Indianapolis on a two weeks visit with friends.

Harry Hammil, George McKinnie and Will Wilson have arrived home from Cleveland, where they attended the Elks' convention.

Frank Bond, messenger at the Old National bank, is confined to the bed by sickness and his duties are being performed by Amos Richey.

Sim Mahurin, the architect, will have his new residence on south Fairfield avenue commenced next week. The contract will probably be let Monday.

Master Arthur, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Ervin, of West Wayne street, left for the country near Academy to-day, to spend a vacation with his grandfather's folks.

Mrs. Hattie M. Trick, the enumerator of Pleasant township, has submitted the returns to Postmaster Higgins, who forwards them. The townships are nearly all in.

Walter Carver, the bass singer of this city, is traveling for a Chicago music house, and the last heard of him he was doing New Hampshire. He is meeting with good success.

The officers of the different Catholic societies will meet to-morrow to map out arrangements for the Knights of St. John's national convention, to be held in this city next year.

Mrs. William C. Gordon, a wealthy widow, and William C. Evers, a young man about the house, were fatally burned yesterday at Warsaw by an explosion of a gasoline stove.

Justice France bound over John Shumacher, the crook, in the sum of $300 to await trial. Shumacker stole a coat and vest from the home of Mrs. Bashor, on Holman street.

Charles G. Pfeifer has had plans drawn by Wing & Mahurin for a fine residence in the addition which has his name. The house will be of Romanesque design and will cost $4,500.

Rev. James Stuart Ainslie arrived from New York this afternoon and will commence his ministry at the Congregational church to-morrow. The gentleman is a fine pulpit orator and will prove popular with our people.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Dooley, of Chicago, will spend the Sabbath with Fort Wayne relatives. The couple were recently married and are out on a little wedding tour previous to setting down for the summer at Grand Rapids, Mich.

E. F. Ziegler, of 47 Huron street, was struck on the head by a falling piece of timber to-day. The concussion was so severe that the man was unconscious several hours. A scalp wound was inflicted, making medical attendance necessary.

L. J. Maier, who was arrested last Monday on the charge of violating the internal revenue law, was bound over in the sum of $200 yesterday by United States Commissioner Leonard. Mr. Maier is no doubt ignorant of the fact that he committed a violation.

The Trades and Labor council last night, decided to celebrate labor day, and a committe consisting of Edward Miller, Frank Jocrns, Frank Crawford, Phillip Rapp and H. Rombke, was appointed to meet on Sunday and formulate a program for the day, the same to be discussed at an adjourned meeting to be held next Thursday night.

A colored camp meeting is in progress at Robinson's grove near Monroeville. It commenced to-day and continues for nine days. There are present some of the most talented colored divines of the country, among whom are Rev. King Williams, of Oberlin, O.; W. H. Brown, of Fort Wayne; Rev. John Revels, the great camp meeting revivalist of Cleveland, O.; N. N. Pharis, the great camp meeting singer, of Adrian, Mich., and Blind Tom, who leads the chorus of singers.

H. G. Olds returned from Bear Lake to-day.

Miss Lulu Reiling left for Toledo to-day to visit.

Judge A. A. Chapin left for Rome City to-day.

The Nonpareil club will go to Huntington to-morrow.

O. E. Benson, of Muncie, a newly appointed umpire, arrived to-day.

Mrs. Henry Matsch has returned from Allegheny City, Pa., to this city to reside.

Mrs. Carrie B. Sweet and children, left yesterday for Grand Rapids to reside.

Messrs. Chas. Bond and J. M. Barrett left for Petoskey to-day to join their families.

Editor S. E. Morris, of the Indianapolis Sentinel, arrived in the city to-day to remain over Sunday.

Roy Manner, of Coldwater, Mich., the trainer of the famous trotting horse, Red Bell, is in the city.

H. J. Seibold left for Atlanta, Ga., to-day to represent the Keller Medicine company with a display at a dental convention.

G. E. Fisher, Detroit; A. B. Hame, Cincinnati; J. Mayer, Cleveland; G. F. Gookin, Boston, are among the guests at the Wayne.

On the 22nd of this month will occur the marriage of Mr. Nicholas Miller to Miss Zuber. They both reside in Pleasant township.

The employes of the Peters box factory ran an excursion to Rome City today for the benefit of their late fellow-employe, Phillip Dubois, who died Thursday.

Pitcher Dunning and Catcher Whalen, the new battery for the Fort Wayne team, arrived to-day and it was the intention to play them with Anderson this afternoon.

The Indiana Stenographers' association will hold an annual meeting at Warsaw August 26-7-8. Mr. Wils McDermut predicts a large attendance from this city.

R. Toquet, Kalamazoo; Jay Cook, Montpelier; F. H. Glanton, Huntington; M. Sieberling, Kokomo; H. Crochon, Lagrange, are the guests at the Hotel Pearse.

Mrs. Minnie Zwick, an estimable old lady of Adams county, died last night. The deceased was a sister of William Fahlsing, of this city, who will attend the funeral next Tuesday.

Sylvan Point is a popular quarter at Rome City. Prof. A. B. C. Blowend has a cottage there, and among other new cottages in course of building are those of Sam Harmon and Herman Berghoff.

The business college of McDermut & Whiteleather will close next week for a six weeks' vacation. Messrs. McDermut and Whiteleather will instruct classes in shorthand and type writing at the Warsaw assembly this year.

Henry Chum, the colored man who was placed under arrest yesterday by Deputy Sheriff Tom Wilkinson and later released, was arrested by Officer George McCrory for trying to break into a house this morning. The black prisoner was sent to jail pending an investigation.

This morning at the the city hospital, where she has been for two years past, occurred the death of Mrs. J. G. Lehr, aged 83 years. She was born February 19, 1807. Two sons and one daughter, G. G. Lehr and T. J. Lehr, of Crawfordsville, and Mrs. Bloemker, of this city survive her. The funeral occurs to-morrow at 1:30 from her late residence, 91 West Washington street, Rev. Schaaf officiating.

The following real estate transfers have been filed: Peter Rumsey to Mary I. and James Wells, lot 16, Rumsey's sub-division of Ewing's out lot 3, $200; Peter Rumsey to Sarah J. Overly, lots 17 and 18, same, $400; Samuel P. Sturgis to Patrick J. McDonald, lot 7, Ewing's addition, $3,400; Eliza H. Hayden to Clara E. Herber, lot 361 Hanna's addition, $800; John Porter to Minnie A. Meier, lots 148-9, Archer's addition, $2,100.

A very pleasant surprise was given to Mr. J. V. Neher last evening at his home, 465 South Lafayette street, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of his birth. A large crowd was present and the evening was spent in an enjoyable manner. Among those present were the following: Joseph Neher, George Frey, Ed Kuch and W. Rohyans and wives; Misses Mary Silbut, Rosa, Anna and Elizabeth Kramer, Jennie Donaly, Sadie Johnson, Ida Miller, Katies Smith and Anna Loose; Messrs. Otto Miller, N. Folz, E. Etchen, H. Gard, John Koehl, John Grush, August Grush, John Linker, Ora Lewis, Frank Nehr, Nathan Enoh, John and Chas. Loose and Thomas Crawford.

This gossip is taken from the Monroeville Breeze: "Miss May Bolyard visited friends at Fort Wayne, last Tuesday.—W. Leonard, an attorney from Fort Wayne, was in town last Friday.—Mrs. S. Wass and Dovy Allegear are visiting relatives at Fort Wayne, this week.—Harl Peckham and wife of Fort Wayne, spent Sunday with friends and relatives in town.—Mr. Frank Walters pleasantly entertained three young ladies from Fort Wayne, last Saturday.—Effie V. daughter of J. D. Friedline and Lulu E. daughter of L. Kratus are attending the normal term of the M. E. college at Fort Wayne, Ind., commencing June thirtieth.—S. F. Bowser of Fort Wayne, was in town last Monday, and purchased a fine match team.—David S. Rodelsheimer went to Chicago, Tuesday. He was accompanied as far as Fort Wayne by his wife.

The Weather.

WASHINGTON, July 12.—For Indiana: Fair, except showers in extreme northern portions; southerly winds; warmer.

Will S. O'Rourke and wife, of Chattanooga, Tenn., are in the city to be at the bedside of Mrs. Garrey, of 26 Douglass avenue, who is quite ill. Mrs. Garrey is the mother of Mrs. O'Rourke.

Great Reduction on Cheese.

Best quality Ohio Factory Cheese, 8c.
Best Butter, 14c.
Good Jar Butter, 8c.
Fresh Eggs, 14c dozen.
Choice Breakfast Bacon, 8c.
Sugar Cured Hams, 11c pound.
Best Shoulders, 7c pound.

FRUIT HOUSE.

H. W. Carles, the enterprising grocer, 40 West Berry street, has added a new telephone to his place of business so that his many customers can call up No. 310 and give their grocery order which will receive prompt attention.

LOOK.

Fifty-Three Lots in Old Orchard Addition at Prices and Terms to Suit Purchasers.

This addition lies just north of the Wabash railroad, on the west side of Broadway, with natural gas pipes on west and north sides, water line and hydrant on front; Broadway to be paved; street cars passing every five minutes, and an electric tower on northeast corner, throwing a flood of light over the whole addition unequaled by the most brilliant displays of Luna herself; in fact this is the ne plus ultra of additions and just the place for elegant and comfortable homes. Call early at 22 Bank block for lots.

HAYDEN & GRIER, Agents.

Sugars at Old Price--No Advance.

Choice White Extra C, 6c.
Standard Coffee A, 6¼c.
Powdered and Cut Loaf, 7c.
Best Granulated, 7c.

FRUIT HOUSE.

There are 586 authorized guides in the Alps.

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

Hood's

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." MRS. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

FOR SALE—A horse, harness and dray. Inquire for C. O. Troxell, at Nonning's Mill, Columbia and Barr streets.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Great Clearance Sale of Summer Goods.

All our Calicoes 7 and 8c quality, 5c.
Ginghams, 10, 12 and 15c quality, 9c.
White Goods less than cost.
Embroidries less than cost.
Muslin Underwear, 20 per cent. off.
Ladies' Black Hose, 10c quality, 7c.
Ladies' Ribbed Vests, 12½c quality, 8c.
Ladies' Ribbed Silk Vests, 98c quality, 69c.
Outing Flannels, 10, 12½ and 15c quality, 8½c.
Turkey Red Table Linnen, 25c goods, 18c.
18c.
All our 50c Corsets, 42c.
All our $1 Corsets, 83c.
All our 79 and 89c Corsets, 65c.
All our $6 Lace Curtains, $4.29.
Gents' Fancy Striped Underwear, reg. price $1 a suit, now 75c.
Gents' Balbriggan Underwear, $1.50 quality, $1 a suit.
Gents' Domet Flannel Shirts, 35c quality, 25c.
All other goods at equally low prices.

MERGENTHEIM'S BAZAAR.

Pension Applicants.

Bring your claims to me; papers executed free of charge. Office open every evening at No. 26 Bank Block. july7 6t JAMES E. GRAHAM.

TELEPHONE 87.

ICE. ICE. ICE.

By purchasing coupon books we will sell our Artificial ice during the season 1890, commencing July 14th, at the following prices:

	pr hun.
Less than 75 lbs at one delivery	50 cts.
From 75 lbs to 200 lbs at one delivery	40 cts.
From 200 lbs to 500 lbs at one delivery	35 cts.
From 500 lbs to 1,000 lbs at one delivery	30 cts.
From 1,000 lbs and over, at one delivery	25 cts.

The coupon books are of $5 and $10 valuation and enable us, as well as the consumer, to keep an easy account of purchases.

tf FORT WAYNE ARTIFICIAL ICE CO.

Saturday Night Train.

Commencing Saturday, July 12, the G. R. & I. R. R., will run a special train to Rome City, leaving Fort Wayne at 7 p. m., returning leaves Rome City at 5 o'clock Monday morning. 9-4t

An Easy Way to Present Your Minister With a New Suit of Clothes.

THE GLOBE One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers,

Will present to the most popular minister a HANDSOME BROAD CLOTH SUIT OF CLOTHES. This includes Bishops, Priests, Rectors and Ministers of ALL denominations. The Minister receiving the largest number of Coupons will HAVE MADE TO HIS MEASURE a handsome Broad Cloth Suit, costing $50.00.

I vote for...........................

of .... Church.

Anyone can vote and as often as they please, by using coupon cut from this paper. Ballot to close Aug. 15. Cut this out and send to the

GLOBE,

One-Price Clothiers and Furnishers, Corner Calhoun and Main streets.

Good Music. Latest Music.

KINSELL CORNET BAND.

Best Uniformed Band in the State.

For Terms, Address,

E. M. WASMUTH, Sec.,

may3-eal 1M. Roanoke, Indiana.

The Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart,

Most eligibly situated six miles from the city, offers particular advantages to persons acquiring a solid, useful and ornamental education. It is easy of access—1 mile east of Academy Station, which is 20 minutes ride from the city, on the Fort Wayne branch of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railway. Sessions begin the first week in September and February. Terms per year, $150.00. Address,

SISTER SUPERIOR,

12d&w1m Academy P. O., Allen County, Ind.

HEALTH.

HALL'S PAMPHLET UNFOLDS THE NEW TREATMENT.

Cures disease without medicine. Call on or address with stamp for testimonials.

C. H. SHULZE,

133 So. Webster St., Fort Wayne, Ind. Hours—7 to 9 p. m. 7-11-1m

Shirts Made to Order!

In any and all Styles.
A perfect fit Guaranteed.

P. G. KUTTNER, 144 Calhoun St.

DR. E. J. McOSCAR.

Office and Residence, 16 W. Jefferson St.

TELEPHONE, No. 230.

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Has removed his office from West Berry street, to

74 CALHOUN STREET,

Over Mordhurst's drug store.

WANTED.

WANTED—Good girl for general housework. Small family. 206 W. Wayne street. 6-tf

WANTED—A girl for general housework at 22 West Wayne street. 1t

ATTENTION:

Protect your property against fire, lightning, cyclone, tornado, or wind storm, by having it insured with us. We are careful to so write policies that the assured's interest are protected. Our companies are as good in every respect as any represented in the United States.

SCHRADER & WILSON AGENCY,
Successors to H. C. Schrader,
feb6 tf 46 Harrison St.

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—The store room at No. 136 Calhoun street. Apply to Miller & Dougall, No. 4 Foster block. 20tues-thurs-sat-tf

FOR RENT—A suit of 5 rooms at 223 West Wayne Street. 10 3t

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Lot 103, Williams' addition, corner Harrison and Suttenfield streets. A choice lot of the addition. Address or call on Jas. Kilpatrick, Wabash Freight Office. 29tf

FOR SALE—At a bargain. 5 room house and full lot, north west corner Holton Ave. and Pontiac streets. In good repair, almost new. Price $1,000. Robt. B. Dreibelbiss, Pixley & Long Building. 10-3t

FOR SALE—Fine house with barn, corner of Clinton and Williams Streets: all modern improvements. Gas, water, etc., full lot. For terms enquire at the house 29 East Williams street.

PROFESSIONAL.

DOCTOR MARY WHERY, Physician and Surgeon. Office and residence 46 Madison street. Special attention to ladies. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.; from 7 p. m. to 9 p. m.

—T+H+E—

PEOPLE'S STORE,

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK, EAST BERRY ST.)

EXTENSION OF PREMISES!

As we are making extensive alterations—our Store being made DOUBLE ITS PRESENT SIZE. In order to reduce our Surplus Summer Stock and to enable us to open up about September 1st, with an ENTIRELY NEW and much LARGER STOCK, we shall have a

GENERAL - CLEARANCE - SALE!

TO COMMENCE

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890.

Below we quote only a few of the many extraordinary reductions that will be found on our counters during this sale.

20 pieces Half Wool Black Challies at 8½c yard, reduced from 17c.
One case of Challies at 2½c yard, reduced from 5c.
One case of Challies at 5c a yard, reduced from 8½c.
8 pieces 40 inch all-wool Debeige at 39c yard, reduced from 50c.
12 pieces Figured China Silks at 33c yard, reduced from 50c.
25 pieces Handsome Gimps and Persian Trimmings at 10c yard, reduced from 25c.
One case Ladies' Jersey Ribbed Vests at 5c each, reduced from 10c.
90 doz. Children's and Misses Lisle Gloves at 10c a pair, reduced from 20c.
50 doz. Black and Colored Silk Mitts at 10c. a pair, worth 15.
50 Cashmere Shawls (full size) at 50c. each, reduced from $1.00.
25 Black Lace Shoulder Capes at $1.90 each reduced from $5.00.
12 pieces Figured Scrim at 5c. per yard, reduced from 10c.
25 pieces 50 inch Madras and Dotted Swiss at 25c. a yard, reduced from 50c.
1 case of Dress Ginghams at 5c. a yard, reduced from 10c.
175 elegant Gold Caps and Oxidized Silver handle Umbrellas, Fine Umbria Silk, at $2.25, reduced from $3.75.

3 cases of fine Dress Ginghams which sold for 12½c
3 cases good styles, Toile du Nord which sold for 12½c.
3 cases fine Seersucker Stripes which sold for 10c.
} All 8 1-3c. a yard.

All our fine Domestic Sateens down to 10c a yard, all our genuine French Sateens at 19c a yard, reduced from 25c and 33c, 35 pieces Real Scotch Zephyr Gingham at 19c a yard, were 25c.

All our 7c. Dress Calicoes,
All our 7c. Indigo Blue Prints,
All our 7c. Shirting Calicoes,
} Down to 5c. a yard.

2 Cases Outing Cloths at 5c. a yard, reduced from 8 1-3c.

REMEMBER SALE TO COMMENCE SATURDAY, JULY 12.

THE THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

LEADERS OF LOW PRICES,

Pixley & Long Block, East Berry Street.

DOZOIS, BEADELL & COMPANY.